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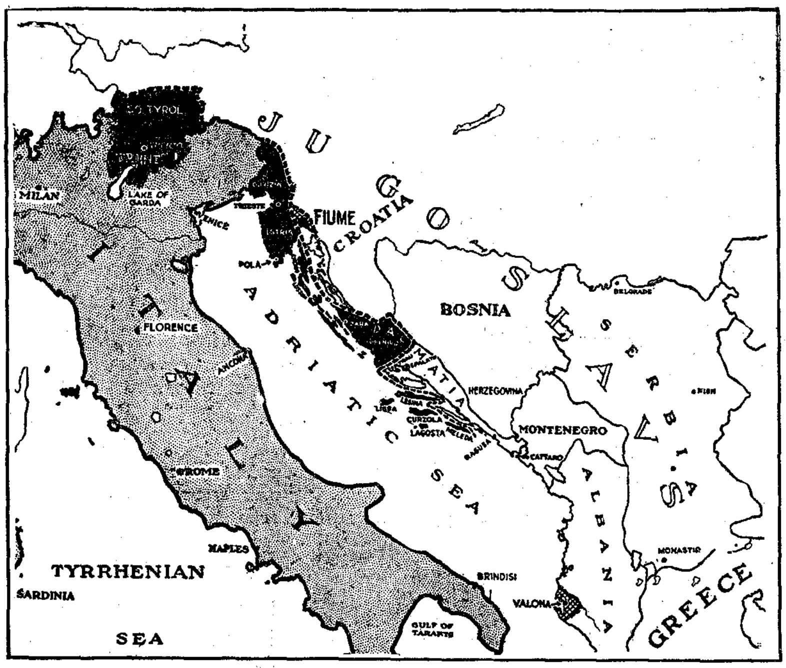
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

ITALY'S DEFIANCE OF AMERICAN PEACE IDEALS

With rare foresight more than two years ago a German newspaper, the Bremen *Weser Zeitung*, named the Adriatic question as "the surest source of future discord within the ranks of the present Allies." Its prophecy was vindicated in startling fashion on April 23, when President Wilson gave to the world his reasons (quoted in part at the end of this article) for opposing Italy's claims to the Adriatic port of Fiume, and Premier Orlando, protesting that the President's statement "ruins everything," announced the withdrawal of the Italian delegation from the Peace Conference. This means, in the opinion of the London *Daily News*, that "the two antagonistic principles that have been more or less in veiled conflict throughout the deliberations of the Conference are now met in a death-grapple." "If Mr. Wilson's principles prevail, all claims such as those Italy is now advancing must be abandoned permanently," adds this London daily; "but if, on the other hand, Premier Orlando's claims are recognized, then there is an end to the principle of self-determination everywhere." Premier Lloyd George, a Paris dispatch tells us, approves of President Wilson's statement "without reserve," and Premier Clemenceau says that "he would not change a word." Yet "the French newspapers as a whole," according to another Paris correspondent, "are standing by Italy, declaring that France should not desert her ally." "President Wilson has given the alliance the alternative of submitting to his will or abandoning the unanimity of the front presented to the enemy," complains the *Echo de Paris*, and the *Petit Journal* exclaims that he "has set the powder afire"; but another Parisian paper, the Socialist *Vérité*, maintains that his course "exhibits a wisdom and probity based on equity and reason alone," and the *Journal des Débats* blames the Italian Government for having planted false hopes in the hearts of the Italian people. In England the press are apparently divided, the Liberal papers supporting the President and the Tory journals inclining to Italy's side. "England and France can not admit Italy's right to pick the favorable clauses from the Pact of London, rejecting the unfavorable," remarks the London *Times*, which adds: "If she insists on the pact she shall have the whole pact, which will leave her without Fiume." Reminding the Italians that they recognized the necessity for Polish control of Danzig, the London *Graphic* points out that "the Croatian's need of Fiume is greater." And *The Pall Mall Gazette* complains that "Italian opinion, which took favorable views of compromise so long as the war had not been won, since the armistice has shown an uncompromising spirit." On the other hand, the London *Evening Standard* admonishes us that "the worst possible solution would be that which left the Italian smarting under a sense of injustice," and in the London *Globe*, which regards President Wilson as "an impossible dreamer," we read:



From the New York "Evening Post."

"IF THOSE PRINCIPLES ARE TO BE ADHERED TO,"

Says President Wilson, "Fiume must serve as the outlet of the commerce, not of Italy, but of the land to the north and northeast of that port."

> "President Wilson apparently insists on taking a stand on certain points which he regards as involving the principle of self-determination for the Jugo-Slavs. To vindicate this, he is prepared to sacrifice the sanctity of a treaty. If France and Great Britain repudiate the London Pact they cast away the last shred of international honor, and in no sense will be better than the Germans who treated their obligations toward Belgium as a scrap of paper.
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> "President Wilson is not intimately concerned in the London Pact; America was not in the war when it was signed, and therefore was not a party to it. President Wilson accordingly regards it as of no consequence in comparison with the preservation of those exalted principles for which he is endangering the chances of the Conference arriving at a definite result.
>
> "It is plain from Italy's attitude that she will not relinquish her claims. We hope it is equally clear that her cosignatories will resist the extravagant and fantastic demands of an impossible dreamer. We must not forget that if Italy refuses to sign the treaty she renders the instrument nugatory on the basis of the Treaty of London forbidding a separate peace.
>
> "This vital factor resolves itself into the acceptance of one of three expedients: Either President Wilson must give way, or he must conclude a separate peace, or the Conference must fail."

The Jugo-Slavs in the United States naturally rejoice over the President's statement as a death-blow to Italy's hope of obtaining Fiume. But one of their spokesmen, Dr. Yovanovitch, director of the official information bureau of the Kingdom of the Servians, Croats, and Slovenes, makes the point that Italy also should be grateful to the President for his stand, and incidentally implies that Jugo-Slavia would go to war rather than relinquish the port. Says Dr. Yovanovitch: "The Italians, too, owe him a debt of gratitude, as he has saved their statesmen from taking a decision which would have compromised irrevocably the future peace of the world."

Premier Orlando interprets President Wilson's statement as "an appeal to the Italian people against their Government," and many of the correspondents agree that it is a life or death matter with that Government. "Experts agree that unless Orlando gets and holds Fiume, even at the cost of war with the Jugo-Slavs, his Government will fall and Italy will go over to radicalism," says Mr. Clinton W. Gilbert, in a Paris dispatch to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Italians in Paris, Mr. Laurence Hills cables the New York *Sun*, bitterly denounce the President for alleged discrimination against their country. We read:

> "They contend, and their belief is strongly emphasized by their diplomatic representatives here, that President Wilson has consented to a peace treaty which will give the British all that they have wanted, and has made many compromises for the benefit of the French, including the latest plan for an alliance. They say they can not understand, in view of these circumstances, why the President should interpret the fourteen points as an absolute bar to their Adriatic claims.
>
> "Complaint is made by the Italians that the British in the Peace Conference have obtained Egypt, Mesopotamia, Palestine, the German African colonies, the destruction of the German Fleet, the removal of the German mercantile fleet as a rival, and in their bargaining with President Wilson they have succeeded in having the 'freedom of the seas' cast into the heap of discarded principles."

By leaving the Conference, the same correspondent points out, Italy deprives herself of the privilege of being a charter member of the League of Nations and a member of the Executive Council. Moreover, "she is left to make her own peace with Germany, which the Italians say they are ready to do if necessary by asking for a declaration by the Italian Parliament that the war with Germany is ended and the old commercial treaties with that Power reestablished. Under these treaties the Germans had many advantages, which they are eager to obtain again." Premier Orlando has the assurance of military leaders that the entire Italian Army is behind him in upholding Italy's aspirations; and Captain Pozzi, of the Premier's staff, announces that 100,000 Italian troops will occupy that part of Dalmatia and other Adriatic territory named in the Pact of London, while a similar force occupies the northern region around Fiume. In Rome the liberal *Corriere della Sera* declares that "all Italian parties, from Nationalists to Socialists, are unanimous in claiming Fiume," and the radical *Messagero* points out that "the energetic attitude of the Italian delegates at the Peace Conference has been determined by the telegram that four hundred Deputies had sent them asserting the Italian right to Fiume and to a small part of Dalmatia." "Italy can not renounce Fiume, which spontaneously asked to become Italian," declares the *Giornale d'Italia*, which is the personal organ of Baron Sonnino, Italy's Foreign Minister, who is reported to have been from the outset the champion of Italy's most extreme demands. This paper further declares that "the territories conquered by our armies will remain Italian, whether an agreement is reached with our allies or not."

Italy's demand for Fiume, we learn from Mr. Henry Rood, director of the Italian Bureau of Information in New York, "is based on the action of the inhabitants of Fiume themselves." In a statement given to the press Mr. Rood says:

> "When the armies of Italy, consisting of four million Italian troops assisted by small contingents of Allied forces, utterly crusht the hosts of Austria-Hungary during October and the first days of November, thereby compelling Germany to sue for an immediate armistice on the Western Front, the free people of Fiume through a plebiscite cast their decisive votes and declared to the world that they had reunited their city to Italy. Since then the citizens of Fiume, in order to emphasize this action, have formally adopted the Italian flag as their civic emblem.
>
> "There are several reasons for this action on the part of the people of Fiume. As a matter of sheer numbers, the population of Fiume is overwhelmingly Italian. The municipal officials are Italians elected by Italian votes; practically all of the business enterprises, large and small, are owned and controlled and managed by Italians resident for generations in Fiume. It is only natural that the citizen of Fiume whose sole property consists of a tiny little home, and the other citizen who owns splendid buildings, conducts great industries, and pays a large amount of taxes, would prefer to see the city of Fiume a part of a responsible and experienced government like that of Italy rather than to jeopardize all that he owns and hopes to have in future by having his city turned over, against his wishes exprest at the polls, to the various restless and antagonistic peoples comprising what are now termed the Jugo-Slav states."

The issue between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs is described by Mr. Harold Phelps Stokes as a conflict between "the old international order and the new." In a Paris dispatch to the New York *Evening Post* Mr. Stokes says:

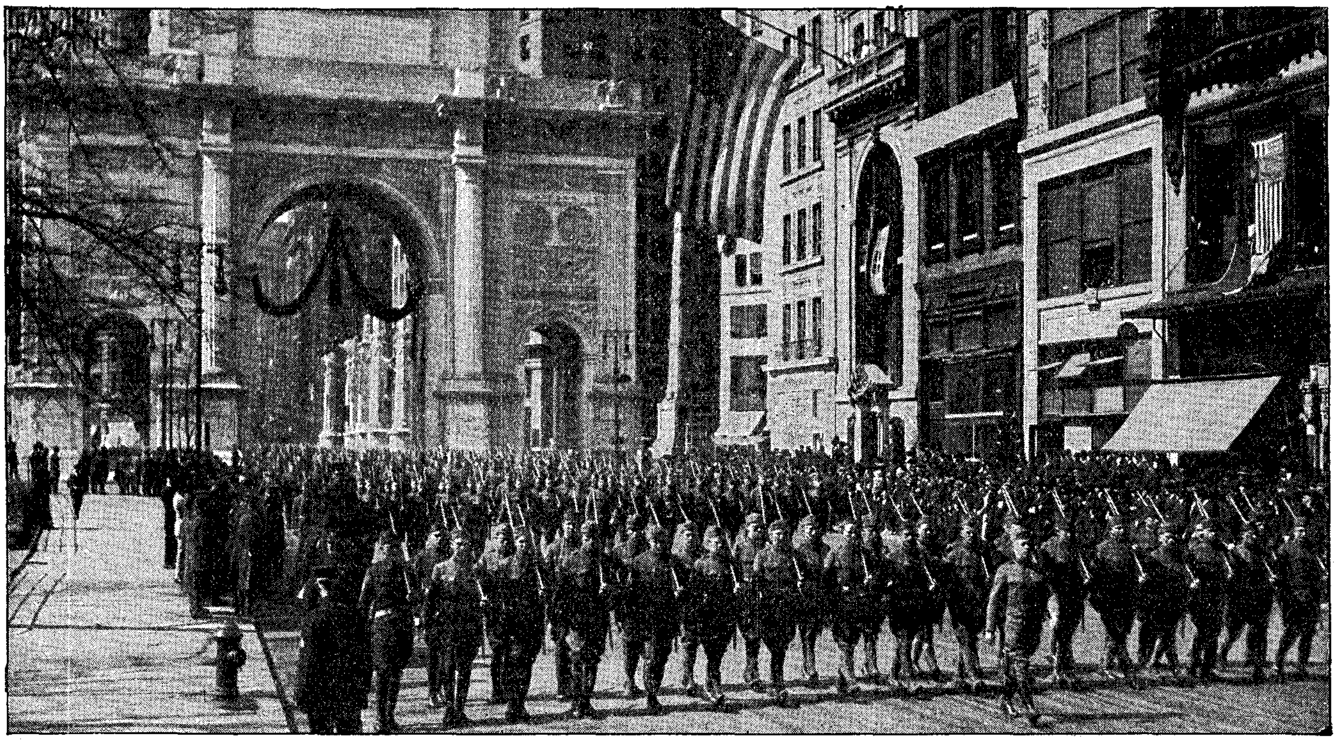
> "The Jugo-Slavs want Fiume because they consider its possession the only practicable method of obtaining that 'free and secure access to the sea' which President Wilson promised them in the fourteen points; Italy wants Fiume because she covets her neighbor's rich arteries of commerce that flow through that port and believes she has earned it as a reward for her extra services in the war. I went to the Italians to-day for an authoritative statement of their view of the whole Adriatic question, and I got the frank statement I expected. There was some preliminary argument about the town being predominantly Italian and Metcovic doing just as well for Jugo-Slavs, but in the end the whole thing came down to this: Germany offered Italy much to remain neutral; the Allies offered her more to join them; Italy accepted the Allies' offer, which was set down in the Treaty of London, and Italy expects the Allies to live up to its terms.
>
> "'But Fiume was not given to Italy by the Treaty of London.'
>
> "'No; at the time the Treaty of London was signed Russia was still a Power; the collapse of Russia put a tremendous additional burden on Italy, and for her extra efforts she deserves extra compensation.'
>
> "That is the whole thing in a nutshell. It is a straight *quid pro quo* proposition."

Some of our papers support the Italian claim to Fiume. Thus in a New York *Tribune* editorial we read that Italy's case "primarily rests on exactly the same ground that has led us to seek the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, a measure of nationalistic self-defense." And in the New York *Sun* we read:

> "No lesson in history is more amply illustrated than that Italy can not be safe while a potential enemy is strong across the Adriatic. The London and Paris governments knew this when they gave their pledge to Italy. Italy has now done her part, and is entitled to have that pledge executed. Security on the Rhine is no whit more to France than security in the Adriatic is to Italy. The Rhine, the English Channel, and the Adriatic are three water-frontiers along which history has been making almost since there was any record of it; and longest of all on the Adriatic.
>
> "It would be fine if Fiume could be given to Italy and also to Jugo-Slavia; but it can't be. It has come to stand for Italy's case in the Adriatic."

On the other hand, the New York *Commercial* reminds us that "Italy's claim to Fiume is of quite recent origin—say, four months," and it adds: "It certainly looks as tho the change that has come o'er the spirit of Italy's dream is a desire for economic imperialism." "The Orlando Government represents the forces of reaction and not the forces of democracy," affirms the Newark *News*, which characterizes Sonnino as "a Prussian with a Latin accent." This paper goes on to say:

> "Recently the Italian Embassy announced that Italy was on



Photograph by Paul Thompson.

THEY BROUGHT HOPE TO ITALY AND DESPAIR TO AUSTRIA.

Incidentally, the 332d U. S. Infantry fought well on the Piave. By ingenious maneuvering this one regiment seemed like several divisions to friend and foe, and Italian morale was tightened up at a critical time. Here they are marching up Fifth Avenue. All American troops are now out of Italy.

the verge of a violent revolution, which was a startling declaration to be made officially. The people complain that they are without coal and food. They want peace and work. Sonnino delays these things by insisting upon demands which are challenged by all the Allies and by liberal democratic peoples everywhere. Instead of bread, he promises the people Dalmatia. Instead of work, he offers them Fiume. For peace, he would substitute commercial control of the Adriatic, even if he has to break with the Entente and fight the Jugo-Slavs.

"Sonnino is largely responsible for his own troubles. He refuses to share the purposes of the other delegates at the Conference and to cooperate with them. He demands his pound of flesh. He has listened to the wrong voices at home—to the big commercial and financial interests, to the chauvinists and jingoes, to the annexationists and expansionists, instead of to the people as they have spoken through Bizzolati and the other Ministers who withdrew from the Government. He has dragged the plan of expansion like a red herring across the trail to divert the attention of the people from conditions at home."

President Wilson's stand in regard to Fiume, declares the New York *World*, "will go far toward reestablishing public confidence in the integrity of the Peace Conference." To recognize Italy's claims, *The World* argues, would be to "lay the foundations of another war." For—

"Italy already has Trieste. To have given Fiume to the Italians would have been to grant them the only remaining port on the Adriatic which is the terminus of a standard-gage railroad. This would mean, as the President points out, that the Bohemians, the Hungarians, the Roumanians, and the states of the new Jugo-Slav group would be cut off from access to the sea. Their commerce could exist only by favor of the Italians.

"As for Italy's claims to Fiume, they were improvised after the war was won. Even the dubious Treaty of London did not recognize them, and altho the Italian Government insists that the population of the city of Fiume is more than half Italian the suburbs are not Italian, the hinterland is not Italian, and the commerce that finds its outlet in Fiume is not Italian."

President Wilson's statement, the publication of which in Paris is described as having almost the effect of a bomb among the Italian delegates, reads in part as follows:

"When Italy entered the war she entered upon the basis of a definite private understanding with Great Britain and France, now known as the Pact of London.

"Since that time the whole face of circumstances has been altered. Many other Powers, great and small, have entered the struggle, with no knowledge of that private understanding.

"The Austro-Hungarian Empire, then the enemy of Europe, and at whose expense the Pact of London was to be kept in the event of victory, has gone to pieces and no longer exists. Not only that, but the several parts of that Empire, it is agreed now by Italy and all her associates, are to be erected into independent states and associated in a League of Nations, not with those who were recently our enemies, but with Italy herself and the Powers that stood with Italy in the great war for liberty. . . . . . .

"The war was ended, moreover, by proposing to Germany an armistice and peace which should be founded on certain clearly defined principles which set up a new order of right and justice. . . . . . .

"If those principles are to be adhered to, Fiume must serve as the outlet of the commerce, not of Italy, but of the land to the north and northeast of that port—Hungary, Bohemia, Roumania, and the states of the new Jugo-Slav group. To assign Fiume to Italy would be to create the feeling that we have deliberately put the port upon which all those countries chiefly depend for their access to the Mediterranean in the hands of a Power of which it did not form an integral part. . . . . . .

"And the reason why the line of the Pact of London swept about many of the islands of the eastern coast of the Adriatic and around the portion of the Dalmatian coast which lies most open to that sea, was not only that here and there on those islands, and here and there on that coast, there are bodies of people of Italian blood and connection, but also, and no doubt chiefly, because it was felt that it was necessary for Italy to have a foothold amid the channels of the eastern Adriatic in order that she might make her own coasts safe against the naval aggression of Austria-Hungary.

"But Austria-Hungary no longer exists. It is proposed that the fortifications which the Austrian Government constructed there shall be razed and permanently destroyed.

"It is part also of the new plan of European order which centers in the League of Nations that the new states erected there shall accept a limitation of armaments, which puts aggression out of the question. There can be no fear of the unfair treatment of groups of Italian people there, because adequate guaranties will be given, under international sanction, of the equal and equitable treatment of all racial or national minorities."

OUR PLEDGE TO AID FRANCE

WHEN THE SMALL BOY who admired the Deacon's calf asked how he could get one like it, the Deacon told him he could get one by praying for it. "Then," said the small boy, "you give me yours, and pray for another." This, it seems to the Kansas City *Times*, is the way France sizes up the situation when it asks Great Britain and the United States to pledge themselves to defend her against German attack, even tho France has accepted a League of Nations which, in President Wilson's words, "is a definite guaranty of peace" and "a definite guaranty by the world against aggression." France, explains the Kansas City editor, is not skeptical; it merely wants our note indorsed; it "doesn't know for sure what a League of Nations would be, but it does know what a German invasion is." *The Times* hears France saying: "Let there be a League, by all means; but let England and America be ready with men and guns in case—well, just in case."

We can find in our press no expression of unwillingness to go to the help of France in case of need, or any failure to realize what France means to civilization. There is, however, a wide-spread feeling that we ought to keep out of any "entangling alliance" even with so good a friend as France. Our soldiers "over there" are said to have this feeling. Army officers with whom Mr. Grasty, of the New York *Times*, has talked in France urge that "America should always remain unfettered in the interpretation of future troubles which may arise, and that no engagements should be entered into which would deprive her of entire freedom of action." "It is all very strange, very confusing," says the Boston *Transcript*, that after being told repeatedly that alliances were repugnant to the spirit of the League of Nations, we should hear that the United States is to be a member of a new triple alliance outside the League to guarantee the integrity of France. A New York *Sun* writer remarks that "for the President to pledge the American people to assist France in the next war and at the same time advocate complete disarmament or the next thing to it," are "two ingredients of the general scheme that will not mix." Others recall President Wilson's declaration at Manchester that the United States "will join no combination of Powers which is not a combination of all of us."

So newspaper readers have been somewhat perplexed as they read Paris dispatches alternately insisting that the President has made an arrangement sufficiently definite to satisfy France, and explaining that he has gone no further than the most extreme advocates of American "isolation" would desire. Thus Mr. Ouhalan, of the New York *Times*, passes on the information that the President has "agreed to enter into an arrangement with France whereby aggressive action on Germany's part will cause the President to lay the situation before Congress with a recommendation that Germany's course shall be considered a *casus belli*, calling for the employment of the land and naval forces of the United States to resist a Teutonic invasion of French territory." Then comes a press dispatch declaring that "no alliance will be entered into by the United States that is not consistent with the League of Nations," according to "a high source in the American delegation." Again, from French sources we hear that the alliance treaty will be an open one to apply only to the Rhine area. And on top of that comes the very definite statement of the Paris *Matin:*

> "This alliance has already been drawn in the form of a very brief text stipulating that the three Powers will give each other mutual support if Germany attacks us again. The signature of the stipulation will occur at the same time as the signing of the treaty."

This last news brings from the New York *Sun* the reminder that "the President has no power or authority to bind the United States in such an alliance"; that the Senate must ratify and future Congresses may or may not make good the pledge by threatening war. If this means an old-fashioned alliance such as Premier Clemenceau urged, it seems to the Springfield *Republican* that President Wilson will "not get very far with it in this country." As *The Republican* thinks:

> "The peace treaty and League of Nations covenant would be endangered. The supplementary policy of reinsurance for France, through a convention between the two governments, however deftly formulated, would be a blow to popular confidence in the League, and, furthermore, it would greatly strengthen that portion of public sentiment which seeks to have America return to her traditional policy of isolation. Any reinsurance agreement with France would be interpreted as an effort to prop up a wobbly League with a reactionary alliance, and the mixture of policies, old and new, would stagger the subtlest defender of the Paris peace settlement."

But we are reminded by the New York *Tribune* that while "our people have little liking for alliances," we set aside the prejudice when we made our first and only alliance with France. We were able to do it "when we were a beneficiary, and ought to be able to do it again to repay." *The Tribune* is convinced that now "the hope of the world must be built upon a friendly understanding among England, France, and America," and it asks "that these nations now arrange for whatever defensive undertakings practical wisdom shall determine to be necessary." With the power of the other two nations "firmly added to our own, together with such other adhesions as would freely come," it seems to *The Tribune* that "there would be a real league of peace, real safety for democracy, a real harnessing of scheming imperialism, a real reign of justice, a real attainment of the great and noble objective of the war; and the name would not matter."

That President Wilson's pledge to France indicates lack of faith in the League of Nations is implicit in *The Tribune's* comment, and is flatly asserted by Senator Borah, who says:

> "This is one of the most serious indictments of the League of Nations which has yet developed. Every one seems willing to rely on the League in theory and no one is willing to depend on it for practical results. If we have a special treaty between the United States, France, and Great Britain on the one hand, another similar convention between Great Britain and Japan, and a third agreement between France, Great Britain, and Italy, it will not be long before the League of Nations will become unnecessary."

To arguments like this the New York *Evening Post* replies that the promise of support for France against unjust attack "is not a repudiation of the League, but a necessary step toward its realization." And it adds this strong practical point:

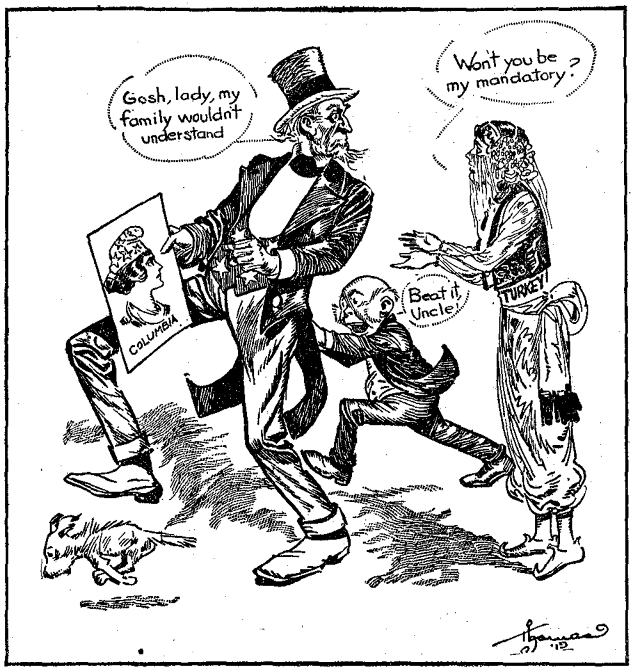
> "A promise to France that we will defend her against aggression is at the same time a warning to Germany; and that is of the essence of the problem. Germany attacked in 1914, because she was sure of victory; sure that nobody would come to the aid of France, or sure that Paris would be taken before aid could come. Make it certain that in a future attack such help is certain, that such help will come even if a swift German blow should penetrate to Paris, and the stroke will never be delivered."

The League of Nations will now rest on a firmer basis than ever, since French skepticism on the subject of a Wilsonian peace has been removed by the President's very practical pledge, so it seems to such a spokesman for the French in America as the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* (New York), which comments:

> "France asks only to join the League of Nations and to second President Wilson's efforts for universal peace, provided only that the President himself realizes the perilous situation of a nation which he has seen at its post of honor 'on the frontier of civilization.' It seems that this has to-day come to pass; the Anglo-American promise is a guaranty upon which French opinion will henceforth firmly rely."

UNCLE SAM AS A "MANDATARY" RULER

"TURKEY IS OUR NATIONAL BIRD," remarks a witty paragrapher, adding, "we never fail to go at it with thanksgiving," and his editor on the Jersey City *Journal* honors the epigram with a head-line, "Turkey Is Our 'Meat,'" thus amiably introducing the statement: "it has been suggested in Paris that one of the first mandataries under the League of Nations will be for Uncle Sam to take charge of Constantinople." Apparently such is the fact. As Harold Phelps Stokes points out in a cable to the New York *Evening Post*, the suggestion is regarded seriously at the Peace Conference because "we could put somebody like Hoover or General Wood on the job and make the place a model of administration instead of one of the most backward of cities. We could clean it up, build adequate docks, and construct an up-to-date port. The thing would be self-supporting and an example to the world of American efficiency." From that point of view it might be a more tempting exploit than taking charge of Armenia or Cilicia, or both, as other suggestions recommend, but is it clear that the American people are in a mood to indorse the paragrapher's quip and accept with thanksgiving a slice of Turkey? Long before the armistice a British statesman advanced this very project, yet we heard no cheers at the time. As the New York *Herald* recalls, a similar plan was proposed by William T. Stead "when Gladstone was urging that the Turks be expelled from Europe 'bag and baggage' on account of the massacres of many thousands of their unfortunate subjects in Macedonia and Bulgaria. We were to be a sort of buffer to counteract the Russian advance to the Golden Horn." We should have a very different responsibility now. Do we want it? The New York *Tribune* finds the case a bit repellent, tho decidedly amusing:


Gosh, lady, my family wouldn't understand
Won't you be my mandatory?
Beat it, Uncle!
COLUMBIA
TURKEY
Thomas '19

NIX ON ENTANGLING ALLIANCE NO. 1.
—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

> "Uncle Sam is prepared to admit he has not entirely lost the ancient gift of adaptability, but it will not be easy for him to envisage himself strolling along the Bosporus as mandatary of Stamboul. The voice of the bulbul may be sweet, and in its habitat all save the spirit of man may be divine; but the duties of the job, like its name, are new and unfamiliar, and there is a modest shrinking.
>
> "Our European friends are insistently pressing the cup of sacrifice, and the intention is doubtless complimentary; but 'No, thank you!' seems the mood of the American delegation at Paris. In time our people may become habituated to the idea of shouldering a full share of the white man's burden, but we would learn the business gradually. 'The Arabian Nights' is an excellent compendium of oriental life, and we have recovered from our first shock over the hoochee-koochee, but we are not yet completely educated in bowstring etiquette. Few Americans ever have salaamed; but to be salaamed to!—the very thought is enough to stimulate a retreat to the high grass. The average American, be it sadly admitted, has not yet firmly fixt in his mind the difference between the Sublime Porte and a *porte-cochère*."

Taking a less frivolous attitude toward the affair, the New York *Herald* remarks: "as for the United States becoming mandatary of the remnant of the Turkish Empire, it is quite certain the American people are not anxious for it, especially if Turkish sovereignty is to be retained. Why not say to the British sponsors of this scheme, 'Let George do it'?" According to *The Herald's* Paris correspondent, Carlisle MacDonald, the Turk may still keep what little hold he has in Europe. A "high French official" told MacDonald there was "a big possibility that the Turkish power will not be torn down. The French feel that it would involve a serious racial and religious issue if the Turkish power were destroyed entirely, and that from this issue might at some future time develop a religious war."

In Armenia, however, no such difficulty presents itself. Turkish power is crusht there, and, as the Minneapolis *Journal* observes:

> "There is a mandatary which the United States will probably be asked to assume, and that is for the new republic of Armenia. No people affected by the war have made a stronger appeal to the people of the United States for help and protection than the Armenians. . . . . . .
>
> "It is of importance in this connection that no very considerable military forces would be required. With the moral support and the assured defense of Armenia by the United States, if it became necessary, and with the Armenians capable of putting into the field at least 60,000 regular troops, it is assumed that two regiments of American troops would be sufficient. If we are going to permit ourselves to become mandataries anywhere outside of the American continent, there is no commission of that kind which calls upon us with the same compelling power as that to Armenia."

Meanwhile Syria is clamoring for American help and protection, and William T. Ellis cables to the New York *Herald:*

> "A deputation composed of leading Syrians of Cairo presented to me to-day for transmission to the American people through *The Herald* an appeal that the United States be their mandatary over an undivided Syria. They declared it was the unanimous desire of the people."

But why search Europe and Asia for responsibilities when, just across our southern border, looms a huge if a none too enticing opportunity? Observes the New York *Evening Sun:*

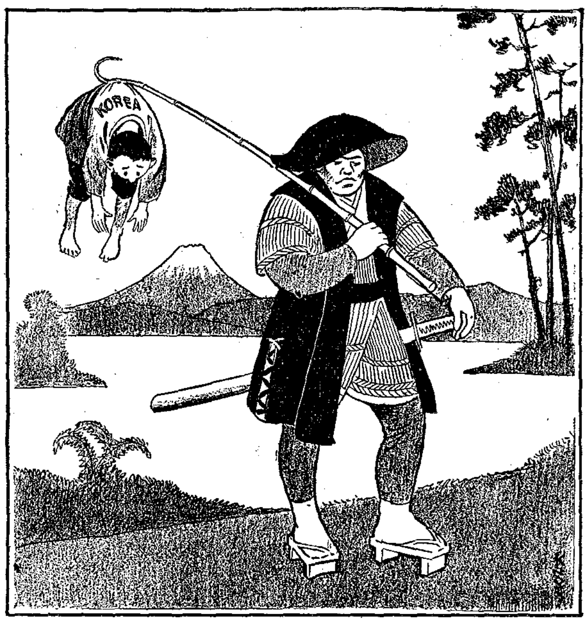
> "Comes now a story that the European diplomats have decided the only solution of the Mexican situation to be for Uncle Sam to become its mandatary.
>
> "Of course, the European statesmen are not in the least interested in how many Mexicans kill each other, or in anything else connected with that country, except in realizing on foreign investments there.
>
> "The argument for the mandatary is that Mexico is in a state of anarchy outside the capital, that the inclusion of the Monroe Doctrine in the Constitution of the League of Nations will prevent foreign nations from collecting their debts from Mexico by force of arms, and that therefore Uncle Sam ought to collect for them.
>
> "It may be remarked that the Monroe Doctrine has been in working order for some years, and that its inclusion in the League covenant will not in the least change the situation regarding the disciplining of Mexico by foreign nations. With or without a league they would hardly attempt that.
>
> "As to the anarchy, we certainly hold no brief for old Carranza, but within a few inches of where the Paris cable was printed, a dispatch from Mexico City told of the killing of Blanquet and the collapse of Felix Diaz's little revolution, while within a week we heard of the killing of Zapata. Villa is in hiding. Apparently, there are less anarchy and disorder in Mexico now than for many years past, but whether or not that be true, Uncle Sam will not assume the rôle of guardian and constable to execute writs of replevin to collect somebody else's debts."

KOREA'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE

BY ARRESTING AMERICAN CITIZENS—missionaries charged with revolutionary exploits there—the Japanese in Korea have made that unhappy country's struggle for independence seem measurably an affair of ours. Meanwhile the Detroit *News* reminds us that "in 1882 Commodore Schufeldt negotiated a treaty with Korea and among the first clauses of that instrument to promote 'amity and friendship' was this: 'If other Powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either government, the other will exert its good offices on being informed of the case, to bring about an amicable arrangement.'" Is Japan "dealing unjustly and oppressively" with Korea to-day? Since 1910 the Koreans have submitted to Japanese rule. On the first of March they proclaimed a republic and began a campaign of passive resistance which, when met by force, gave way to rioting, which in turn has been met by still more drastic force. As the Indianapolis *News* tells us:

"The Japanese Government statement of April 6 that the uprisings in Korea threaten to affect the whole peninsula are proved, by later dispatches, to approximate the truth. Later dispatches tell of general rioting, a good deal of bloodshed, and the reenforcement of the Japanese Government by six regiments of infantry and 400 gendarmes. Later Japanese official statements mention the Bolsheviki as being interested, and the arrest of American missionaries on charges of inciting a rebellion."

And an agitation in Korea's behalf is being vigorously carried on in America. Says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* for April 17: "Committing themselves and their patriotic fellow countrymen to prayer each day until the Paris Peace Conference recognizes Korea as a republic and accords to its present provisional government the right to be heard, the Korean Congress in session at the Little Theater for three days adjourned yesterday afternoon and marched to Independence Hall, where a proclamation of Korea as a republican country was read." It is an impressive declaration, here reproduced in full:



A JAPANESE PRINT.

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

"We, the representatives of 20,000,000 united people of Korea, hereby proclaim the independence of Korea and the liberty of the Korean people. This proclamation stands in witness to the equality of all nations and we pass it on to our posterity as their inalienable right.

"With 5,000 years of history behind us, we take this step to insure to our children forever personal liberty in accord with the awakening consciousness of this new era. This is the clear leading of God and the right of every nation. Our desire for liberty can not be crushed or destroyed.

"After an independent civilization of several thousand years we have experienced the agony for fourteen years of foreign oppression which has denied to us freedom of thought and made it impossible for us to share in the intelligent advance of the age in which we live.

"To assure us and our children freedom from future oppression and to be able to give full scope to our national aspirations, as well as to secure blessing and happiness for all time, we regard it as the first imperative the regaining of our national independence.

"We entertain no spirit of vengeance toward Japan, but our urgent need to-day is to redeem and rebuild our ruined nation and not to discuss who has caused Korea's downfall.

"Our part is to influence the Japanese Government, now dominated by the old idea of brute force, so that it will change and act in accordance with the principles of justice and truth.

"The result of the enforced annexation of Korea by Japan is that every possible discrimination in education, commerce, and other spheres of life has been practised against us most cruelly Unless remedied, the continued wrong will but intensify the resentment of the 20,000,000 of Korean people and make the Far East a constant menace to the peace of the world.

"We are conscious that Korea's independence will mean not only well-being and happiness for our race, but also happiness and integrity for the 400,000,000 people of China, and make Japan the leader of the Orient, instead of the conqueror she is at the present time.

"A new era awakes before our eyes, for the old world of force has gone and out of the travail of the past a new world of righteousness and truth has been born.

"We desire a full measure of satisfaction in liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In this hope we go forward.

"This work of ours is in behalf of truth, justice, and life, and is undertaken at the request of our people to make known their desire for liberty. Let there be no violence.

"Let those who follow us show every hour with gladness this same spirit.

"Let all things be done with singleness of purpose, so that our behavior to the end may be honorable and upright.

"The 4232d year of the Kingdom of Korea, 3d month, 1st day."

In their appeal to America, the Koreans speak of themselves as a Christian people, and newspaper comment showed at first a very general surprize. However, the Boston *Transcript* explains that "the situation of the missionaries in Korea is peculiar. They have had a degree of success there which is quite unusual in oriental countries. The foundations of this success had been laid before the Japanese conquest of the country, and it has probably increased rapidly under Japanese rule, for the Christian communion, and the slant toward the western civilization which goes with it, must seem to afford to the Koreans a measurable escape from the process of a forcible amalgamation with the Japanese nation, with which they are threatened. The Koreans take refuge from Japan in Christianity." At all events, the Korean National Association feels at liberty to address "the Christian Churches of America" and to declare:

"We, the representatives of Korea, in this hour of her dire need, issue to you, our fellow Christians and citizens of the world's foremost Power, an appeal for justice and humanity. For ten years we have been opprest by a militaristic and imperialistic government. It has deprived us of justice, of freedom of thought, of our language, of the right to educate our children according to our ideals, imposing upon us a system of education not only destructive of our national ideals, but imperiling the very foundations of the Christian religion.

"The story of the numerous outbursts of cruelty, of the wholesale slaughterings, of the systematic oppression which has employed every form of inhumanity, which has not only robbed our people of their very homes, but has made it almost impossible for many to make a living, driving them to desperation and starvation, and of the cunning press which kept the truth from the world by flaunting in its eyes a story of material progress, is a tragic and pathetic tale which cries out before God and humanity.

"At last our race has arisen and proclaimed to the world, in no mistaken terms, its desire for liberty and for freedom from oppression and unbearable tyranny. No force has been employed. But the Japanese have replied with force and brutality. The Christian Church in Korea, especially, has become again the center of a barbarous persecution. Christians have been made to bear crosses in mockery of their religion, while the name of Christ has been subjected to infamy. A little girl who held up the proclamations of independence in her hands had her arms severed. Thousands have been imprisoned and tortured; thousands have been killed."

In both the Declaration of Independence and the appeal for American support, the Koreans display qualities seldom attributed to them by writers on travel. As Allan Nevins tells us in the New York *Evening Post:*

> "It has been remarked that the culture of the Hermit Kingdom makes no such impression as that of China. George Kennan asserted that 'they appear more and more to be lazy, dirty, unscrupulous, dishonest, incredibly ignorant, and wholly lacking in the self-respect that comes from a consciousness of individual power and worth.' And now Arthur Judson Brown states, in 'The Mastery of the Far East,' that they do not have the energy and ambition of the Japanese, the thrift and industry of the Chinese; that their villages are sets of squalid hovels; that indolence leads to parasitism, and that 'the common people are unspeakably dirty.' In the hot months a Korean city is 'a steaming cesspool of malodorous slime.'
>
> "This naturally leads the reader to incline to the Japanese side in the present difficulties. The island conquerors have energetically attacked the task of sanitation, and have done wonders to make urban Koreans clean. Mr. Brown regards Marquis Ito as having been an ideal administrator, broad-minded, firm, and far-sighted. 'During his incumbency of three years he placed a higher class of men in public office, enacted wholesome laws, made roads, built railways, encouraged education, reorganized the courts, systematized the revenues, promoted agriculture and fisheries, took vigorous measures to suppress the bands of brigands . . . and promoted other salutary reforms. The financial conditions had been chaotic, and Ito placed the currency on a sound gold basis. Viscount Sone, succeeding Ito in 1908, and giving way to Lieutenant-General Terauchi in 1910, was similarly a moderate and wise administrator, resisting the cry at home for stern 'Japanization' of Korea, and pushing forward Ito's improvements. More than 1,000 miles of railways have been constructed, and the great trunk line which enables travelers to go from Tokyo to Mukden in seventy hours is a considerable constructional achievement. Land titles have been placed on an equitable, stable basis; agriculture has been encouraged, and improved methods have been introduced by experiment stations; afforestation has clothed bare and rain-washed hillsides throughout Korea with millions of young trees. The system of justice, as bad as bad could be, was freed from corruption and cruelty. Free public schools have been opened for the children, and youths are encouraged to go on to the higher institutions in Japan.
>
> "With the change in the status of Korea from a semidependent land to an annexed state, and with the appointment of Terauchi as Governor, came the effort long favored by Japanese imperialists for the 'Japanization' of the peninsula. Naturally, it has caused friction and unhappiness. The Nationalist leaders charge that the Japanese pushed to an unjust extreme the drafting of Koreans for forced labor, and that they have seized Korean property without due compensation. . . . Placing national freedom on the one hand and the Japanese improvements on the other, many even of the Koreans who see the value of the latter will prefer the former. But looking at the question impartially, Mr. Brown believes that 'the balance inclines heavily in favor of the Japanese.'"

The revolution began March 1. On March 17, Rev. A. E. Armstrong, M.A., of Toronto, was still in Seoul. His report somehow eluded the censor and has reached the American press. He absolves the missionaries of all responsibility for the revolution, altho he takes pains to add: "They think the psychological hour may come when their humanity may compel them and other foreigners to declare their attitude and protest against the terrorism which prevails."

HOW TO KEEP OUR SHIPS ON THE OCEAN

"WE HAVE THE SHIPS, we have the men, we have the money, too," but America has still to recapture her old place on the high seas. Under pressure of war the United States became a leading ship-building nation and "potentially the greatest maritime Power of the earth," and it seemed to many a patriotic editor that we were about to resume the proud position that was ours when the Yankee clippers carried our flag into every harbor of the world. But now some are predicting that what war has given peace will take away, that our new organizations can never compete with experienced and subsidized competitors, that our present maritime activity is artificial, and that we are certain to slip back into our old position after the Government has wasted hundreds of millions of dollars of the taxpayers' money in building ships nobody now wants. For months shipping men and newspapers in seaport cities have been calling for a return to private ownership as the first move toward putting our merchant marine on a sound, permanent basis. But no sooner does Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board present such a plan than editors accuse him of handing "choice and immensely profitable pickings" to the "big shipping combines," or insist that nothing he can do will overcome American capital's "aversion" to the sea or make possible the profitable operation of our new merchant marine. In our chief seaport, the New York *Globe* doubts whether private capital will come forward readily to purchase the ships under the restrictions Mr. Hurley proposes. *The Globe* is also somewhat skeptical about Mr. Hurley's further assumption that "there will be work enough for all these American ships—more than 16,000,000 deadweight tons—when the world is restored to normal conditions." The ability of the Government to sell its fleet even at a sacrifice seems doubtful to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which wonders whether it would not "be preferable to continue government ownership, for, say, two years, until the commercial value of the ships becomes well established, private operation being adopted in the meantime?" *The New Republic* says that "American capital has a traditional aversion for the sea, and that just now it is most profitably employed in Liberty loans and other safe and lucrative inland activities." It continues:

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"AMERICA HAS COME BACK UPON THE OCEAN TO STAY,"

Declares Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board, who has a plan for keeping her there.

> "At best it is a gamble whether our new merchant marine can be profitably operated under the American flag. It is a gamble which we must take, but one which the nation can take more safely and at a far lower cost than a private citizen."

The Farmers' National Council, said to have a membership of 750,000, has, according to the Washington dispatches, declared for government operation of ships, and its managing director has sent Chairman Hurley a letter in which he calls the latter's plan "an insidious form of subsidy to the big shipping combine." *The Non-Partizan Leader* (St. Paul) laments the possible passing to private owners of our government-owned ships which "the progressives of the nation, especially the farmers," have looked to "as the means of breaking the ocean-freight combine and boosting rapid reconstruction here and in Europe." Mr. Hurley, it adds, "sugar-coats his pill with talk about no profiteering and no exploitation, but these are inevitable with privately owned ships."

But to many newspapers and especially to organs of the shipping business, Mr. Hurley's ship-operation plan is eminently satisfactory and the one thing needed to supplement our ships and our money. For the first time in years we have a merchant-marine policy "widely approved and officially supported," says *The Marine Review* (Cleveland). It believes that the President must be behind Mr. Hurley, and it has itself tested national sentiment by taking a poll of the opinions of ship-owners and ship-builders, whom it finds to favor Mr. Hurley's chief principles almost unanimously and the details of his plan by a clear majority. The Hurley plan likewise appeals to *The Pacific Marine Review* (San Francisco), and it has been indorsed by the American Manufacturers' Export Association, by the heads of a number of ship-building and shipping concerns, by many financiers, and by a large number of newspapers, including the Boston *Transcript*, Springfield *Republican*, New York *World* and *Sun*, Washington *Post*, and Indianapolis *News*.

Mr. Hurley's long-awaited plan was outlined after his return from abroad in an address to the National Marine League in New York. He first reminded his hearers that the United States has the ships. The Government now owns, it seems, "555 ocean-going steel cargo-ships, aggregating 3,385,475 dead-weight tons," and has under contract 1,336 similar vessels of 9,275,006 tons. We may count next year on 16,732,700 tons of ocean-going steel cargo- and passenger-ships. This fleet, says Mr. Hurley, "will be the equivalent of almost half the merchant tonnage which plies the seas to-day under the flags of all nations combined," and "the Government will own about seventy per cent. of it." Our total sea-going merchant marine in 1914, it should be recalled, was 2,706,317 gross tons. Mr. Hurley in his New York address called attention to the arguments in favor of government ownership, namely, that the new ships built with the taxpayers' money have not been built to earn profits, "but to become the servants of the nation"; and that they should be used to develop the nation's commerce as a whole, even tho that might necessitate their use in temporarily unprofitable trade routes. Mr. Hurley argued thus for private ownership:

> "A successful merchant marine depends not so much on ships, or money, or government aid as it does on the existence of a large class of alert, resourceful, and energetic men engaged in the shipping business. . . . The formalities necessarily surrounding government operations are not suited to the successful conduct of a shipping venture, requiring quick decision, sudden reversals of policy, and the assuming of great hazards. The successful shipping man in an emergency consults no book of rules. He consults only his wits. . . . . .
>
> "Furthermore, the establishment of a merchant marine under the American flag must take into account the difficulty of securing return cargoes. . . . Such operations require a degree of special negotiation and freedom from control to which government operations are entirely unsuited."

Mr. Hurley's plan, in brief, is that the Government's ships shall be sold to American citizens on easy terms, with certain restrictions as to insurance, registry, financing, and trade routes; that the operators shall incorporate under Federal charter, each company having one government-named director; and that there shall be a fund to help develop the merchant marine.

The ship-owners and ship-builders polled by *The Marine Review* find the Hurley plan "a tangible basis for permanent growth" of our merchant marine. The approval of the proposals "ranges from the almost unanimous verdict in favor of private ownership to a bare majority supporting the plan for government directors." Nearly half of the shipping men fear that the Government can not find directors of ability who can give their time to such a plan and as many doubt whether Mr. Hurley can secure sufficient money for his development fund.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Selections from "Topics in Brief" and other sections of THE LITERARY DIGEST *are now being shown weekly in many of the high-class motion-picture houses throughout the country. This feature is exhibited in cooperation with the famous Pathé Exchange, Inc., under the title* "TOPICS OF THE DAY," *and is proving one of the most popular numbers on the program.*

A STATESMAN is a politician you agree with.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

THE headwork of the Hohenzollerns availed but little, in spite of the motto, "Fats will win the war."—*Washington Star.*

EVERY time we get ready to swat Germany in a tender spot, one of those darned points gets in the way.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

A CORRESPONDENT'S statement that "Wilhelm is eating out his heart" suggests that he must be biting on granite.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

ALL effort to keep France from getting what she deserves is an effort to keep the Hun from getting what he deserves.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

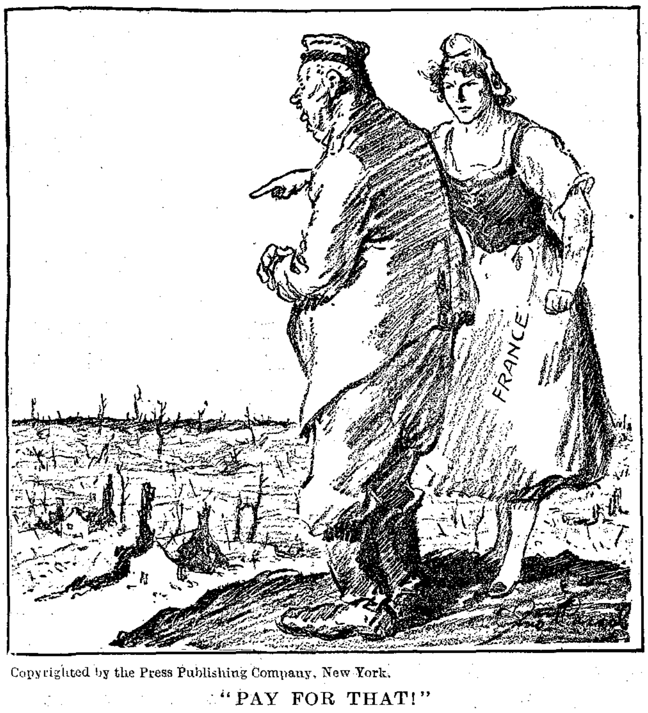
MAXIMILIAN HARDEN asks if the German people are to be made coolies. Well, coolies are more useful members of society than Junkers.—*New York World.*

THE Russian situation proves Colonel Roosevelt's aphorism: "There may be a reason for not fighting, but there can be none for fighting feebly."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE outlook is not entirely dark. It now appears that there are improving chances of being able to foist off the Philippines on the Filipinos.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THE German Minister of Finance has sworn a solemn oath never to surrender a foot of German soil. But we should worry—we all know what a German oath amounts to.—*Hutchinson Gazette.*

MR. HOOVER says that the loaf will be mightier than the sword in composing Russia. And Russia seems to have more loafers than any other country in the world.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*



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"PAY FOR THAT!"

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World.*

WHATEVER it was the Sick Man of Europe had seems to have been contagious.—*Detroit News.*

THE Paris dispatches report the President as hammering ahead, but do not say whose.—*Boston Herald.*

WHAT did Germania think—that the nations were going to make her Queen of the May?—*Chicago Daily News.*

IF nations were as deliberate in deciding on war as they are in agreeing on peace there would be no war.—*Newark News.*

IT seems odd that the only people deserving self-determination were those subjugated by the Central Powers.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

WILHELM HOHENZOLLERN, of Amerongen, is very low, mentally. His brain, we hear, is being treated by an osteopathic specialist.—*New York Evening Sun.*

LENINE will agree to almost anything, for the sake of peace, except a democratic election, because that would mean the end of Bolshevism.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE man that got off that stuff about how womankind is advancing by great strides had evidently not seen the new hobble skirts.—*Auburn Globe-Republican.*

As forewoman of the jury that is to try the ex-Kaiser, H. M. nominates the German woman who gave nine sons and received the Kaiser's signed photograph in exchange.—*New York Tribune.*

JOHN BULL will pay a liberal reward to anybody who can think of a reason why self-determination is good for one part of the world and not good for another part.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

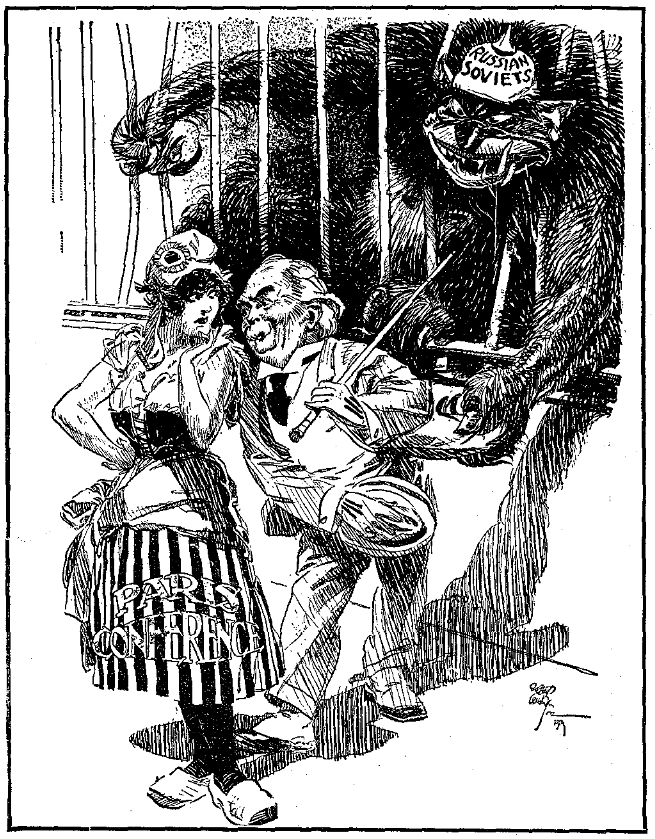
THE NEW DANGER OF A RUSSO-GERMAN ALLIANCE

GERMANY LOST THE WAR and her colonies, but it is now being pointed out that she may achieve some of her world-dominion objectives if the associated Powers fail to deal successfully with Russia. Only a glance at the map of Europe is necessary, say some authorities, to reveal the opportunities that may be seized by so highly organized an industrial and commercial race as the Germans by an alliance with Russia. Agricultural, mineral, and labor resources would be at her disposal not only in European Russia, but also in Siberia, where German interests would be active in competition with those of the British and the Japanese. The menace of a Russo-German alliance was officially predicted in the French Chamber of Deputies by no less an authority than the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Pichon, who quoted the "prophetic words of the Russian Socialist Sairnkoff that 'if the Entente countries advocate abstention' from intervention in Russia, 'there will certainly be one country which will have a Russian policy—namely, Germany. The day Russia awakes she will be the ally of Germany.'" In startling confirmation of the prediction of Minister Pichon, we have the report of a Warsaw correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* that he learns from well-informed sources that a formal treaty has been signed between Germany and the Russian Bolsheviki, of which the following are recorded as the chief terms:

> "The Bolshevik Government shall apply a milder policy toward Russian industry, munitions- and arms-factories in particular.
>
> "The Germans shall set in order the Russian railway system.
>
> "The Germans will send some thousands of military instructors to the Russian Army.
>
> "Russia undertakes to send every year an agreed amount of provisions to Germany.
>
> "Russia binds herself not to enter into any negotiations with the Entente.
>
> "In case of need for the next twenty years—that is, till 1939—Russia will provide Germany with military assistance.
>
> "The last paragraph deals with a guaranty that the treaty shall remain in force even in the event of the Bolsheviki's being replaced by some other government. It is said that this paragraph is very satisfactory to Germany."

The speech of Minister Pichon in the French Chamber of Deputies was made in answer to the demands of certain Socialist Deputies for a statement on the policy of the associated Powers in Russia, which, he says, has by no means been one of ambition. On the contrary, it is "a policy of sincerity, of clarity, of good sense, pacification, right, and justice. We shall subordinate it to our *entente* with our Allies, and we shall continue it jointly with them." Of the instructions given to the troops of the Allied Powers, Minister Pichon said:

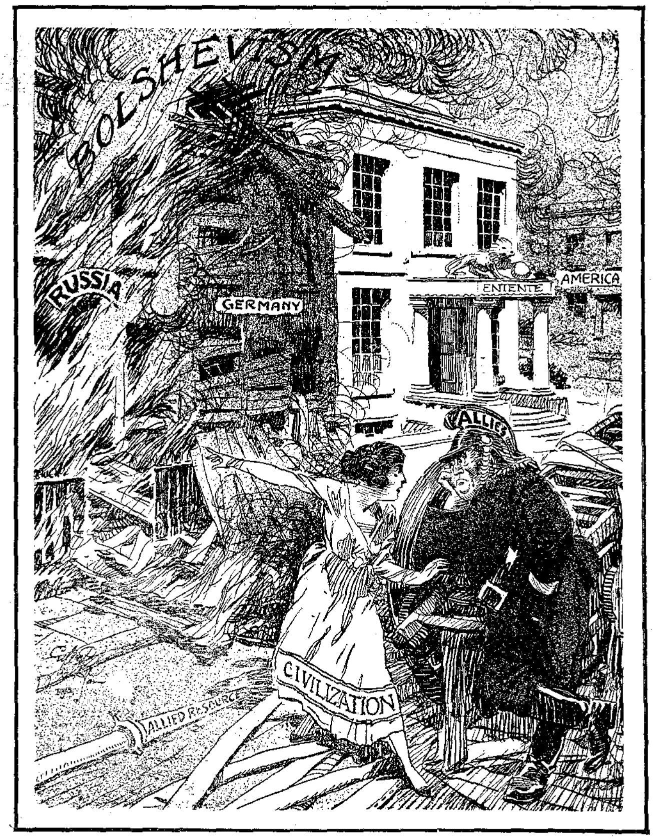
> "They were to abstain from all intervention in the internal policy of the country, and to establish order with the help of the Russians themselves. We have not for a single moment deviated from that line of conduct, and to-day the policy, which I am here to defend, is the same which the Chamber approved three months ago. We have been described as unjustly making war on Russia. The charge arises from too hastily identifying



"ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE—"But, my dear, we must be charitable. I believe I can see little wings sprouting already!"

—*The Passing Show* (London).



THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

CIVILIZATION—"Help! That house is blazing so fiercely it will bring down the whole street! Can't you fight the flames?"

THE ENTENTE FIREMAN—"Nothin' to do with me, mum. It ain't my job. I done my bit." —*The Passing Show* (London).

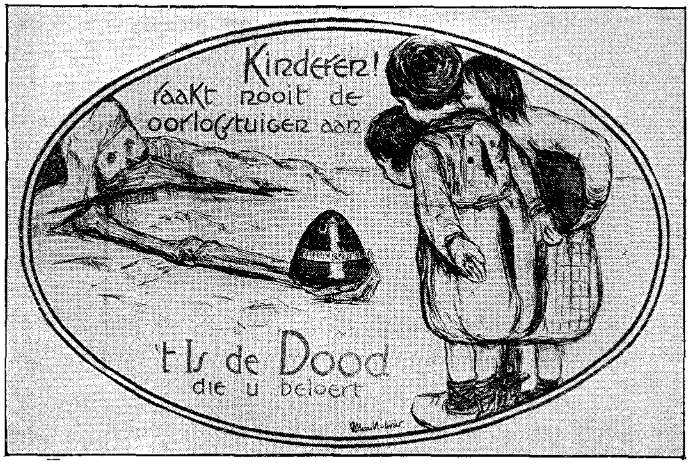
ABSENT-MINDED TREATMENT FOR THE BOLSHEVIKI.

Bolshevism with Russia. Our former ally, toward whom we desire to remain loyal, is too hastily confounded with those who have seized power in the country in violation of all laws. We did not declare war against Russia when we began war against Bolshevism, against, that is to say, those who are oppressing the country and hindering it from freely expressing its opinion against Bolshevism, which is a plague not only for Russia but for humanity. We are, moreover, in good company—Great Britain, America, Italy, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Japan, Roumania—in short, all who have fought against Germany. We are no violators of the laws, but their supporters and guardians.

"We shall never violate either the Constitution or the laws. We are true friends of the Russians, and we are at their side, ready to come to their assistance and to set them free. Another insinuation is made against us. It is implied that all the world is 'Czarist' when it is not for Lenine and Trotzky. Shall I tell you who are the real propagators of 'Czarism'? They are those who by taking the part of anarchy in those regions are inevitably preparing the ground for the return of a monarchy, while those who, like ourselves, desire to intervene are, on the contrary, the defenders of liberty, eager to see Russia organize herself and become a great Republic, constituting the counterweight essential to the safety of Europe, where there can be no peace until the Russian problem has been solved and until the fires of the pestilence which are burning there shall have been extinguished."

The London *Times* approves the statement of Minister Pichon and echoes his warning when it says:

"If we have no Russian policy, Germany will, and when Russia awakes she will be the ally of Germany. It is a pivotal truth in European politics, and for some time it has been evident that the prevention of such an alliance should be one of the first anxieties of the Peace Conference. Such an alliance, if it stood outside the League of Nations, would have it in its power to mar all our hopes of peace, and, if it were within, to pervert its councils. There must have been many at the Conference who grasped this truth, and the early proposals for the conference at Princes' Island were a frank attempt to combat the danger. As Mr. Pichon has said, these proposals were rejected by Russia, for the verbal acceptance by the Russian Bolshevik Government was accompanied by a rejection of the condition attached to them, which was that the Bolsheviki should cease their hostilities against the friends of the Allies."



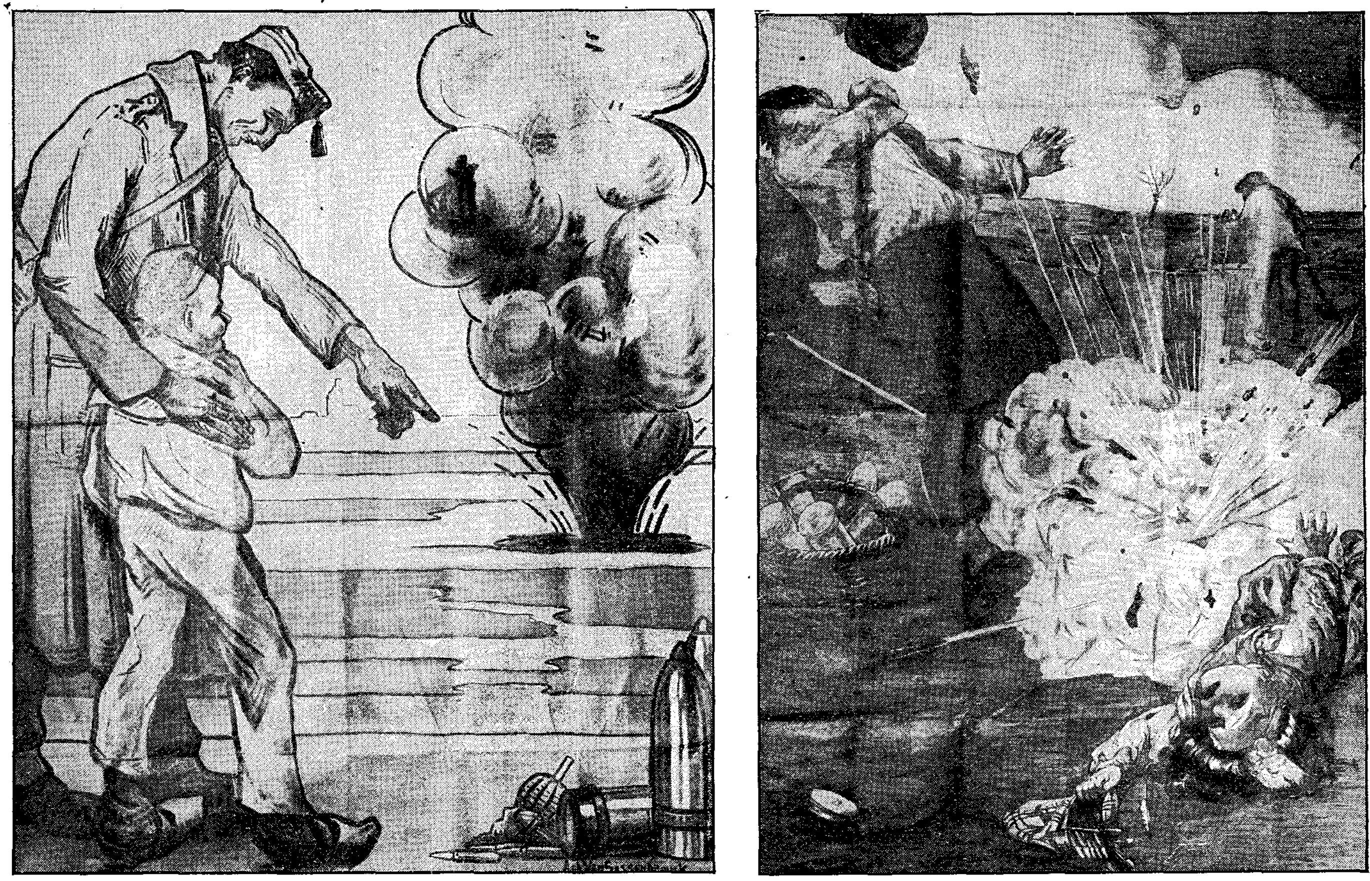
"CHILDREN, NEVER TOUCH WAR-MATERIAL. BEHIND IT LURKS DEATH."

Similar in tone are the remarks of another Northcliffe newspaper, the London *Daily Mail*, which calls Bolshevism "not a political system, but politically organized crime," and it adds:

"It is a crime which the Allies will have to take seriously in hand the moment they have dictated peace to the Huns. They can not, like the Pharisee in the parable, pass over on the other side, pretending not to see bleeding, dying Russia. Here is work for Crusaders. The least that should be done is to lay the Bolsheviki under a ban and outlaw them, at the same time giving all possible material and moral support to the anti-Bolshevik forces.

"To dream of peace while this plague-spot remains in Eastern Europe is absurd. There can be no peace till Bolshevism is overthrown. Instead of talking, the Paris Conference should call in Marshal Foch and give him power to act, and should instruct Sir Rosslyn Wemyss to take any naval measures required in the Baltic and Black Sea. That would be a policy all the world would understand, and nowhere would it have greater effect than in Germany."

According to the London *Daily Chronicle*, Minister Pichon's speech is "a very fair review" of the Russian policy of the associated Powers, and it maintains that any peace



BELGIAN POSTERS TO WARN CHILDREN AGAINST AN AFTER-WAR PERIL.
Ammunition piled along the roadside and shells half buried in the ground are tempting but fatal playthings.

made with the Bolsheviki would "simply be utilized on their side as a means of attacking us at closer quarters." Moreover, the Bolshevik system has "no mark of permanence," and—

> "It shows no sign of solving fundamentally the internal difficulties, whose persistence must ultimately end it; and then when a new and more lasting Russia reappears, *how* shall we stand? *If by that time* we had come to figure as on terms with the Bolsheviki, we should have no status with the future Russia at all; its leaders would lean on Germany, because we had left them no other alternative."

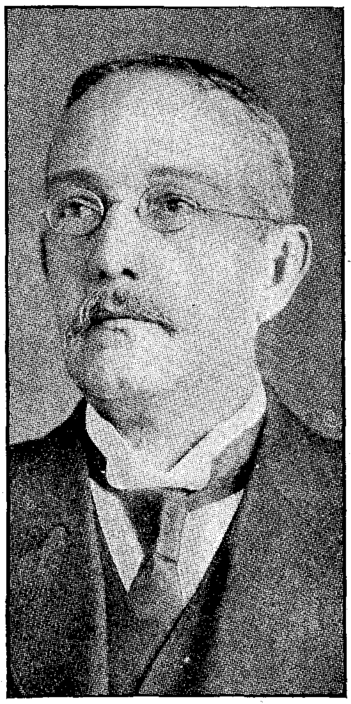
An authoritative French military solution of the Bolshevik-German menace is given by General Malleterre in the Paris *Matin*, from which we quote:

> "The Eastern Front is still a war-front. The Allies are not only at war with the Red Army of the Bolsheviki, but Germany remains in arms on her eastern boundaries before Poland. And now Bolshevized Hungary again stretches out the former German front before Galicia and Transylvania. . . . . . .
>
> "To destroy Russian Bolshevism is not a question so much of sending Allied divisions into Russia as to reenforce and revictual the Polish and Roumanian armies, and, above all, the patriotic Russians. Our chief enemy always is Germany, and we must finish her by a thunderclap.
>
> "Let us wipe her out as a military Power by occupation of her territory for a long time and over a widely extended area. The sword of Foch is still unsheathed."

PLAIN SPEECH FROM SALVADOR

"DOLLAR DIPLOMACY, the protection of business enterprises of doubtful standing, is responsible for the suspicion and distrust of the United States which exist in Latin-American countries," according to Mr. Carlos Meléndez, former President of the Republic of Salvador, Central America, who is as outspoken in praise of the Pan-American doctrines enunciated by President Wilson as he is in criticism of the American attitude toward Salvador in some former years. His review of relations between the United States and his country appears in part in *La Prensa*, of San Salvador, the capital, and he avers that Central-American countries have from their modern beginnings entertained feelings of admiration and sympathy for "their great sister of the North." American political institutions were the model by which their statesmen were guided in taking the first steps toward democratic govern[illegible]mpathy for the United States was not merely [illegible]t men who fought for its independence, [illegible]st perfect republican constitution, but was [illegible]nviction that if the North American nation [illegible] to a high degree of liberty in internal affairs, [illegible]es of justice would be the basis of its foreign [illegible] Meléndez proceeds:

> "[illegible] this reason surprize and stupefaction always followed upon *the acts of imperialism committed against certain Latin-American nations*, which belied the fine traditions of liberty proclaimed by the great founders of the North-American Republic.
>
> "It has fallen to the lot of President Wilson to have the glory of correcting the erroneous interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine in his memorable speech addrest to Mexican journalists, and of preaching an attractive Pan-Americanism which will have a favorable result in fostering better relations between the United States and the other nations of America."



A CANDID FRIEND.

"Acts of Imperialism committed against certain Latin-American nations" by the United States have always surprized and stupefied these peoples, says Carlos Meléndez, former President of the Republic of Salvador.

As far as Salvador is concerned, ex-President Meléndez declares, there is an absolute agreement between the views of the people and the diplomatic aims of President Wilson, and this agreement will lead to practical results if his aims are achieved. Referring to a former aggressiveness on which our relations with Latin America were only too frequently based, the ex-President writes:

> "The formula in which Mr. Knox summed up 'dollar diplomacy' is too elastic and arbitrary and may lead to the most iniquitous abuses if applied by unscrupulous politicians.
>
> "To assert that the State Department shall give proper support to legitimate and beneficent American enterprises established in foreign countries is tantamount to leaving the door open to armed intervention in the internal administration of small nations whenever this may be advantageous to North-American interests. This arbitrary conception is in flat contradiction to the principles of international law, and especially to the doctrine upheld by the Argentine Foreign Office in the matter of the bombardment of Venezuelan ports by the warships of some of the European Powers."

Ex-President Meléndez then points out that Mr. Wilson has expressly repudiated the idea of infringement by the United States on the sovereignty of other nations, and in proof that his act confirms his word, Mr. Meléndez cites the refusal of the United States to sanction a loan to China by American capitalists, because the stipulations of the loan touched too closely on the independence of China. Turning again to Latin-American affairs, he observes:

> "I declare in all sincerity and frankness that if a like line of reasoning were applied to the financial agreement between Nicaragua and North-American bankers, Latin-American sympathies and trust for the United States would increase, and Central America would applaud President Wilson with enthusiasm and full justification, if, by such an application of his beliefs to the case of Nicaragua, he would end the anomalous situation created by the said agreement, a situation which is most painful for the Nicaraguan Government which feels like a child under tutelage, rationed by Wall Street bankers. Moreover, following such action, we should no longer have to contemplate the sad spectacle of the Campo de Marte, at Managua (capital of Nicaragua) guarded by American blue-jackets as a result of this state of affairs."

Better acquaintance with each other would improve relations between the United States and the Latin-American countries, according to Mr. Meléndez, who maintains that we of the North have done little to acquire real knowledge of our Southern neighbors, and have depended for our notion of them largely on descriptions which are far from the truth. As to the revolutions which have given Latin America so bad a name in the United States, the ex-President asks what they amount to compared with the war in Europe and the excesses in the wake of an upheaval like that in Russia. The principal cause of the troubles of Central America is the extremely bad economic organization of the Latin-American countries. Meanwhile, it is high time, he holds, that Latin America "receive the credit due it, which it has lost through the reports of unscrupulous writers, in the pay of financial imperialism backed by the pocketbooks of certain North American capitalists." He pays tribute to Americans like John Barrett, Dr. Rowe, Charles Lyon Chandler, and Professors Shepard, Bingham, and Moses, for working along the right lines toward creating a better spirit in the relations between North and Latin America. As a further step to this end he proposes an interchange of college professors and students and adds:

"Also, if possible of realization, nothing would contribute more to bind closer the ties between the United States and the countries of Central and South America than the foundation of a Pan-American university in the United States, in which the basis of the curriculum should be American geography, history, and economics, and Spanish and North American literature, and which should include in its faculty the most eminent professors of North and South America."

GERMANY BEGGING FOR HER COLONIES

GERMAN WAILS over her lost colonies still continue. In the usual Teutonic manner, they are marked by an ingratiating admission that as a colonizing nation Germany has at times been guilty of "mistakes," but after all, German apologists remind the world, other nations also made mistakes when they set out to colonize. But no mention is made of the fact that Germany missed a great chance when instead of having only one Zeebrugge as a submarine base she did not have them by the dozen in her various colonial holdings. That England especially, or any of the Allies, should wish to restore these lands strikes the Allied observers as a preposterous supposition. And the most cursory reading of the Allied press shows plainly that they think Germany has about as much chance of ever regaining her colonies as the ex-Kaiser has of ever playing on a golden harp. For it is not forgotten that amid all the whining that has been heard from Germany since her humiliating defeat on land and sea, there is a big proportion of the nation which looks forward in confident expectation of the next war, and the colonies would be a huge naval asset. As one example of semiofficial opinion on Germany's claim to her former colonies we have the statement of Dr. Dernburg, one time Colonial Minister, who says in the *Berliner Tageblatt* that her rights to possession of the colonies are based on the "Wilson terms, which were also accepted by the Entente with reservations that have naught to do with the colonial question." He characterizes the exchange of notes that led to the armistice as practically "a state treaty," and says that Germany would share in the responsibility of reducing it to a "scrap of paper" if she did not "insist with all emphasis on its being carried out fairly and squarely." There can be no doubt, he asserts, as to the justice of Germany's claims to colonial possessions. They are established by treaty and have been recognized for more than thirty years. Dr. Dernburg cites the faithful adherence of the native population of East Africa to the German Government as testimony to the success of the German colonial policy, and humbly proceeds:

"There is no necessity to conceal the fact that we have committed faults on occasion, but these faults proceeded from the bureaucratic system of government which has no place in the new democratic Germany and has vanished forever."

Dr. Dernburg then reminds us that the Cape Government has published a Blue Book on Southwest Africa, concerning German treatment of the natives. He attributes the motive of cupidity to this Government, which for decades had considered German Southwest Africa a wilderness until the Germans unearthed there a wealth of copper and diamonds. So in their Blue Book, he charges, we hear much of Germany's barbarous treatment of the natives, but—

"It is typical of the Government to deal preferably, if not entirely, with happenings of record long before the new colonial era of 1907, which it was my honor to inaugurate. It is a fact that the war against the Hereros was conducted by an ignorant and brutal commander, whose methods were not approved by any one in Germany, and they finally led to an outbreak of indignation such as was inspired in the United States about slavery by the publication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

Dr. Dernburg goes on to say with much satisfaction that the old system has completely disappeared in the German colonies, as may be gathered from the testimony of many enemy authors and travelers, and adds:

"We have not only constantly looked after the welfare of the natives, but we have also paid scrupulous attention to questions of international order. Germany has been especially active in the regulation of traffic in alcohol and arms. . . . The Cape Government's memorandum is founded on the utterances of negroes, who are easily influenced to say what they are expected to say to those in power and from whom some advantages may be expected. Even white people often are thus easily influenced. . . . We are ready to submit the whole problem of our merits and ability to the trust of the League of Nations, provided that it be a real league in accordance with the principles of President Wilson. We have no fear that we shall appear in a worse light than other countries that have colonies. . . . There will be no evidence that we have forced upon the battle-fields of Europe hundreds of thousands of ignorant men of other nations to fight for a cause they could not understand, and for the good of countries in the government of which they share no part."

That the Germans have been guilty of "errors" in their colonial career is admitted by another authority, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Brockdorff Rantzau, who maintains that these mistakes are not, however, to be compared to the "havoc" wrought by other nations at the outset of their colonial activities. In the *Frankfurter Zeitung* he is quoted as saying:

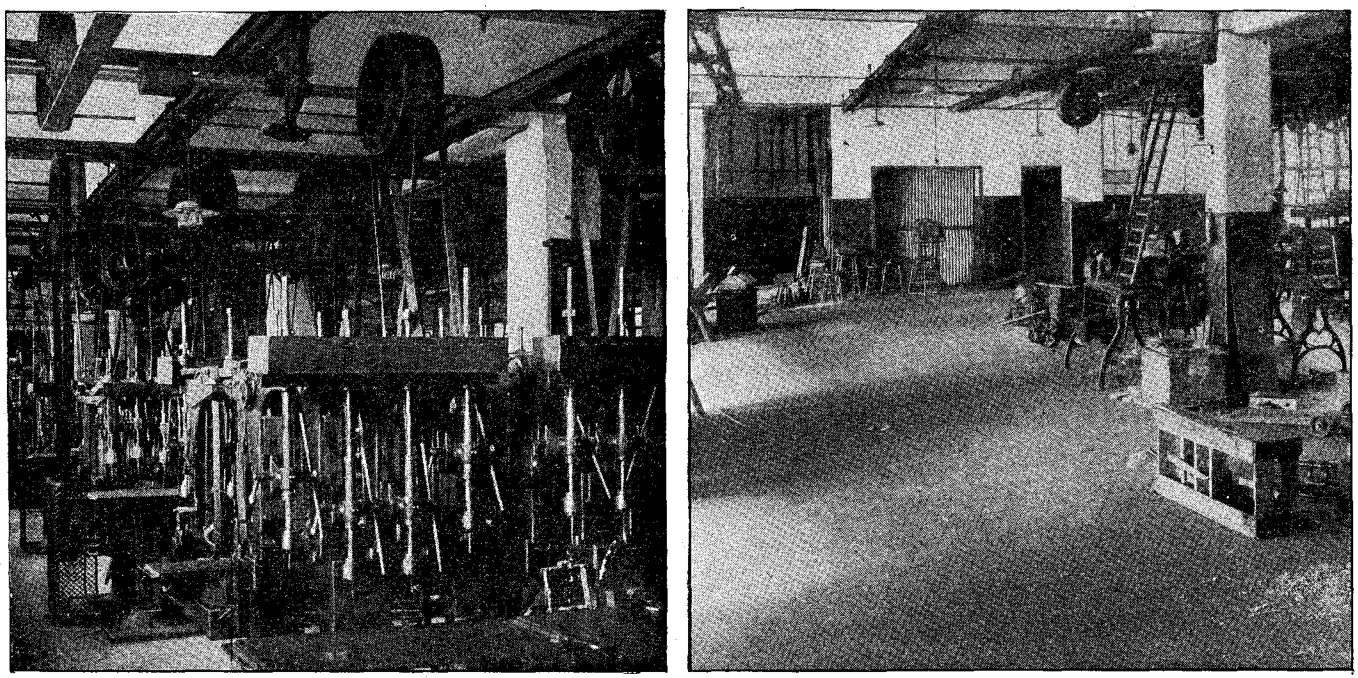
"As colonists in Asia and Africa, the Germans have shown special ability. Like any other great nation Germany is entitled to a share in the tropical zone and to a part in its industrial development. . . . It is not to the interest of the League of Nations that England should profit by every European war to add to her colonial possessions or that France should be perpetually stretching her colonial boundaries in order to keep them as a preserve for her financiers by the dexterous exclusion of all other nations. German colonial policy does not aim to put all tropical colonies under the immediate control of an international authority. To the Germans the better solution seems to be a suitable apportionment of colonial territory among the nations, who should govern them as individuals. Above the administrative authority of the various states there should be a controlling organization appointed by the League of Nations, which would support the right of the natives to benevolent treatment as against the instinctive tendency of the mother country to exploit them."

BERLIN DANCING ON THE VOLCANO—When the people of Paris and London were nightly prepared to take refuge in cellars from air-raiding Germans, all Berlin laughed and the air-raids were a sure-fire topic of mirth in the press and on the stage. Now the people of Berlin are having their experience in cellar-dwelling, according to a correspondent of the Paris *Excelsior*, but the bombs dropt upon them come not from the enemy, but from the Spartacides among their own nation. We are told of a particularly terrifying raid, lasting two days and nights during which Spartacide aviators dropt bombs in the most peaceful sections of the city from twilight till dawn. With daybreak the revolutionists continued their bombardment with long-range guns. For days the larger [illegible]tion actually lived in cellars. Food-distri[illegible] There was no milk whatever, and even the villa[illegible] bread was scarce. Meat was out of the question because [illegible] was stopt on the railroads from the east and because the slaughter-houses were under fire of the revolutionists. Yet the people find heart to amuse themselves in Berlin, we are told, and in spite of the fact that machine guns were barking from the entrances of the Tiergarten Station, the Opera-house of Charlottenburg was crowded to the doors. All the theaters opened that night, and in the gambling-houses patrons played insanely. There were many balls in public places, and near one of them a shell exploded. Women shrieked and one of them fainted. An excited young college man threw his glass of champagne into the crowd. Within two minutes the ballroom was empty—but an hour later a new ball had begun.

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

ONE UNCRIPPLED INDUSTRY IN BELGIUM*

HOW ONE AMERICAN MANUFACTORY of electrical apparatus in Belgium foresaw the German plans for crippling and pillaging industry, and so forestalled them that it is even now well on the way toward the resumption of its activities, is told in *The Western Electric News* (New York, March). The factory was the Antwerp house of the Western Electric Company, which, from its establishment in 1882 to the capture of that city by the Germans in 1914, had played a leading part in the development of American electrical industries in Europe.



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Western Electric News," New York.

AN AMERICAN FACTORY IN BELGIUM—BEFORE AND AFTER THE GERMANS CAME.

"There was precious little machinery of value to the Germans overlooked by them. All stocks of raw material have disappeared."

That the wrecking of industry in the region overrun by the Teutonic invaders was an integral part of their scheme of world-domination the writer considers as proved; and even now, he thinks, a situation has thus been created that may enable the Germans, in the midst of military defeat, to gain an industrial advantage. What this one factory did shows that the German scheme may be balked. One of these things was done rather early in the game. We read:

"Back in 1915, when the *Lusitania* was sunk, the entrance of the United States into the war seemed likely to those in Antwerp, and Mr. Clayton decided that it would be an excellent plan to conceal the records and other valuable papers from the Germans. . . . These papers were carried across the street to a room in one of the older buildings, where experimental work had been in progress. This room had always been kept locked, so it was possible to work with less fear of detection.

"Seven or eight zinc boxes, about three feet long, eighteen inches wide, and fifteen inches deep, were then filled with the papers, and various other articles of value, among them ten pounds of platinum and some silver coins that the company had been experimenting with in order to make coins for the Belgian Government. The dies from which the coins were to be made, and which belonged to the Belgian Government, also were put in the boxes. . . . . . .

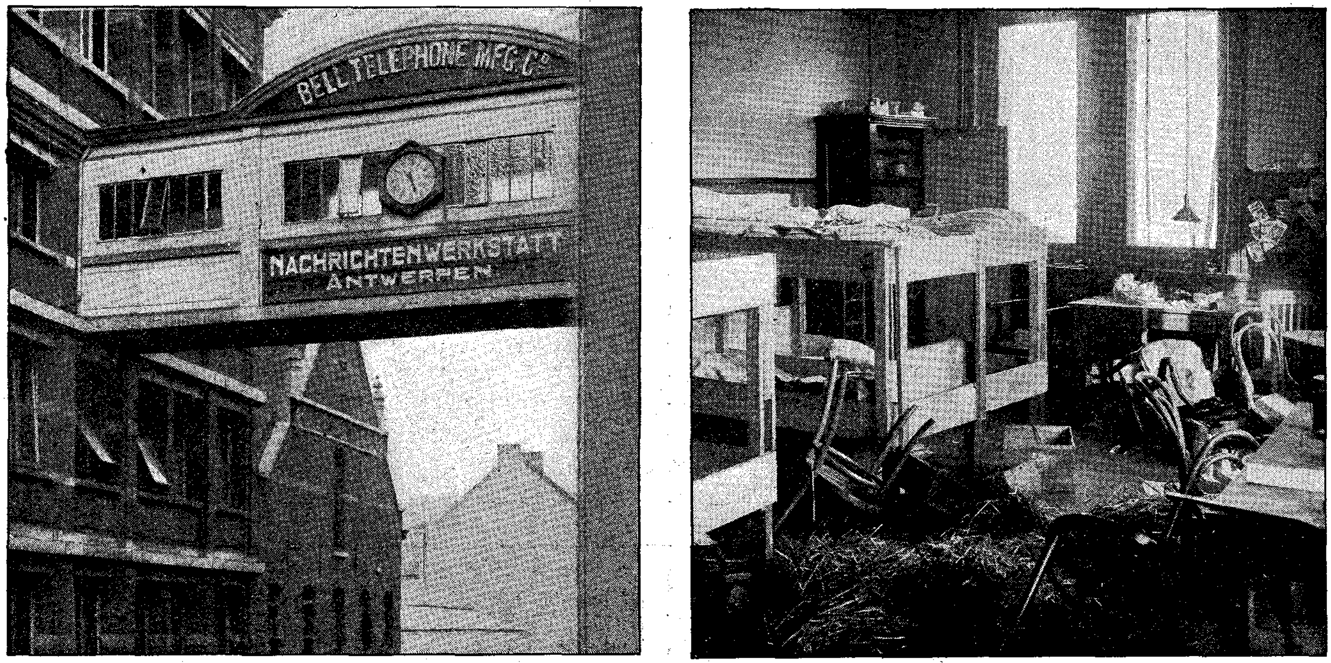
"On the following Sunday a section of the floor was carefully removed, a deep hole dug, and the boxes were buried. The earth was concealed and the section of floor relaid in such fashion that it was practically impossible to tell that it ever had been removed. This part of the job was done so successfully that when, a week or two later, Mr. Clayton brought Mr. Whipple over, the latter was unable to find the place where the floor had been taken up, altho he was told that it was somewhere in the room in which he was standing. Mr. Clayton prepared two maps, which he succeeded in getting out of Belgium with him, so that even if something happened to him it still would be possible to find the buried treasure."

Even before Messrs. Clayton and Brodahl buried the records, they took the first step in another phase of the reconstruction process. Anticipating that the Germans would carry off most of the machinery, they drew up a list of all in the Antwerp factory, smuggled it out of Belgium, and sent it to America, where it was found that most of the needed equipment could be replaced. Arrangements were made long ago to ship the machinery as soon as it was discovered how much would be required. All this, of course, went on while the war was still in progress and the Germans were taking machinery from almost every factory in Belgium and northern France, and transporting it to Germany. To quote further:

"The story of what was found in Antwerp when the war ended still is incomplete, and in a measure fragmentary. . . . . .

"For the last three months of the war the factory was in active use by the Germans for the purpose of repairing field telephones and work of a kindred character. Not all of the buildings were so used, however, and the idle portions were filled with the furniture and some of the machinery removed from the rooms the Germans occupied.

"The phrase, 'some of the machinery,' is used advisedly, because the Germans carried off most of it to Germany. The new turbine unit installed not long before the war began was ripped from its concrete base. . . . There was precious little



THE MARK OF THE TEUTON TENANT—BY DAY AND BY NIGHT.

The Bell Telephone sign was painted out and the manager's office was filled with bunks.

machinery of value to the Germans overlooked by them. All stocks of raw material, including lumber, have disappeared.

"Now for what is left. The buildings themselves are in even better condition than was anticipated. Practically all of the electric-light wiring is intact. The records, platinum, and tools buried by Messrs. Clayton and Brodahl were found undisturbed and unharmed by their sojourn of three years underground.

"The haste with which the Germans left caused a sort of involuntary exchange of machinery, because much of that which they had brought from Germany and installed for their Signal Corps repair work was left behind. Some of it was all packed and crated, ready for its journey home. Considerable stocks of war-material, such as field cables, portable sets, magneto apparatus, switchboards, batteries, condensers, etc., also were abandoned. . . . . . .

"Now for the future. How long is it going to take to prove to the Germans that their attempt to cripple the business for years to come was as useless as their attempt to whip the world? It takes two things to run an establishment like the Antwerp factory—machines and men. The survey of the machinery situation, made while the war was still raging, already has been mentioned, so it is almost superfluous to add that even now the machines are on their way to Antwerp. . . . Ten car-loads left Hawthorne some time ago, and so important was the shipment considered that Herbert C. Hoover gave permission to include them in the cargo of one of the steamers of the Belgian Relief Commission.

"As the machines are so much useless metal without men to run them and the executive forces to direct the work, the reconstruction of the organization has not been overlooked. After the fall of Antwerp, the executives of the factory were assigned to other posts in the company's organization. Some stayed in Holland, others went to Paris and London, and a fair-sized delegation came to the United States. Now most of them are hurrying back from Hawthorne and New York, from London and Paris. It is reunion time in Antwerp now.

"Of course, a big proportion of the Belgians employed went at once into the Belgian Army, and many of that gallant body of fighters never will return. The Belgian Government is doing all that it can to accelerate the rehabilitation of industry by releasing at an early date the 'keymen,' as they are called—men such as foremen, who are essential to the industries in which they were engaged before the outbreak of hostilities. The other workmen also are coming back as fast as they are discharged from the Army, and it is estimated that approximately sixty per cent. of the former employees will return. There were about 2,300 of them in the old days.

"Within six months, the Antwerp factory will be running on a considerable scale. . . . Some of the copies of this issue of *The News* will be sent to the Western Electric men in the American Army of Occupation now on German soil, and these soldiers have full permission to show them to any and all Germans who may still be afflicted with the idea that the industries of the invaded regions are down and out for years to come. For proud as we are of the record our company is making in the reconstruction of the Antwerp house, we recognize that what we can do others can do, and that our Allies of the industrial world in Belgium and northern France will join with us to prove the futility of the German scheme of pillage."

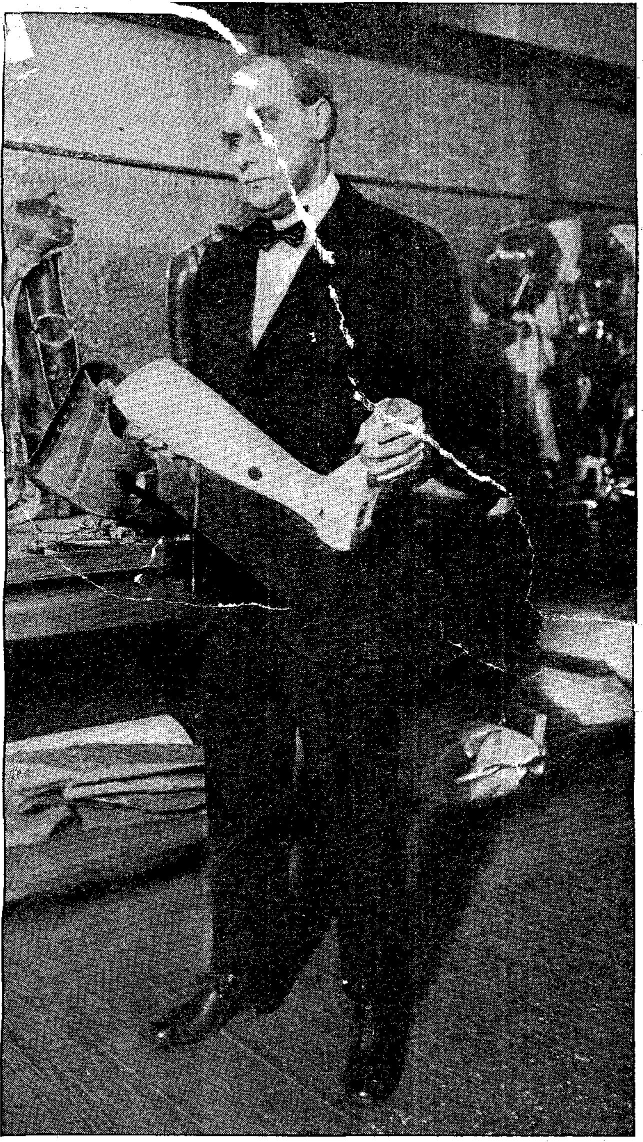
AIRPLANE ENGINES FOR AUTOS

WE are frequently told how the stock of airplane engines accumulated during the war can be utilized for pleasure cars. Such suggestions, we are assured by a writer in *The Scientific American* (New York), disclose lack of knowledge of the characteristics of the motors in question. He goes on:

"There are a great many reasons why such a use of these engines is not practical. . . . A very desirable feature in an automobile engine is flexibility, which is practically non-existent in the airplane type. It is true the automobile is equipped with change gears, but few people, even the most enthusiastic, would care to run a very powerful motor at full speed all the time. Then, again, the airplane engine is very lightly and delicately built, and it is expected, and usually necessary, carefully to overhaul and adjust after every trip; and no amateur, and very few garage mechanics, are competent to perform this work. The period of their maximum efficiency is also very limited. Moreover, the exceedingly light construction of the flying engine makes it inevitable that it would fail at many points, and in a very short time, as a result of the jolting it would be subjected to in a car. As a last reason, even the smallest engine would be altogether too powerful for the suggested work, and the man who took one of them out on a public highway ought to be indicted on sight, as there is no reasonable occasion for an engine of from 100 to 400 horse-power, and a car with such a motor would be a menace to the community. [But] altho the regular airplane engine apparently has no place in the automobile field, the experience with some types of these motors has led to some interesting proposals in England. One type of motor that has been successfully developed abroad for flying-machines is the 'radial' engine, in which the cylinders, set radially around a common crank case, are fixt, and the crank-shaft is driven in the regular way. Several British manufacturers are proposing to build moderate-powered engines of this type, specially designed and built for use in light cars. One of these is described as having five air-cooled cylinders of sixty-three millimeter bore and eighty millimeter stroke that will develop about twenty horse-power at 2,500 revolutions. This makes a remarkably neat and compact power-plant, and, if successful, may be widely copied."

LEARNING TO DO WITHOUT EYES

EYES ARE NOT INDISPENSABLE. Their place may be taken by other senses to a workable degree. If those who have lost their sight will learn how to do this, they will cease being helpless and will become normal human beings again. A talk to blinded soldiers by Sir Arthur Pearson, himself blind, brings this view of the situation forward very clearly. Sir Arthur has absolute charge of the work now being done for blinded soldiers in Great Britain, and an article in these pages recently told of his methods there and his plans for similar work here. "Set about living your lives over again," he says to the blind, "and you will be amazed to find how quickly things will come to you." If he goes about learning it, as one would learn a difficult trade or sport, a blind man may find his way alone about the streets, may do useful work at any one of dozens of trades or occupations, and may so conduct himself that those who meet him can not persuade themselves that his eyes are not functioning normally. We quote from an account of Sir Arthur's talk taken from the New York *Herald* by *The Universal Engineer* (New York). He says:



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A SUCCESSFUL BLIND LEADER OF THE BLIND.

Sir Arthur Pearson, who teaches blinded soldiers to carry themselves so that no one would suspect their handicap.

"First of all, I want all of you to know that I can not see at all myself, and I am near enough to you fellows to realize all that it means. I lost my own sight just before the war, so I can get close to you and tell you boys something.

"I have had charge of the training of all our soldiers who have lost their sight in the war. They all go first to the London General Hospital, and I often see men within thirty-six hours of their having been hit. Now, in the first place, I want to tell you this thing is nothing like so bad as it seems to you at the present moment. You have lost your sight. Otherwise you are ordinary, sound human beings.

"We keep the idea of normality before us. That horrible, soul-disturbing word 'affliction'—we get rid of that. If any one says you are afflicted just smile and say, 'handicapped is the word I prefer.' You do not want this idea of 'patient resignation' that people talk about. You want a fighting, kicking spirit. You just want to set about your lives over again, and you will be amazed to find how quickly things will come to you. This is one of the most comforting thoughts about the situation.

"I find myself doing things easily, automatically, that I would not have attempted two years ago. You will find the same. I know my way about St. Dunstan's just as well as anybody else. Familiar places are all right. But it is very amazing how persons who have lost their sight get about also in unfamiliar places. A friend came home to dine with me; he had never been there before. When he started home I said:

"'You will want me to call a taxi; you won't want to walk.'

"'No, I don't want one.'

"'Well, how the devil are you going to walk home then?'

"'I took the precaution of familiarizing myself with the geography as we came along,' he said. 'It is seven blocks straight ahead, two to the right, and so on.' And he stept off as briskly as could be. No stick, of course. None of us use sticks. I do not believe in them at all. The only time I use a stick is when I am going on cross-country walks, where there are ditches, or something of that sort. Otherwise, you just know by all sorts of subtle indications where things are. You know that you are close to a solid obstacle. You do not know how, but you learn to feel the existence of a solid obstacle as if you actually saw it. That all comes.

"Then, too, your sense of direction just develops, and you get nice and artful about little tricks. A ticking clock is a very useful help in maintaining your sense of locality in a room. Your hearing gets accustomed to the direction from which a sound comes.

"You will find yourself becoming very knowing about the different kinds of surfaces on which you walk—the difference between a marble pavement and a stone one. You always know that you are coming to a cross-road because you can tell by the echo that the side street is coming. There are any amount of little dodges and little tricks like that which help you on every hand.

"I do not think tumbling down-stairs is always necessary, tho I have done that, too. But that half-opened door is very hard to feel. It is so thin that that sense of an obstacle does not feel it. I always try hard to remember which way a door opens. Just go to it with your arm bent across the lower part of your chest. The arm will hit the door first. And here is a good thing to remember: you can not hit a wall with your face. Unless you are stooping right over, your toes are obliged to hit the wall before your face does, so don't be afraid of that.

"In traffic I don't believe in taking another person's arm. If you do, they stiffen right up and march along, and give the whole show away. Just put your hand in your pocket and let them put their arm through yours. All you want is a touch to tell you when people are coming. When there is nobody in particular about I do not need this. Somebody said the other day: 'Sir Arthur Pearson can not be blind; I saw him walking down Fifth Avenue, and he can not be blind.' But I was walking with my boy who has just come back from the front, where you have been, and I just let my arm touch his now and then. You will find yourself able to walk along perfectly naturally in places like Fifth Avenue, just keeping in contact with any person.

"Would you like to hear about the way some of our fellows have got on? A fellow named Jackson was a barber before he lost his sight. He learned to become a basket-weaver. I told him I did not see why he should not shave people. He thought he could do it if he could get started. He is now using an old-fashioned, naked razor, shaving more people than he ever shaved in his life. A letter I had from him the other day says, 'I have not drawn a drop of blood yet.' That is satisfactory, is it not? We have forty-five typewriters at work.

One of them went into an office that would correspond with Altman's in this city, for instance.

"'How is Wells getting on?' I asked his employer.

"'I have never had my letters done so well as Wells is doing them,' was the reply. He is writing shorthand by the braille system, and that is not easy.

"I have about 1,500 men with me, and I know them all personally. Half of these fellows are still at St. Dunstan's and half have left there. Most of those who have left are now earning more money than they did before. They do all kinds of things—massage, stenography, telephone-operating, poultry farming, carpentry.

"All our fellows learn typewriting, not so much for business as for ordinary intercourse. The touch system now universally taught in typewriting was really developed because when the blind typist came along employers discovered that they were better than the others. All our boys have typewriters given to them on leaving. Some go into it for business. They can all do their one hundred words a minute. Some are in their old offices, earning more money than they did before.

"You have just got to cut that word 'impossible' out altogether. When a thing looks as if it could not be done, just turn to and do it. I had a letter from one of my poultry farmers the other day: 'I heard that a neighbor's incubator had gone wrong; he said it could not be fixt. I said I would help him out, so I just went over there and put it right for him.' That is satisfactory, is it not? Somebody saw him walking about among his fowls. 'They can't tell me that fellow is blind, 'cause he ain't,' he remarked. That was satisfactory, too, was it not?

"One point I would like to make—that is, visualize. I do not believe in sitting about in the dark. Form your pictures of things always. Have unfamiliar things described to you. Get that picture into your head—the color of the carpet, the furniture, the height of the mantelpiece. Just the same with people. Have them described to you and form your own picture. I have a clearer mental picture of some people I have *never seen* than of men I have known all my life. The picture may not be just what the person would actually look like, but it is just as good—it is your picture. The same way in finding your way about. 'Look' *at* things. 'Look' at your plate when you eat. It is enormously helpful. It is immensely important that you get a clear idea of things around you."

ARE THE "ARABIC" NUMERALS EUROPEAN?—That the Arabic numerals in common use are really of European origin is said to have been demonstrated by the recent investigations of a French mathematician. Says G. A. Miller, writing to *Science* (New York):

"The origin of our common number symbols has never been clearly established, but until recently all writers on this subject agreed that these symbols were transmitted to Europe by the Arabs, who had obtained them from India. This is the view exprest in the general encyclopedias and in our mathematical histories which consider this question. . . . . . .

"In view of these facts, it is very interesting to note that during recent years available data relating to the origin of our common number symbols have been carefully reexamined by Carra de Vaux, who published in volume twenty-one of *Scientia* a brief summary of his results. Among the most surprizing of these results are the following:

"Our common number symbols originated in Europe and from there were transmitted to the Persians. Both India and Arabia received them from Persia, so that the common term Hindu-Arabic numerals is decidedly misleading. The common numerals did not come from letters of the alphabet, but were formed directly for the purpose of representing numbers.

"It does not appear likely that all of these conclusions reached by Carra de Vaux, who has made an extensive study of the intellectual life among the Mohammedans, will be at once accepted, but they tend to exhibit the weak foundation upon which the history of our common numerals has thus far rested. In fact, the nature of this question is such that it seems likely that general agreement as regards the origin of our numerals can result only from that attitude of mind (known as philosophy) which would rather accept as facts what can not be proved than acknowledge ignorance. Conclusions similar to those of Carra de Vaux were also exprest in a Russian work by N. Bubnow (1908), which was translated into German and published in Berlin in 1914."

COAL AND OIL WEDDED IN A NEW FUEL

A DISCOVERY by which the coal of France "is transmitted into gold," "the fuel-life of England is lengthened," and "the lean lignites of Sicily and those of the villa-dotted Arno Valley are given value as with the magic of a spell" stirs the eloquence of *Railway and Locomotive Engineering* (New York). "All the earth where carbon seams its bosom," we read on, "is enriched, for men will have it longer to use and to enjoy." This new mixture of oil and coal-dust, or "colloidal fuel," as it is called, was described briefly in our issue of April 19. The value of such a mixture, it would appear, has long been understood, but it has not been possible to make the [illegible] with any degree of permanence. The divided solids [illegible] not remain suspended in the oil, but persisted in settling, [illegible]stroying the value of the mixture. Until now, the writer tells, the best that chemical science could do was with the aid [illegible] tannin to suspend in oil less than 1 per cent. of graphite, while to-day it is possible to suspend for months in oil 30 to 40 per cent. of pulverized coal. He goes on:

"It is now possible to combine in a stable liquid fuel about 45 per cent. oil, 20 per cent. tar, and 35 per cent. pulverized coal, thereby replacing over one-half of the oil, securing equal or greater heat values per barrel, and saving considerable cost. Asphaltic and free-carbon particles in pressure-still oil may also be stabilized, thereby rendering available for metallurgical uses a low sulfur oil.

"Pulverized coal burned alone can not in many cases replace oil. Especially is this true on shipboard. Radical changes in oil-burning installations become necessary, its storage requires too much space, and thus limits the cruising radius of war-vessels.

"The new colloidal fuel has received most thorough investigation on land and sea. Trials in Long Island Sound have been made before representatives of our own and several Allied official bodies and corporations, some of which have followed the tests with permanent representatives. For land use a fuel plant has been installed at one of the large refineries and its results confirm all claims.

"Industrially the fuel will have an abiding value in all countries. For naval use it will be valuable where liquid fuel is scarce, as in Great Britain, France, and Italy. . . . It will enable the American, British, French, and Italian navies to use less oil, yet to maintain their cruising and emergency speeds, or to increase the patrol-mileage practicable with the present consumption of oil.

"There are achieved several other objects—one to permit the conservation of American oil and coal without sacrifice, hardship, or loss of industrial efficiency; another to enable greater use of the high sulfur oils or coals by averaging down the sulfur content in the mixed fuels burned; a third object, through lessening refinable oil consumption in metallurgical, navy, and railway use, to leave more to refine for valuable products; a fourth to enable the cheaper and poorer coals and those high in ash content to be burned with the best efficiency, now that the world's high-grade coals are being gradually exhausted.

"Regarding the saving of cost involved in the use of colloidal fuel, it has been demonstrated that with coal at $4 per ton and oil at $4 per 50-gallon barrel, the saving is $2 per ton. This is an average peace condition in New York City. If coal is $5 per ton and oil $7 per barrel, the saving is close to $6 per ton. These savings are quite apart from the conservation of oil and reduction of transport."

FROZEN ROPE BRITTLE—Rope should be thawed out before it is used, according to an item in *The Scientific American* (New York). Says this paper:

"Fall rope and that used in standing rigging do not absorb much moisture. They soon dry out and are comparatively free from dirt, so that no special precautions are required in the case of such ropes, but general utility ropes are apt to contain as much as thirty to forty per cent. of moisture. This does the rope no harm, but on freezing the fibers become brittle and the rope weak. It should, therefore, be thawed out before it is subjected to any heavy strains. Dirt also is apt to reduce the working life of a rope, as the grit cuts into the fibers and frays them rapidly."

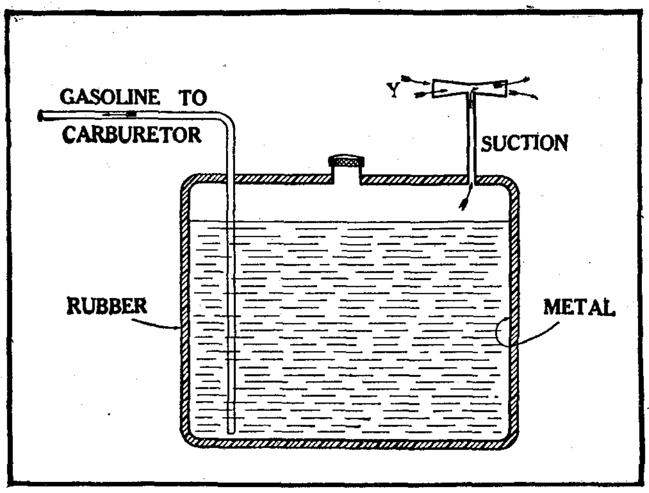
EXPLOSION-PROOF GASOLINE TANKS

EXPLOSIONS IN MID-AIR, those terrors of the aerial navigator, are apparently things of the past. The use of helium for the dirigible balloon has eliminated them there, and a recent invention, described in the article quoted below, now makes them unlikely, or even impossible, on the heavier-than-air machines. A tank invented by Fred Weinberg, of Detroit, Mich., has passed government tests, we are told in *The Aerial Age Weekly* (New York), that show it to be both leak-proof and explosion-proof. It may be riddled without losing a drop, and incendiary bullets may be fired into it without setting it on fire. Says the paper named above:

"The construction of the Weinberg tank is clearly illustrated in the diagram. Primarily it is an ordinary metal tank of any size or shape, having two connections and its filler cap. The suction connection is to provide a partial vacuum above the liquid sufficient to prevent its escape against the pressure of atmosphere on the exterior. This can be accomplished in a number of ways. . . . The fuel reaches the carburetor through the second connection by overcoming the vacuum created through the former. This may be accomplished by maintaining greater suction or by positive feed pumps, . . . on the interior of the tank. To insure proper functioning at all times, the tank is enveloped in some elastic material, preferably rubber, which covers any ragged holes in the metal that a bullet might make upon entering. This covering, due to its elasticity, returns practically to its former state after being pierced and leaves a hole so small that it can hardly be detected. The tank may be literally made a sieve by bullet-holes and still function properly.

"The principle of operation is quite analogous to a very simple example. Almost everybody is familiar with the fact water will not pour out of the neck of a bottle if the latter is turned upside down quickly. This is due to the partial vacuum above the fluid, which will hold the liquid in the bottle until the vacuum is destroyed by the entrance of air. The simplest way to do this is to pour the liquid out with the bottle in a horizontal position or to provide a second opening such as we are accustomed to make before we pour milk out of a can. The air entering one hole allows the fluid to flow out of the other. It follows that if we desire to keep the fluid in the can all we have to do is to maintain sufficient partial vacuum above the liquid regardless of how many holes the can may have. This is what Weinberg did, and he produced a vacuum in a very simple way by the speed of the aeroplane itself.

"The application of this principle not only makes a tank leak-proof, but makes it explosion-proof as well; to cause an explosion, there must be a combustible mixture of air and fuel, but in the Weinberg tank no such condition exists on account of the rarefied air. The flames starting on the outside of the tank from an incendiary bullet are immediately drawn into the tank through the bullet opening and are extinct below the fuel. Any bullet striking above the fuel can not cause ignition by reason of the vacuum existing there. In fact, the inventor in testing his tank originally had no incendiary bullets at his disposal, so after shooting holes into the tank he directed a torch against the openings made by the bullets.

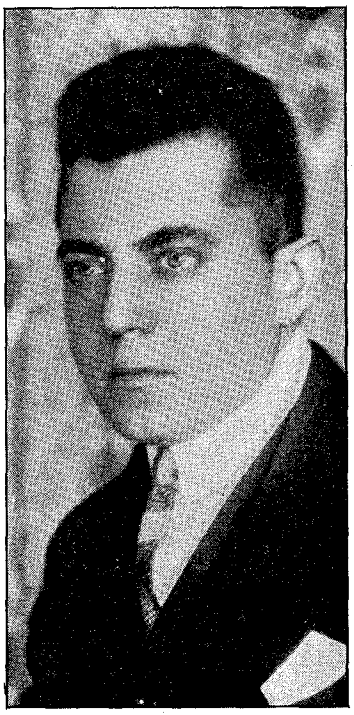


A SIMPLE DEVICE TO END EXPLOSIONS IN MID-AIR.

Its action is explained in the accompanying article.

"It has been discovered that a bullet rarely goes completely through a tank. In most cases it will penetrate one side and will lose its energy so completely while passing through the liquid that it will drop into the tank. It may be paradoxically but truly asserted that the fuel tank which formerly possest the greatest danger to the pilot has now become his best bullet-proof protection. A tank which eliminates the danger of fire and leaks should be of value on aeroplanes during peace times as well. Leaking tanks have been the cause of many fires in midair, which invariably have burned the pilots before they could reach the ground and escape.

"The final tests were made at the aviation experimental station at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, in the following manner: Two identical tanks, one made according to the Weinberg invention, the other covered with elastic materials prepared by the Science and Research Division of the War Department, were shot at side by side with armor-piercing and incendiary bullets. The latter tank caught fire after the third shot, while the Weinberg tank was penetrated by fifteen armor-piercing bullets, which were followed by seven incendiary bullets, and neither leak nor explosion occurred."



HE INVENTED THE LEAK-PROOF AND EXPLOSION-PROOF GASOLINE TANK.

Fred Weinberg, of Detroit.

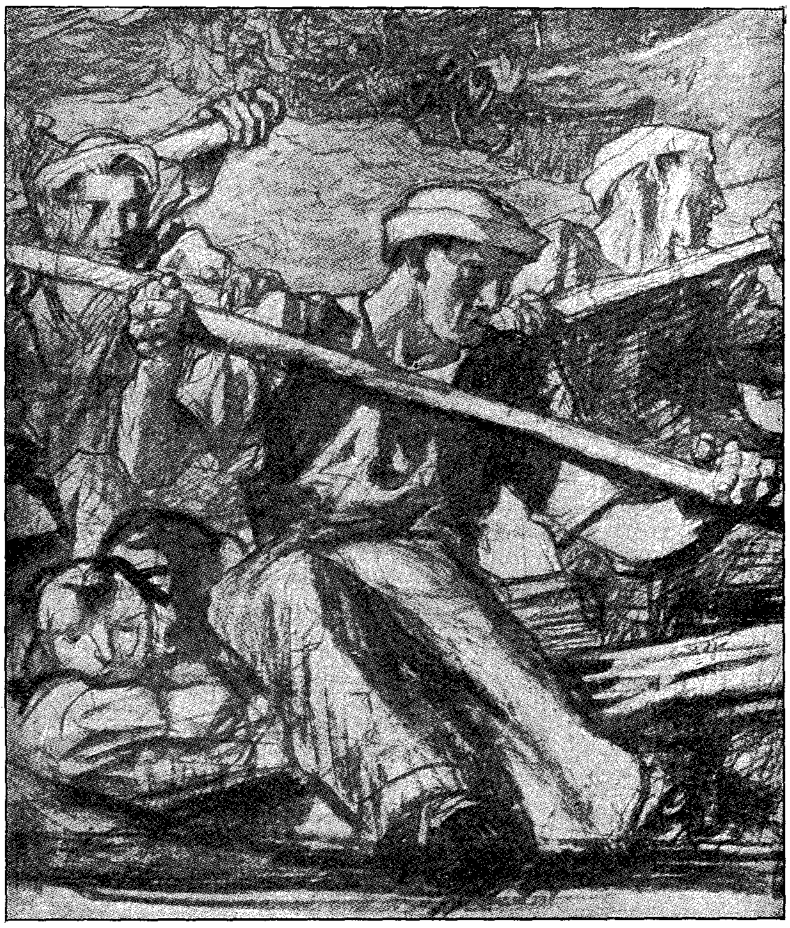
SHIPS OF "PUFFED BRICK"—Concrete ships seemed unlikely enough, but how about ships built of brick? We hasten to say, for the information of scoffers, that the bricks are not laid in mortar, but are pulverized and mixed with cement. The result is a compound vastly lighter than ordinary concrete, but employed in much the same way. Says a writer in *The Scientific American* (New York, March 29):

"Two puffed-brick ships are soon to be launched at San Francisco. Bricklayers are not, however, employed in building this peculiar type of boat, because with the mortar used, a trowel-wielding laborer is not required. The 'puffed brick' used is made, like ordinary brick, of a peculiar clay containing a low percentage of silica. Subjected to an intense heat, the brick puffs up like popcorn. The product looks something similar to coke and is about as light. Once puffed the bricks are ground to a dust and mixed with cement. This process, it is claimed, makes for a gain of about forty per cent. in the lightness of the ship's walls without losing any of its strength. The ship's forms are built in standardized sections and are hinged with bolts so they can be forced up and put out of the way when the concrete hardens. After launching, the forms are quickly put back into place, steel reenforcing rods installed, and the pouring of another ship can be begun. According to experts in concrete ship-building this system makes it possible to turn out a 7,500-ton vessel every three months, and only about twenty-five per cent. of the lumber in the forms is wasted. The first two ships built of this material at San Francisco, each 7,500-ton oil tanks, are ready to be launched."

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

LETTERS - AND - ART

BRANGWYN AS A POSTER ARTIST



A BRANGWYN DRAWING FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.
His bold drawing and brilliant color destine him as a preeminent poster artist.

THERE IS A HEALING as well as a cheering power in just color; and if it is strong and smacks you in the face it serves all the better for the man in the street. Such a man paused in his ramble before a second-hand print-seller's in London and began turning over the portfolios. He chose four colored prints, "suspiciously like German chromos," says the teller of this tale, who admits that they "smacked him in the eye like a boxing-glove flicked forward with a jab." A conversation followed. "You like bold colors that hit out?" "'Course. Don't you?" was the answer, with this justification: "Need 'em in these days. Pal's dead, and two boys at the war. My missis won't be up against these picters. Not she. Do 'er proud, they will—and me, too." He thought for a moment, and then, with a touch of London's humor, "I dessay these colors *do* brag a bit and put 'emselves on strike, but where's the 'arm? They're a bit of all right, these picters." So he paid fivepence each for them and went away with some chromo sunshine rolled up into a bundle. The story is almost the text of the chapter on Brangwyn as a poster artist in Walter Shaw Sparrow's recently published book on "The Prints and Drawings of Frank Brangwyn." Posters have been the form of art that even the man in the street hasn't neglected in the past war-years. Now that we are taking inventory and trying to balance some of the gains against the immense losses of these four years, we find how important a rôle they have played. Art in its higher expression hasn't put much into the war-scale. It is charged by one of our artists, Mr. Thornton Oakley, that "exhibitions of our artists' work display an incredible lack of interest in the every-day affairs of life." The war, however, which enlisted the efforts of some among this group, brought a refutation in the posters that were produced to make appeal for support of the war's activities. That we at all matched our allies in this no one will care to contend, and a reflection on the reasons why may be commended to those upon whom the call was made. It is a fact, however, that even with us—how much more so abroad—the poster art reached a stage of achievement far beyond anything the preceding years had seen. That it made a strong call upon artists of the highest distinction abroad is emphasized in Mr. Sparrow's book on Brangwyn. This British artist became truly international during the late struggle, in that his work spoke up in behalf of Belgium and France as well as of England, and was even employed by the Navy of our own country. "Brangwyn has done much to put high thought and a big style into recent poster-work," says Mr. Sparrow, "and he is most anxious to do a great deal more if it be worth while; that is, if this most social art be ordered in a proper citizen manner." Then, so he says, perhaps suggesting a reason for our falling below foreign achievements,

> "Then artists of standing, keen toward national welfare, can give enough time to it, and not merely odd hours or days for the purpose of aiding a good charity. Years ago Brangwyn made a colored poster for the Orient Pacific Line, and summed up in it most of the simple principles by which all work for the poor man's art-gallery in our streets ought to be governed. Its *motif* was a huge steamer, with some little craft not only manned by Orientals, but containing also some gay fruit symbols of Eastern lands to which the steamer went on needful affairs. Here is a subject that has a general interest; it stirs the drops of viking blood in our veins; and it gives full scope to Brangwyn's ample and opulent fine color, which at its best seems to be compounded of fruit, flesh, flowers, and feather hues, with good solid earth and the sky's visiting moods.
>
> "Color is all-important to poster-work, yet its popularity is not fully appreciated by many an artist who works for our hoardings and street-galleries. Puritans with their sour and fierce gloom, their pent-up and annealed virtue, sharp and slashing like steel, tried to cut out of our English character that old fondness for color which softened a rude, uncertain life during periods when smallpox and plague were most rampant, and when costumes were picturesque, and pageants lively, and all good folk at May-day festivals carried posies. Romance and color are elements of Gothic art and of England's younger life; and but for them, with the vivid and lusty national spirit that they helped to make real and to keep wideawake, our Shakespeare could never have been what he was, for he and the drama were opposed by many a Puritan hothead like Gosson, who would have talked through his nose at a perpetual funeral if his will could have worked such a miracle. Self-righteous talk remains with us, but its crape or contempt for color, its Puritan dreariness, has gone where the old moons go, seemingly. Color is greatly loved to-day, and in poor homes even more than elsewhere, perhaps. During four years of this war, moreover, through many tragic months of bad battle-maps and gnawing

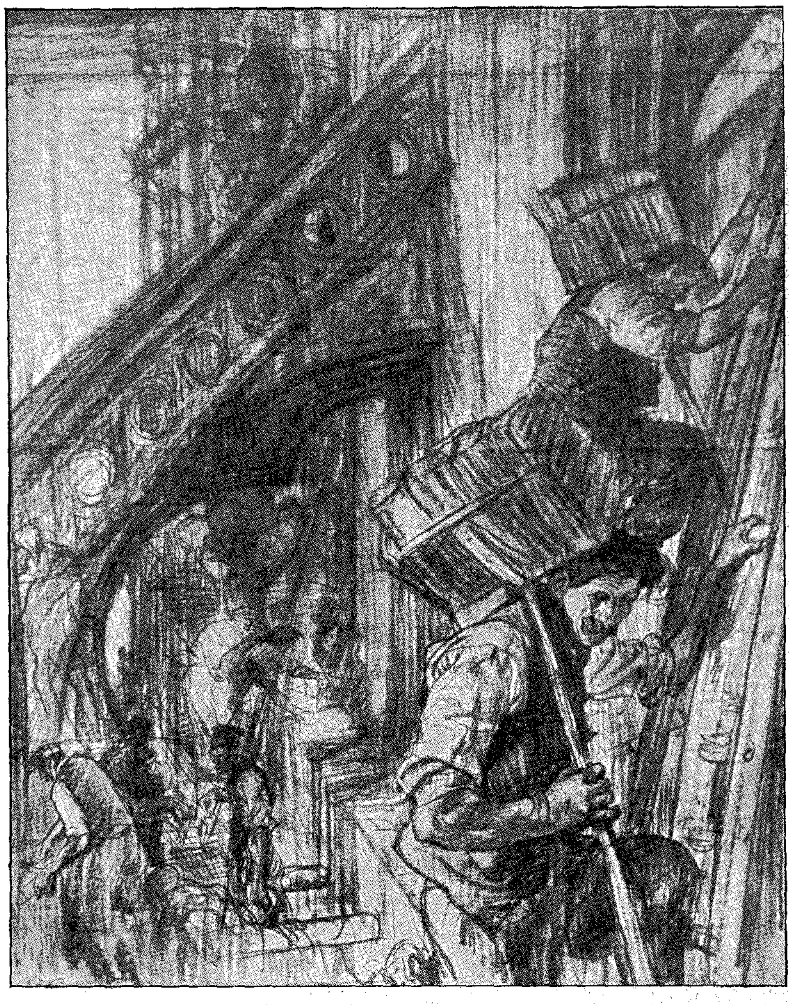
doubts, all classes drew closer to the refreshment given by gay shop-windows and other public displays of color. A fine sculptor told me that he had noticed this fact in his own greatly enhanced relish for notes of good color in many things which hitherto he had accepted more or less as a matter of custom; and I can give an example from quite ordinary hard-handed men."

Taking up the argument from these premises, it is a fair shot to say that "color ought not to be omitted from any poster which makes its appeal to 'the general,' as Shakespeare calls public opinion; and to-day it is the General, our Commanding Officer, every Premier's Prime Minister." But how to use color for posters is another question, Mr. Sparrow admits, pointing out that "it receives a great many answers from Europeans and Americans." Climate and national character have varied influence, of course. "In countries where torrid heat goes together with flashing light and gay color, needs of contrast ought to produce somber posters with sonorous black notes and chords; while the ebony frames of London's aspects can hold with cheering effects color-schemes as virgin and as rare as Persian illuminations, with their brilliantly seductive concords." Brangwyn's oriental zest for color, we are told, presents "lessons to most of the men who do work for our street-galleries." Also—

"His poster, too, got rid of that wordiness with which advertisers spoil the trade value of their self-praise. It did not promise you a visit to heaven in the Orient Pacific Line; nor did it extol the cheapness of fares (as if shipping companies were ideal philanthropies); nor did it praise cooks and food (as if travelers were to be angled for like trout, salmon, and pike). To get advertisers to accept a few humble words on a poster is a trouble to be overcome either by suave patience or by a blunt refusal to do a wrong thing. No true artist should be as a gramophone to any advertiser's vainglory—unless he wants to lose all self-respect. Let him say outright what he will not do. There's more peace in bluntness over matters of right and wrong than in all the pacifists our epoch has known; and it is usually toward wrong that advertisers drift. '"Straight" advertising has become very rare,' a Scottish advertising agent said to me, deploring a great decline during the present generation.

"And some other essential hints can be got from the same poster; as, for example, that all must be seen at a glance without questions arising in the people's minds. A poster miscarries as soon as ordinary people say, 'What is it all about?' 'Is that a little girl or a small boy in petticoats?' 'Where are the guns on this war-ship?' All questions of this variety show that a poster and its public are at loggerheads; and as Edmund Kean was hipped unless 'the pit rose at him,' or as comedians are unhappy when their 'points aren't taken,' so a poster artist should take his verdicts—not from his own criticisms, nor from those of other artists, but from the streets to whose populace he has chosen to make appeal for the widest approval he can win. Let him stand near his own posters; if he looks at them attentively, then makes a remark to a passer-by, a small group of critics will soon collect, and their candor is informing. I've tried this dodge many a time, and doubt if any poster artist—not even Brangwyn—has hit the people at all equally in a set of posters. And this observation leads on to a suggestion: that in this art, which fails if it doesn't attract and hold millions of passers-by, artists, like great actors, have more to gain from self-suppression than from self-revelation. A poster should be not a print for a portfolio, but an abundant decoration for large and busy streets and other thronged public places; and hence an artist should adapt his usual style to evident needs, and as attractively as he can. In his best posters Brangwyn illustrates these matters with an ample hand.

"Then there's the importance of uncrowded workmanship, simple, direct design, with plain spaces that suggest quietness. Example: if you hire the front page of a daily paper and cover it all over with a drawing deeply framed by words, you can not expect to be anything more than a faked *Autolycus*, a bore, not an amusing salesman of trade's wares. Your drawing cancels the commercial value of your self-praise in words, and you words are so many that they cancel your drawing and worry the public's defective memory. On the other hand, place midway on your page a small square of ably-worded text, leaving all else blank, and your advertisement will magnetize readers. Every one will wish to know what you have to say. Useless to shout when other advertisers bawl or shriek; and from this fact and its varied application good effects by the million will be got when able articles comply happily with the needs of all advertising, whether by head-line on 'splash pages' or by poster on hoardings. But let them keep before their minds yet another thing: that British people demand prettiness in women and children; they don't forgive a poster that offends against this need; and the very high prices paid for Birket Foster prove that prettiness belongs to our national home life as well as to our poster public. He who paints pretty children well enough to make his name in the hearts of English mothers runs the risk of becoming very rich while breaking his health with far too much work. It is only in fun and farce that the poster public likes personal ugliness, but not in girls. Thus the Ally Sloper-like print of 'Sunny Jim' was as popular as are Punch and Judy at the seaside. . . . . . .



REBUILDING BELGIUM.

Brangwyn has devoted much time and sympathy to this country, depicting her both before and after her devastation at the hands of Germany. This drawing for a poster looks to Belgium's future that is now dawning.

"I am keeping Brangwyn's best work constantly before my mind, with that of several other masters, French and British; and now a summing up of these qualities must be given, or offered for consideration. Whatever a posterist—can this word be used?—may try to do, never must he be neutral, evasive, stricken by half-and-half measures. And it is not enough to be positive and direct and colorful; for a good poster, like a good short story (take 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' or 'Only a Subaltern') should be art in a superlative mood—not pathetic, but *very* pathetic; not funny, but *very* funny; not tragical, but *very* tragical, and so forth."

LITERATURE IN MODERN ITALY

TOURISTS IN ITALY have fallen into ecstasies over the children of Della Robbia and the Madonnas of Andrea del Sarto and Correggio until they put the Italians into a temper. The temper had to explode somehow, and the cloud of steam let off was "Futurism." The Renaissance was all well enough as an asset for tourists, but an Italian named Emilio Cecchi, writing in the Manchester *Guardian*, tells us that the Renaissance stood "like an old-fashioned brocade and gilt screen which had hidden three-quarters of Italy from herself and the rest of the world," and the Futurists tore it down. It raised the Italians' ire to find the tourist beholding, "beneath the forms of exuberant lads, florid Madonnas, or decorative Apostles, the poor boys who seize their luggage at some little Italian railway-station, the laundry-women who bring back the collars and shirts to their hotel, and the laborers who work in the factories and read the *Critico Sociale*." The real life of to-day has found its expression in writers whom the outside world hasn't heard of, but is neglected even by Carducci and d'Annunzio, who are Italy's best known poets. The tourist, tho, is abetted by them, the former of whom Mr. Cecchi describes as "mostly a repetition of the ancient humanists of the type of Valla and Politian," and the latter as "a sort of modernized Boccaccio, more vicious and less robust." It was natural, thinks this apologist, that against all this "at a certain moment the rebellion should break out, that the epoch of the assassins should arrive." Hence the Futurists:

"Revolutions are bred by tyrannies. And a little more than ten years ago in Italy the hour struck when, as the famous phrase has it, '*Messieurs les assassins peuvent commencer*.' The Bolsheviki of this revolution were the Futurists. They wanted to burn the museums. They wished to blow up the cathedrals. They were for selling the libraries as waste paper. They wanted to make cigaret-cases out of the skins of all the professors. The language of their poetry was to have nothing, absolutely nothing, to do with the images of the past. In order to secure this, they reduced their language to pure noise.

"An ancient Greek poet, an English or an Italian poet, endeavored, for example, by means of an inspired play of words and rhythm, to reproduce his own emotions on hearing the sound of water on the beach—the voice of the sea. A Futurist poet, instead of giving this emotion in terms of art, thought he would give its raw material, the natural object. So he transcribed the murmur of the sea as *seep, seep, seep*, or something of that kind. Stendhal, Tolstoy, Kipling had attempted, each according to his own temperament, to express the enthusiasm and the horror of battle. Nothing easier for the Futurist poet, who reproduced the roar of artillery and the bursting of shells: *boum, boum*. English [and American] readers can find experiments in this new art in *The Little Review*—for the formula has come over also to England. It is a return to the speech of savages and the mimicry of the redskins. But the question which is still unsolved, and perhaps never will be solved, is to what extent these pioneers of the new esthetic were 'pulling the leg' of the public, or, in other words, were humorists, and to what extent they were mere imbeciles."

Since it is Mr. Cecchi's proposal "to give an idea of the young Italian literature, about which hitherto, it may be said, not a word has been heard in England," he refuses "to waste further time in describing these childish and desperate attempts, seeing that fortunately the young men of Italy have shown their ability to do something better." What it is, we see:

"They have, in fact, learned from Carducci, d'Annunzio, and Pascoli, and absorbed the more genuine and actual part of their teaching. They have put fresh blood into their culture by the study of the ancient Italian poets, chiefly the purest and most succulent, and by the study of the great modern foreign poets. They filially attached themselves to certain honest and sacrificed masters who sporadically react against the eternal rhetoric, such as Verga, to whom the grief of the rude souls of the people taught so great a pride of art; such as Panzini, who wrote in his books the ironical poem of the poor respectable *bourgeoisie*. Upon such foundations these youths have worked. And tho they have worked each for his own account, I think it is possible, for convenience of exposition, to put them in a few groups.

"Thus there is one group of lyrical humorists. Guido Gozzano returned to the provinces with a soul charged with mundane sadness, and with incredulous wonder rediscovered the beauty of the simple life of our grandfathers. Corrado Govoni, with a sensual capacity regarding the things of nature not less than that of d'Annunzio, but at the same time with a dull pain and abashed humiliation, has produced a characteristic poetry full of diminutive tenderness, which encloses things in a torturing immobility like that of the leaves of black and silver marguerites in funeral wreaths. Aldo Palazzeschi has set to music in grotesque cantilena the obsessions of a lost soul, like a clown who makes use of designedly vulgar actions for giving allegorical expression to a jealous sorrow buried in the depths of his heart and known to himself alone. There is a group of brilliant impressionists who in the school of the French moderns have found again the joy of the elementary colors of the primitives. Ardengo Soffici, the purest among the young Italians, with his idyls and his airy landscapes, is naturally the first in this group, but beside him can be placed Antonio Baldini, with a personality less intense, but more subtle. There is a Romantic group, in which the artistic intention is less clear and less felicitous, but the disposition toward spiritual adventure is very strong and sometimes even dramatic, as in the case of Giovanni Papini, who has passed with steady fury and constant dissatisfaction through all the forms of art and all philosophies, and in that of Giovanni Boine, who started from the theological controversies of Modernism and ended in poetry. And, finally, there is a little group of Classicists which has given us the fine lyrics and prose of Vincenzo Cardarelli.

"As it was gradually developing, this work of creation was confirmed and encouraged in the demands which it made and the tendencies which it represented by a searching critical labor for which Benedetto Croce provided the first ideas, and by a sound work of revision in Italian moral and political life. A similar ideal of concreteness, of modernity, and of sincerity was pursued on many sides by people who, nevertheless, felt themselves sometimes to be in opposition, and believed they were fighting for very different ideals.

"Friends, indeed, believed themselves sometimes to be enemies. It was like the case of good neighbors hearing noises behind the house at night and running out by different doors, each with his own cudgel. Each assailed the other threateningly, mistaking him for the thief. But in the end they see that no thief had come, that they are all friends and honest gentlemen, and that all had kept a good guard of the house."

THE SUPPLANTER OF NIETZSCHE—Is it a new form of German propaganda, touching one of our tenderest spots, that tells us of a poet now dominant in the new republic who is "a cross between Longfellow and Whitman"? The Cincinnati *Times-Star* is awestruck at the contrast between the airy Stephen George—which sounds most un-Teutonic—and the much-consonanted Nietzsche, who is now said to be put away. Has there been a bonfire of Nietzsches? "It was in August, 1914," as we read, that the Hun put a copy of Nietzsche in his pocket and set forth to conquer the world—

"He believed that he was Nietzsche's 'Superman,' appointed by Jehovah or Wotan or what other god was at hand to let the blood of the world and give it a Teutonic renaissance. 'It is not surprizing,' says Nietzsche, 'that the lambs should bear a grudge against the great birds of prey, but that is no reason for blaming the great birds of prey for taking the little lambs.' With this inspiration, the German eagle flew low and struck hard.

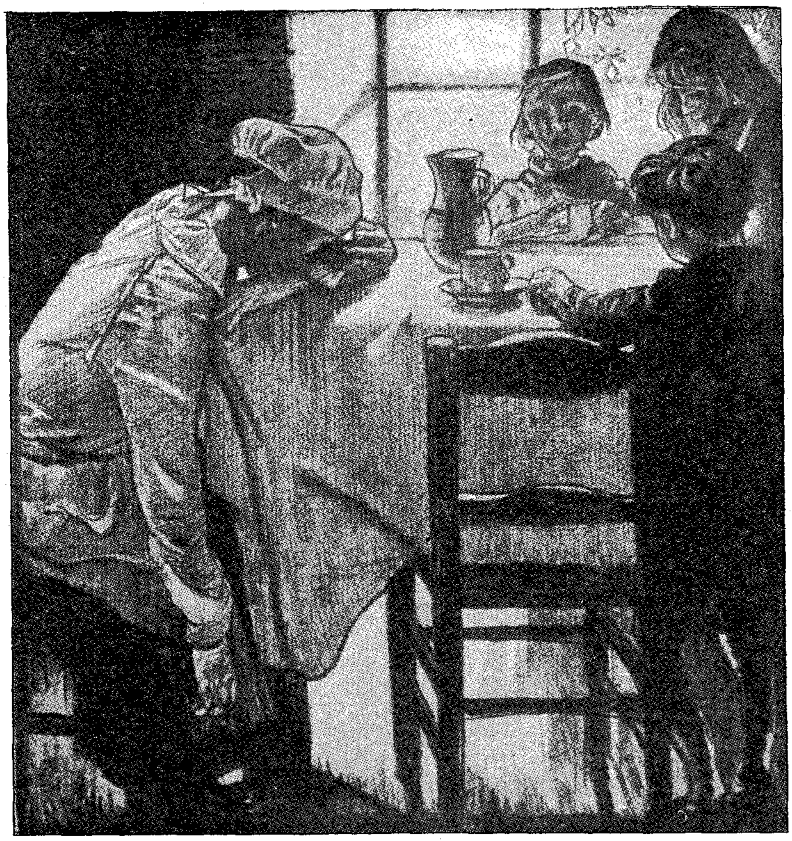
"They are not reading Nietzsche in Germany now. The German eagle is back, with a broken beak, two lame wings, and clipt talons. The lambs did not play fair. They bit back. The superman theory is absolutely discredited. The young Hun has turned from such material things as war and indemnities, and now is reading a poet named Stephen George, a product of the war. Herr George is said to be a cross between our own Longfellow and Whitman. He teaches the soul to rise, not as a bird of prey, but as an innocent little thing, and to sail the empyrean, far from mundane things.

"All right. It is an accomplishment to make the bloodthirsty throw away their copies of Nietzsche and to buy a million copies, as reported, of a cross between Longfellow and Whitman.

We loved our Longfellow and Whitman before the war. Had the Hun, there would have been no war. But Young Germany should not let Herr George take him too far, up there in the 'intense inane,' as Shelley called it. There is work down here for him to do, a little bill to pay. However, he may bring his Stephen George with him. His new poet might take his mind off indemnities while he was paying them."

WHY TRAGEDY NO LONGER STRUTS

AN "APOTHEOSIS OF FOLLY" is what many people believe the modern stage has come to. The case seems to be worse in England than with us, if one may judge by the outcry against modern plays in the British papers. For all that, the London stage has had more Shakespeare than have we, who, in New York at least, can only boast of a series of "Hamlet" matinées and a week of "Twelfth Night" with the French players. Tragedy is dead, laments a writer, Mr. G. R. Mallock, in the London *Evening Standard*. Have we not had tragedy enough in real life, many may feel moved to answer. Still, if the *revue* is to be the only acceptable diet of the pleasure-seeking masses, the reflecting ones can not put aside "the strange contrast, a contrast almost grotesque in its intensity, between this artificial intensifying of the light side of life and the horrors of the expiring war." Going on:



APPEALING FOR FRENCH ORPHANS.

Brangwyn's heart opened for all the Allies. This is only one of his designs for the *Orphelinat des Armées* (the Fatherless Children of France).

"They ask, without receiving an answer, whether the theater has abandoned that mission of culture which has been so often and so eloquently claimed for it by popular actors; and whether it would not be more fittingly employed in showing us the high lesson of tragedy than in its present worship of laughter.

"Possibly the questioners are right, possibly they are wrong. Before that can be decided another question must be answered —Is Tragedy dead, so far as the theater is concerned?

"Nature has subtle ways of doing things. Nine out of ten of our theaters concentrate their energies on the emphasis of sex. The lighter entertainments invite us to look at beautiful women with beauty heightened by every artifice that the law permits, and to laugh at a long succession of witticisms turning, to put it bluntly, on the more intimate intercourse of the sexes. The more serious theaters vie with each other in bedroom sensations. Well, it may be Nature's ingenious method of redressing the balance . . . she has lost a generation of her fairest children.

"But, whatever the true explanation may be, the public apparently wants this kind of entertainment, and will not pause to hear the woes of heroes or the acts of gods. The young man of talent who came to town with a tragedy in his pocket has had his day. If any such there be nowadays, it were wiser for him to stop at home and take a post in a bank.

"We have lost the sense of tragedy. The modern doctrine is, rightly or wrongly, that life should be joy. Death has not ceased to be terrible, but we have made it commonplace. We kill, but we kill in millions. Tragedy is an individual thing; multiplied many times, it ceases to thrill us. And people do not wish any longer to be thrilled; their emotions of awe and despair are choked and surfeited; the spectacle of intolerable doom has a personal menace in it, and is abhorrent. Tragedy has ceased to affect people, and they do not want it any more. Why?

"There are several reasons. One is that the life of modern civilized man before the war had become complicated by innumerable little necessary actions. There was no great action in his average day, no great will, no great emotion. He became blunted to such things. Romance, said Kipling, brings up the nine-fifteen. Romance should have known her business better."

The war, of course, is a more present cause. He who has come through that darkness is staled to single suffering:

"He has escaped; but he has gathered together the fragments that were his friend and made a shallow grave for them, seen the transport columns rolling over flattened shapes on the road, seen a shell burst in a crowd of human beings, passed through the dead ruins of cities, strung himself up to killing, and it may be that nothing that you can bring to him in a book, or show to him in a theater, will for a long time obscure these things or heighten any emotion of his. If he asks it, we must shut up our puppet show, and turn away from imaginary sorrows. If he desires to forget, in God's name let him forget.

"But for the real cause of the death of tragedy (is it the death?) we must go back a long way. Tragedy was killed by the Christian religion, tho long a-dying. The refulgent doctrine of the Resurrection deprived tragedy of its meaning. The lonely figure of man was no longer lonely; the combat with destiny ceased. No furies pursued the offender, but he could not escape 'from this tremendous Lover.'

"Tragedy lingered on with the artists, who were always pagans, but the great ones of the Elizabethan age were succeeded by a race who were subjected to the worldly side of Christianity and gifted with a dwindling genius. Life grew mechanical through the multiplication of machines. Tho it may sound strange to modern ears, the certainty of salvation was once as the certainty of arriving at Paddington. That certainty killed tragedy, or suppressed it.

"Does that certainty still exist? The world has seen the sunset of many faiths; the dying blaze has illuminated for us again and again the great, lonely figure of Man, tragic in its strength, its weakness, its beauty, its deformity. Not to see that figure is to be blind, not to accept its meaning is defeat. We shall not lose sight of it for long, even in the theater. The bubble of laughter bursts. Tragedy can not die, because its death would be new tragedy.

"I think that we shall see tragedy on the stage again before very long. There will be a surfeit of the raptures and roses of the present moment. Men will ask in time for something that will waken more noble emotions than a beauty chorus. In the work of men like Galsworthy, Drinkwater, and others there is hope that out of modern life may rise a noble school that will restore to the theater its dignity and to dramatic literature something of the glory that crowned it in Elizabethan times. Why not?

"The adventure is different, that is all. The problems and the conflicts are age-old."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

WAR-WORK OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

WHEN THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS spent "hundreds of thousands of their own money on everybody's brothers and sons so long as those sons and brothers wore the nation's uniform," they emerged from the class of mere amateurs in public service. It was the realization of this, says one of their leaders, Mr. John B. Kennedy, that moved the public to more than double "the assets that the Knights had built up for themselves in thirty-five years of existence." Mr. Kennedy feels that "there is no use blinking the fact that the Knights were not generally regarded with the greatest trust" before they met the above-named test of public-spiritedness. They were not, indeed, well known. "They had never projected anything like organized publicity," and what had come to be known of them was mainly concerning their banquets and ceremonials. Mr. Kennedy, writing in *The Outlook* (New York), accounts for their lack of publicity by "the fact that they were absolutely denominational—exclusively a Catholic organization," and hence easy to be "dismissed from the thoughts of almost every one but their own fellow faithful." The story of their emergence into a wider sphere is told in interesting details:

WILLIAM J. MULLIGAN,

Who has effectually headed the Committee on War Activities of the Knights of Columbus.

"Altho the Knights had during some years carried on an educational campaign against materialistic Socialism—a campaign that included the general public in its scope—they made their initial venture into organized public service at the Mexican border. It is interesting to record that their motive in making this step was simply to look after their own. With many thousands of Catholic troops at the border a cry arose from the Catholic priests and bishops in that region for aid in ministering to these soldiers, who, while they were welcomed to the Y. M. C. A. huts, yet could not properly avail themselves of that welcome because they felt that it was more or less hinged upon a religious formula to which they did not adhere. Furthermore, the Catholic faith entails peculiar obligations on the part of its professors, and a substantial percentage of our boys at the border profest it. Those obligations could not be rendered without ways and means. So the Knights of Columbus, doing violence to their general fund of some three hundred thousand dollars—a fund made up from the dues of its members—went down to the border, erecting and equipping huts at concentration-camps and found themselves, in the words of Raymond B. Fosdick, who looked over the situation for the Secretary of War, successfully engaging in the big job of supporting the Army's morale.

"Probably not a working majority of the people who contributed to the war-fund of the K. of C. for the Great War had any idea that the society was experienced in war-relief work, and probably the experience of spending their own money economically and with maximum efficiency at the Mexican border was the best possible experience (even tho a substantial one financially) that the Knights could have had, for it taught them the most essential lesson for any who undertake work at public expense—that a minimum overhead covers a multitude of mistakes. Without vainglory, it can be written that the Knights have seized and held the minimum overhead (it is less than 2 per cent. of their total fund) while avoiding the multitude of errors.

"Going into war-relief work on a vast scale, they were unpreceded by trumpet-blowers and drum-bangers. It was simply a case of success speaking for itself. The Knights, with the truly American character of their knighthood, saw that they had undertaken a big job, and they did it. Being no less children of this world than crusaders toward the next, they foresaw that a press not loud in praise of their good deeds might become inexpressibly strident if they should miss their step and commit doubtful ones. So they proceeded with caution all the way."

As a specimen of their reasoning, Mr. Kennedy presents the matter of the construction of camp-buildings, where "they argued that one crowded building with free smokes and a handful of candy for every man in the crowd was a better war-relief proposition than two buildings with elbow space galore, but no free smokes and no free candy." Another point:

"They also took grave counsel to themselves concerning the religious feature of their work. Serving none other than Catholic soldiers religiously, they argued that these men were in conscience bound to observe their religious duties. Therefore, it was unnecessary to remind them that mass was said in K. of C. huts on Sunday mornings. As for the soldiers who were not Catholics, it was the Knights' business to be solicitous regarding their comfort, not their consciences. Thus it is seen that, while effectively placing means for religious practise before the Catholic boys, the Knights avoided even the mention of religion to non-Catholics, who frequented their huts in just as large numbers as the Catholics.

"In addition to following this eternally successful rule of not meddling in the personal affairs of others, the Knights, with the empiric wisdom that guides all plain men who strive to do good in a straightforward way, adopted the policy of giving the men what they wanted rather than what they should want. So at K. of C. huts throughout the land strange spectacles might be witnessed—*potpourri* shows of vaudeville, movies, and prize-fighting. The organization's attitude is perfectly illustrated by one anecdote. At Camp Merritt on a certain night two events were under way. In the K. of C. building, a boxing carnival was proceeding with acclaim from boys who packed the building to the rafters. Across the street a lecturer was giving instruction to a group of thoughtful young men. The instructor finished his lecture and wandered over to the K. of C. hall, whence issued clamor and the thud of gloves upon flesh. He exprest his surprize, to a stout, amiable person mopping a sweaty brow as he stood on the building stoop, that the Knights of Columbus should provide brutal sport for the nation's young defenders.

"'Friend,' the amiable person replied, pithily, 'did the Government train these young men to be ethical-culture guys or to go over and knock daylight out of the Germans?'

"The question was of philosophical import. But it was adequately answered by many of the care-free young pragmatists who accompanied its utterance with hoarse yells of delight as Kid McCarthy dislodged the eye-teeth of 'Goat' Bradley—answered by these young men at Seringes and Château-Thierry."

Native common sense and mother wit were freely drawn upon over in France, where what there was of these commodities in any one found its uses:

"The K. of C. secretaries went up to the front with privates as privates, and the hearty rebuff, 'You're money's no good with us,' was sung to all kinds and conditions of fighting men by every man with the K. of C. chevron on his arm. The Knights picked men of middle age who had boys of their own in the service and were in the psychological state to treat all other boys vicariously as their own sons. Then, knowing that in the rush and turmoil of action company kitchens were often abandoned or destroyed, the Knights rolled kitchens right up under fire—providing hot drinks to thousands of boys on entering and leaving the hell of battle.

"When supplies ran short, the soldiers were warned and given a vote in the disposition of what remained. It always went to the 'buddies' coming from action. The K. of C. men lived with the fighting men and were of them. Statistics of their number and their achievements are unnecessary to augment the mark they have made on the American soldier's heart any more than the fact that they have, through their seventeen hundred and more councils, obtained over ten thousand jobs for returned soldiers and sailors augments the argument of their very existence and organization as a factor in their peace work.

"The Knights have made good because they placed themselves in the attitude of fathers to the boys—real fathers who know that their boys are real men. Their success has made it impossible for the old, riotous religious prejudice to become rampant again. And that is not the least profit America gains from the war. When men like Edward N. Hurley, Charles M. Schwab, Admiral Benson, and Joyce Kilmer could be attracted to join the ranks of the K. of C. before the organization earned its war-prestige, it requires a giant of all proportions excepting one—fair-mindedness!—to question the good will and good work of the organization now."

Mr. Kennedy, the writer of this article, is in charge of the publicity for the Knights, and Mr. Mulligan, whose portrait we print, superintends their welfare work.

A "BOYCOTTED" BOOK ON RELIGION—Mr. Upton Sinclair complains that his book, "The Profits of Religion," has been "absolutely boycotted by the literary reviewers of America." The complaint can not spring from the fact that the reviewers also are acting in restraint of trade, for the author claims sales of three hundred a day for his book. Moreover, one literary reviewer, Mr. E. F. Edgett, of the Boston *Transcript*, removes the cause of complaint by lifting the boycott in a recent issue of this Boston paper:

> "If by the word 'boycotted' Mr. Sinclair means a refusal to mention or to comment upon it, we hasten to tell him that he is laboring under a strange delusion. We have not the book before us, but we are perfectly willing to quote its author's own description of it as 'a study of supernaturalism as a source of income and a shield of privilege, the first examination in any language of institutionalized religion from an economic point of view,' and to add his statement that he is selling three hundred copies a day of it and is now printing its twenty-sixth thousand. From W. L. George, the English novelist, he quotes, and we are glad to requote this exuberant opinion: 'I have just finished "The Profits of Religion." I think it a work of the highest sincerity, and regret only that 140 years after the death of Voltaire it should still be necessary that your brave pen be enlisted against venal mysticism. I entirely agree with you that while the religious impulse is human and lovely, the dogmatic faiths that have made a corner in it are hypocritical in intention, and that they purposely apply anesthetics to the human intellect, that they conspire to keep it in ignorance, therefore in subjection to the masters, noble or wealthy, of a world made wretched.' If this be a boycott, may Mr. Sinclair make the most of it."

IN A PARIS HOSPITAL.

Boys who are too disabled to write home are helped out by stenographers, such as the one shown here, who go from the "Knights'" hut in the French capital to fill in extra hours in taking down messages to home folk in America.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S DESPAIR OF THE LEAGUE

NO MOMENT OF THE WAR seemed so dark to some on the other side as does the present to the Bishop of Oxford. "The real terror of the time of war is not during the war," says Dr. Charles Gore in a recent sermon in London. "It is after-war periods that are the curse of the world, and it looks as if the same were going to prove true of this war." Dr. Gore was one of the religious emissaries sent us by our British ally when the struggle was on, and his personality and stirring words were imprest upon many hearers. Now that he watches the reactions of European nations to the proposals of the League of Nations, he seems filled with a deep pessimism. What would be his feeling should he know all of the antagonism displayed in this country to the League it would not be easy to define. Dr. Frederick Lynch, editor of *The Christian Work* (New York), returns from the European scene to express, both in his own paper and in letters to the daily press, his amazement and sorrow at the trend of opinion here in opposition to the League. To desert Europe now, he declares, reflecting the opinion especially of the religious world abroad, would be more cruel than if America never had entered the war against Germany. Dr. Gore expresses this view in his sermon after saying that there was never "a moment in the war in which thoughtful men found themselves filled with a profounder anxiety than at this particular moment." "Not because America is better," he asserts, "but because America is free from the complications of Europe, I think we must look with a great hope to the arrival of America into European politics, and we must cling to the belief that America can not withdraw from the peace any more than she could keep out of the war, and that the arrival of one who is not embarrassed by the complications of old traditions and can take a free and frank view of the situation is a great ground of hope." The picture Dr. Gore draws of the situation in men's minds to-day, as we read his words in *The Christian Commonwealth* (London), is not one to inspire the highest hope:

> "Since the armistice was struck we seem to have looked in vain among the nations of the world for any better spirit than

that of the old national individualism. A great many of us knew that it was idle to talk, as men did talk in the war, as if the spirit of aggressiveness was limited to Germany. We had read the secret treaties, and we knew what they meant. The secret treaties have not been disowned, but they are still effective, and I ask you, cast your eye over the nations, where do you see a spirit larger than the old selfish spirit of claiming as much as you can get? Out of the spirit of claiming as much as you can get there can arise nothing except the universal scramble.

A HAVEN OF COMFORT IN THE ARGONNE,

Where the Knights of Columbus served the broken men brought back from the battle-field. *Beside the man who is being revived by a bowl of soup lies one too weak for even such comfort.*

"Or, once again, it seemed to me when Germany had been thoroughly defeated, then was the moment to prove to Germany that it would be humanely treated; that it would be given a fair place for recovery. In the nature of things we did not ask for public repudiations; they would have been untrustworthy, indeed; what we trusted was that Germany would be forced by the logic of events to realize, as indeed she must realize now, that she had been grossly, utterly, lamentably misled. What was wanted was surely a witness that if she behaved herself she would be allowed to reenter the comity of nations uncrusht. You know what has happened. It is hard to resist the impression, however you distribute the blame, that the League of Nations is in the greatest peril of becoming an organization of the Allies to keep Germany permanently crusht. That is what is felt, and the signs are at present not visible of a disarmament of any nation except Germany. Witness our own War Budget or Army Budget. Under the terror of hunger and the terror of despair you see what is happening. More and more the League of Nations and the Council of Ten and the Council of Four appear to be identified with the council of the victors. Over against that is forming the thing most dangerous, far more dangerous than Germany in its power, the thing most dangerous to the whole of civilization, that is, a revolutionary Socialism, driven to despair, spreading from Russia to Hungary, from Hungary to Austria, from Austria it may be to Germany, till you get the League of the Allies confronted with half Europe in an irredeemable chaos. Who can say that the fault will not be our own? Who can say that we have not been taking the very best steps to secure such an awful result? Meanwhile, the League itself is daily causing the distress of all who really care for democracy, showing, as it has, the least possible provision for the real representation of the minds of the nations; substituting for it an autocracy of the ruling Powers."

Dr. Gore emphasizes his belief that there is no exaggeration in what he has said of the situation:

"Certainly the situation is one when all who really care for the maintenance of peace, for the principle of unification, must be alert, because, behind governments, behind our representatives at Paris, there is the mind of nations. The press nowadays are not free. Opinion does not organize itself easily. There is the usual depression and lowering of moral aims which always follows times of war. For the real terror of the time of war is not during the war; then war has certain very ennobling powers. It is after-war periods that are the curse of the world, and it looks as if the same were going to prove true of this war. What we want is an organization of the moral feeling of all mankind, to say that certain things must be and certain things shall not be; that the League of Nations shall not degenerate into a league of the conquerors, to punish and to crush; that Germany must, no doubt, be punished, and will be punished, but in order that it may learn a lesson of reasonableness and of hope, saved and not starved, and feeling that she owes the possibility of her salvation to the change in her own spirit, that is what we want; that is the meaning of the League of Nations; a league of all settled nations which does not give the preponderance to any alliance, but which gives freedom of development to all nations, and is the recognized and frank opponent of militarism and military autocracy in all its forms. That was the meaning of the League of Nations; so it was declared, so all its prophets told us, and what we have got to do is to hold it to its bond.

"I own that I never felt anxiety such as I do now. I think the aspect of things has never been so dark as it is at this moment. I think the temper of the nations has degraded since the declaration of the armistice to a degree that is almost terrifying. Still, we know our grounds of hope, and we must fall back upon them; and first is the determination that our civilization shall not perish. We do not mean that it shall; we do not believe that this is the purpose of God, but we know that there is only one way of escape. We have been told so by all our sanest voices—that the way of escape is the way of suppressing militarism and enthroning right above the insolence, ambitions, the rivalries of particular nations. That is the very meaning of the League of Nations. We know the enemy is no longer the strength of Germany, but rather its weakness, its starvation, and its despair. What we have got to demand of our statesmen is that they shall take a wider and a wiser view than that inspired by the narrowness of revenge and the mere feeling of triumph over an insolent opponent.

Secondly, we put our faith in democracy. It was Erasmus who said first, in the sixteenth century, that in the long run it was the dynasties who were always in favor of war, and the working people who in the long run were always in favor of peace. And that I believe to be true, but you realize how very far off democracy is in any country from being realized. America, who talked most of democracy, is further off than we are, and we are not very near it. What really rules us? What really speaks in our newspapers? Government of the people, for the people, by the people is something that is very far off. Yet I believe that the movement of God in history—and there is a purpose of God in history—is toward democracy, and that either through violent rebellion and then reaction—and I hate violent rebellion—or by a progress which can be peaceable because at the last resort the claim of justice is heard, I believe that democracy is the winning cause, and that you can not fool all the people all the time, as President Lincoln said. They will find out that their interest is not with war, but with peace, and not with armaments, but with courts of conciliation.

"Thirdly, I still put my trust in the arrival of America into the Council of Europe, because the traditions of the European nations are so tainted. We do not like to talk about it, but we must talk about it that men may think about it. Think of our traditions in the southeast of Europe and of the crimes which must be laid to our charge. . . . The policy was, as Lord Salisbury said, a mistaken policy; he confest it. The moral results were to saddle us with a responsibility which we have never half realized, for all the situation which has generated this war, in that breeding-plot of wars, the southeast of Europe."

his old chief, and that they would go through a bigger experience than either had yet had and do it together, just as they had done other things together.

Right here it might be well to state that Bill served in the Rough Riders in Cuba under Captain Greenway. He was the best first sergeant in Cuba, in the opinion of Captain Greenway and others, including Colonel Roosevelt. Having served with Greenway in Cuba, to Bill it was the most natural thing in the world for him again to go overseas and serve with Greenway in what he expected to be the culmination of their military careers.

Having offered his services and received a commission as major of engineers, Greenway was sitting in his office in Warren, having placed his business affairs in shape to permit of his departure, and was just finishing up some personal matters preparatory to closing down his desk and walking out of the office, when the door opened and in walked Bill.

"Well, Captain, I've quit over yonder," he remarked. Bill had been employed by the New Cornelia at Ajo.

"What did you quit for, Bill?" asked Greenway.

"I'm going into the Army with you," was the reply.

"Have you enlisted?" asked Greenway.

"Hell, no. I'm no fool. If I enlist over here, I may not get to France for months, perhaps not at all. I'm going with you and shall enlist in your regiment after I get to France," was the way Bill had figured it out.

"I couldn't make Bill see the futility of his idea of getting over to France without enlisting in the service," said Colonel Greenway, "so there was nothing to do but let Bill come along. We took the train together at Osborn, Bill carrying his bed rolled up in a slicker, and together we made the trip to New York.

"When we got to New York, Bill stopt at the Manhattan Hotel and I was at the Biltmore. Bill met some of his old comrades of the Cuban campaign, and to them he confided his intention of going over without enlisting and of enlisting in my regiment after he got over. When they told him how futile it was, and that he couldn't even get on the Hoboken docks without a pass, Bill was somewhat shaken in his urbane confidence, but he was none the less determined.

"While I was waiting in New York for orders, Bill ran down to Washington to see Senator Ashurst. Senator Ashurst exerted every effort to get a passport for Bill, but it was useless. It just couldn't be done, and there was no possible way for the War Department to take any such action.

"Bill came back to New York more determined than ever to get over. I got my sailing orders, and with my sister, sister-in-law, and Bill went to the Hoboken piers and found that I was to sail on the *Agamemnon*, which was formerly the German steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. I went aboard and found that I had a large and comfortable stateroom and came ashore and told Bill.

"Bill declared that he was going to get aboard that boat, altho I pointed out the guards to him and endeavored to show him how impossible it was."

But Bill, it appears, thought it was not only possible, but probable. "Just you get somebody to talk to that guard over there," he ordered his superior officer, "and distract his attention while you're

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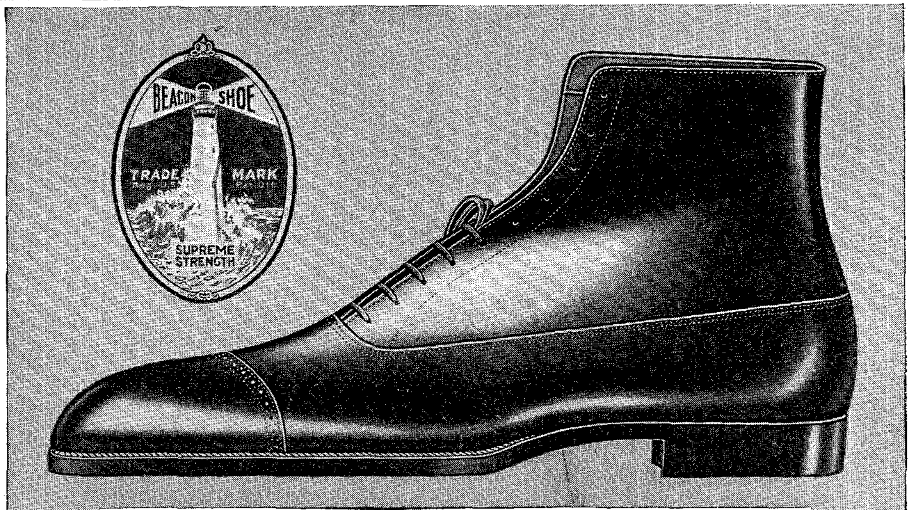

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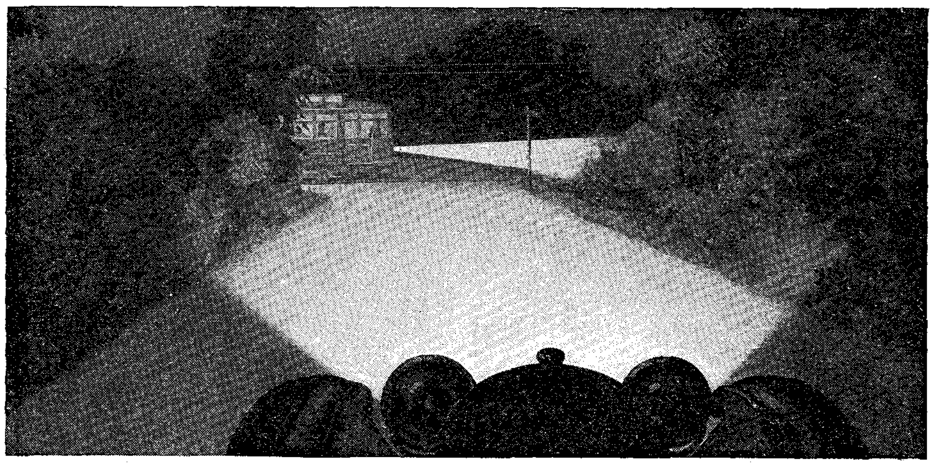

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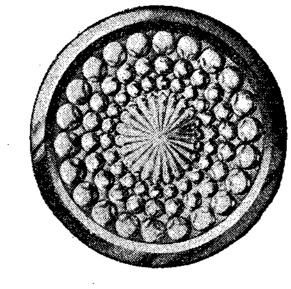

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going through the gate." Colonel Greenway continues:

"I got an officer friend of mine to talk to the guard, and Bill picked up my bags and followed me. To my surprize he got through the gate without being seen by the guard, and we proceeded to the gang-plank. There we ran into a snag. The captain called out to stop that civilian, and Bill was held up. It was only momentarily, however. I stept up and told the captain that he was a friend of mine, carrying my bags aboard for me, and the captain permitted him to pass.

"When Bill got into that stateroom of mine he was the happiest man I ever saw. 'If you get me off this boat they will have to throw me and hog-tie me and carry me off,' was the way Bill put it as he sank into a chair and wiped his forehead.

"We sailed that night at high tide, and Bill stayed secreted in my room. I would smuggle food from the dining-room to him, but after two days of this Bill rebelled at having to live on cold food and declared that he intended having regular meals like the others on board. I told him that if he were discovered, the chances were that he would find himself in the brig, but he said he would risk it, and out of my stateroom he went.

"Bill had just one chance. There were 150 civilians on board, going over for employment on government work in France. It was possible, but not at all probable, for Bill to mingle with them and get by. I went on to dinner in the first cabin, and after dinner concluded that I would look about for Bill. I expected to find him in the brig, but he was not there. I made my way to the dining-saloon where the civilian passengers had their meals and looked in.

"At the extreme end of a very long table I saw Bill. He was engrossed in a menu and was ordering the most delectable things to be found on it. Everybody on the vessel got to know Bill and he was in his element. He needed no further guidance by me while on board. Arguments were referred to Bill for settlement and he was looked to among the civilian passengers as a general source of information, being consulted as to when we would arrive in the submarine zone, when we would land, and about everything else that came up.

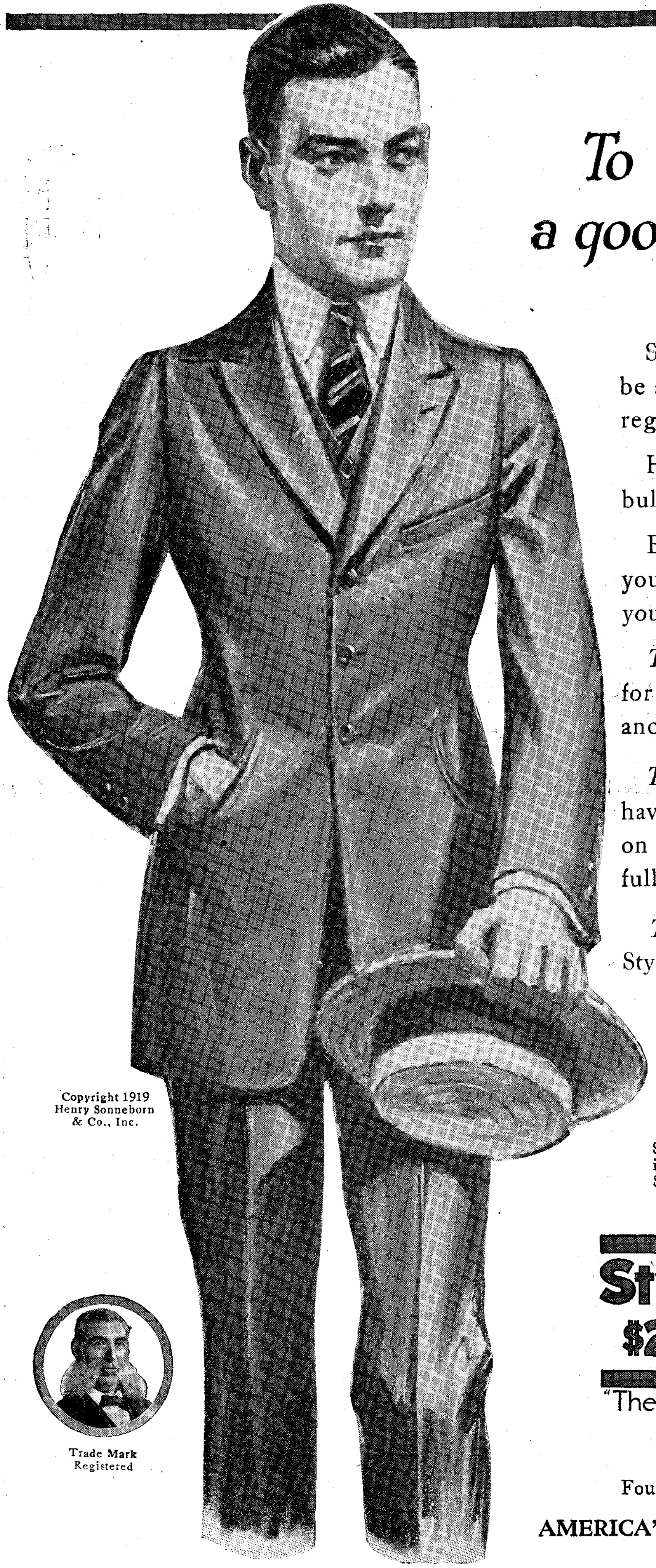
"How to get Bill ashore at Brest was a problem that loomed large before me, but it did not worry Bill to any great extent. Power Conway was on board and I enlisted his services, and between us we managed to smuggle Bill aboard the tug and get him ashore. Now the question was to get Bill to Paris, and in this I was assisted by General Harbord, U. S. M. C.

"We arrived in Paris, where I was kept for several weeks at headquarters. One night I returned home in Paris and informed Bill that I had been assigned to the First Division and ordered up to the front. Bill was delighted and ready to put off at once, and, altho it seemed impossible to me, it never feezed him.

"It never occurred to Bill that he was a civilian in France, with no military connection whatever, and that it would be impossible for a civilian to accompany me to the front. In this dilemma I placed the situation before Col. Malin Craig. He is a general now, and it made a strong appeal to him. He wanted to make Bill a captain of military police, but Bill would have none of that. He wanted to get to the front, and to the front we started.

"Together we arrived within seven miles

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES



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Henry Sonneborn
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Trade Mark
Registered

To help you select a good suit of clothes:

Selecting *satisfactory* clothes is apt to be a troublesome job unless you follow a regular rule.

How can you be sure of hitting the bull's-eye every time?

By making it your regular rule to buy your clothes at the Styleplus Store in your town.

Then you will get Style: Snap and swing for the smart dressers. A good appearance for mature men.

Then you will get Quality: Styleplus have the dependable quality that is built on reliable fabrics and materials, carefully tailored.

Then you will pay a Moderate Price: For Styleplus offer an economy in clothes—a full dollar's value for every dollar paid.

Visit your Styleplus Store.

Sold by one leading clothing-merchant in most cities and towns. Write for Styleplus booklet and name of local dealer.

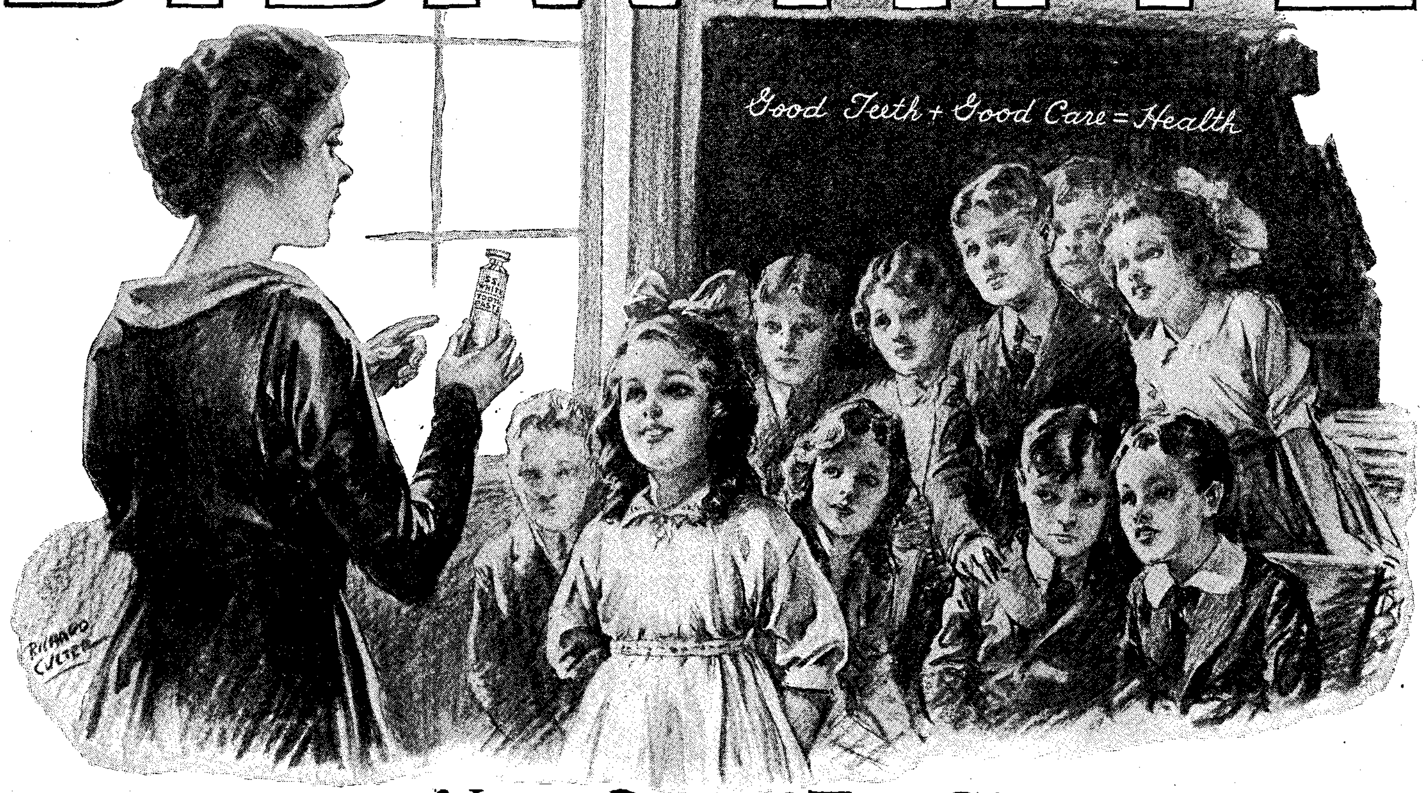
Styleplus Clothes
$25-$30-$35-$40
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

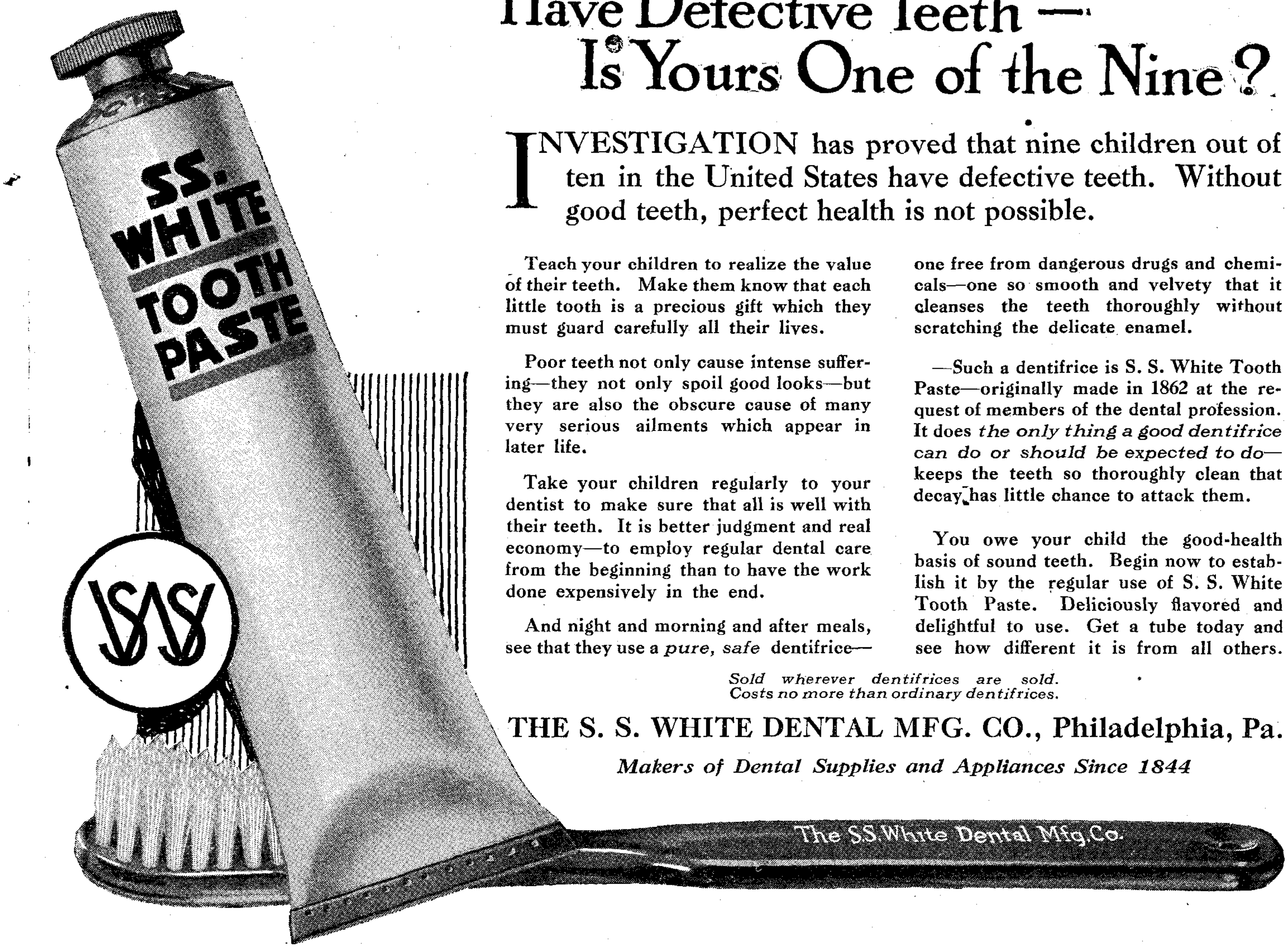
Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

S.S.WHITE



Nine Out of Ten Children Have Defective Teeth— Is Yours One of the Nine?



INVESTIGATION has proved that nine children out of ten in the United States have defective teeth. Without good teeth, perfect health is not possible.

Teach your children to realize the value of their teeth. Make them know that each little tooth is a precious gift which they must guard carefully all their lives.

Poor teeth not only cause intense suffering—they not only spoil good looks—but they are also the obscure cause of many very serious ailments which appear in later life.

Take your children regularly to your dentist to make sure that all is well with their teeth. It is better judgment and real economy—to employ regular dental care from the beginning than to have the work done expensively in the end.

And night and morning and after meals, see that they use a *pure, safe* dentifrice—one free from dangerous drugs and chemicals—one so smooth and velvety that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly without scratching the delicate enamel.

—Such a dentifrice is S. S. White Tooth Paste—originally made in 1862 at the request of members of the dental profession. It does *the only thing a good dentifrice can do or should be expected to do*—keeps the teeth so thoroughly clean that decay has little chance to attack them.

You owe your child the good-health basis of sound teeth. Begin now to establish it by the regular use of S. S. White Tooth Paste. Deliciously flavored and delightful to use. Get a tube today and see how different it is from all others.

Sold wherever dentifrices are sold.
Costs no more than ordinary dentifrices.

THE S. S. WHITE DENTAL MFG. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of Dental Supplies and Appliances Since 1844

EDUCATION - IN - AMERICANISM

*Lessons in Patriotism prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST and
especially designed for High School use*

EDITORIAL NOTE—*These "Lessons in Patriotism" are based on statements by authorities of the races here discust. The series has a twofold object: First, to give the latest information and opinion on foreign races being assimilated into American thought and institutions; secondly, to advise Americans on their responsibilities toward this new increment of American citizenship.*

SYRIANS IN THE UNITED STATES

THE FIRST SYRIANS HERE—About sixty years ago a Syrian of the northern Mount Lebanon district, sickening of political and religious oppression by the Turkish Mohammedan Government, looked longingly toward the United States, famous to him as the land of political and religious freedom. The Syrians of the Mount Lebanon region are hardy, courageous mountaineers of good stock, compared by Syrian authorities in this country to the mountain populations in Kentucky and West Virginia. This Mount Lebanon Syrian journeyed toward America, and at Gibraltar chanced to meet two other men from Mount Lebanon, who joined him in the voyage to the United States. These three were our **first Syrian immigrants.** Drawn by the prospect of liberty and better living conditions, other Syrians gradually followed in increasing numbers, but only after a period of twenty years from the arrival of the original three were the Syrians felt as an **element in the population** of the United States. For the past forty years they have been coming from all parts of Syria, impelled chiefly by the desire of freedom and personal opportunity. Meanwhile American missionaries, mostly of the Presbyterian denomination, went to Syria from the United States with the result that the spread of **American ideas and customs** became notable in Syria. Naturally such an educational force stimulated emigration from Syria to this country.

LOCATION OF THE SYRIANS—The largest number of Syrians dwell in Greater New York and its environs. But it is to be remarked that the Syrians are more **scattered in their settlement** than some other immigrant races. There is hardly a town of a population of 5,000 and upward in the United States without a proportion of Syrian inhabitants. They disincline to gather in colonies and do not usually assert themselves as Syrians. An authority on Syrians in the United States, who is himself a Syrian, tells us that in his travels throughout the country it has often been his experience to have a compatriot say, after a few moments' conversation in their native Arabic, "Let's talk English." They learn the English language and the habits and customs of American life very quickly and prefer in the great majority to be **classed as Americans.** Where there are colonies of Syrians it will be found that they hold together because of a similarity of business interests. Many Syrians change their names, as their original patronymics are difficult for Americans to handle. As it is the pride of the Syrians to learn their mother tongue, the Arabic, conscientiously, so also they learn English studiously and correctly. As to the Syrian press, it may be recorded that there are four daily newspapers, all published in New York City. In other cities we find two semiweekly, eight weekly, and seven monthly publications. The majority of these publications in their editorial policy are more concerned with **American-Syrian interests** than with matters in the old country.

OCCUPATION OF THE SYRIANS—The largest proportion of Syrians are engaged in trade and commerce. In the big cities many of them manufacture women's wear, but it can not be said that as a race they are given to any one branch of merchandising, but to many and various. As they are scattered in localities, so they are scattered in commercial lines. A minority of Syrians are to be encountered in the field of unskilled labor. In the mines of West Virginia and other States there is a certain proportion of Syrian workers. As proprietor farmers they are numerous in the Middle West and Far West, but not in the South. In the latter section most Syrians are engaged in divers lines of trade. As farmers they prefer to be "their own boss," on however small a farm they start with. This is natural to a race that is most individualistic in character because of the governmental environment in which Syria has long lain.

EDUCATION AND RELIGION—Practically all Syrian children of the Catholic faith attend parochial schools when they live in districts where there are such schools. Syrian children of other denominations attend the public schools. The majority of the estimated 400,000 Syrians in the United States, we are told, are Catholics. Among these are Roman Catholics and Greek Catholics. One of the chief differences between the two is that the Greek or Orthodox Catholics do not recognize the Pope as the supreme head of the Christian Church. In practise and belief they are substantially in agreement. Of Protestant denominations the most largely represented among the Syrians is the Presbyterian. There are many Syrian Jews and also Mohammedans. The latter are divided into two sects. One is made up of the regular Mohammedans, we are advised, the other of a body known as the **Drouz,** the members of which practise a secret form of the Mohammedan religion.

NATURALIZATION—Generally speaking, the Syrians tend to **become naturalized** as **rapidly** as the regulations of citizenship permit. This is particularly to be remarked in the records of the past fifteen years, during which the number of naturalized Syrians shows a steady increase. The second generation of Syrians here are more American than Syrian. Many pioneer Syrian immigrants have done good service in the Americanization of their compatriots. Mention is made of an educator, Dr. Abraham Arbeely, author of what is said to be the best book extant to enable a Syrian or any person knowing only Arabic to acquire the English language. Its title rendered into English reveals this quaint oriental aroma: "A Valuable Present To Learn the English Language." Another volume widely studied by Syrians in the United States is entitled "How To Become a Naturalized Citizen." Dr. K. Khayatt, a distinguished educator, is the author of this compendium, which contains Arabic translations of all the documents pertaining to the process of naturalization and much general information on the history, institutions, and great figures in the government of the United States since its beginning.

GENERAL STATUS OF THE SYRIANS—While in former years many Syrians returned to the homeland and settled there for a time, the majority of them eventually pulled up stakes, liquidated their affairs, and voyaged back to this country to stay. Our Syrian population is said to be **generally prosperous**—not wealthy, but independent. They are industrious and thrifty and have shown patriotic generosity in all war-activities of giving and investing. The churches in general look after the needy poor, but it is to be noted that among the Syrians here, as in the old country, it is considered a deep disgrace for anybody in good or decent circumstances to allow a parent or relative to suffer from want or from lack of care in illness.

CURRENT - POETRY

POLISHED craftsmanship and virile and colorful imagery are the chief characteristics of "Songs and Poems" by Mr. John Jay Chapman (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). Many of the poems in this compact and admirable volume are happy examples of the difficult art of writing verse for a set occasion. In the main, however, Mr. Chapman's themes proceed from great events and the mood of the war-era and after. His patriotism is whole-souled and intense, his understanding of the grim cost of war unwarped by any sense of futile grief. In fact, he, whose son died in the service, sees in the price that must be paid for the triumph of liberty a tragedy that is transfigured by the cause. This may be gathered from the following stanzas entitled

HEROES

By John Jay Chapman

I see them hasting toward the light
Where war's dim watch-fires glow;
The stars that burn in Europe's night
Conduct them to the foe.

As when a flower feels the sun
And opens to the sky,
Knowing their dream has just begun,
They hasten forth to die.

Be it the mystery of love—
Be it the might of Truth—
Some wisdom that we know not of
Controls the heart of youth.

All that philosophy might guess,
These children of the light
In one bright act of death compress,
Then vanish from our sight.

Like meteors on a midnight sky
They break—so clear, so brief—
Their glory lingers on the eye
And leaves no room for grief.

And when to joy old sorrows turn,
To spring war's winter long,
Their blood in every heart will burn,
Their life in every song.

There is no suggestion of mourning or depression in the verses written in memory of the late Augustus Peabody Gardner, one of the stanchest advocates of preparedness in the House of Representatives as a member from Massachusetts. It will be recalled that when this country was drawn into the war he gave up his seat to enter the Army and died in the service at a training-camp in the South.

AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER

By John Jay Chapman

I see—within my spirit—mystic walls,
And slender windows casting hallowed light
Along dim aisles where many a shadow falls
On text and trophy, effigy and tomb;
And here each youthful hero and old knight
Sleeps on his marble couch, while overhead
The tattered banners shed their bloom
Of glory o'er the dead.

Here, raised in brass or graved in stone,
And dated with the passing year,
Are names—companions I have known,
Whose hands I claspt but yesterday,
Whose voices ring within my ear:
And friends of earlier epochs far away,
Whose spirits answer to my call
Of names familiar as my own,
Written upon this chapel wall.
How strange to find them here!

So soon, so early sanctified,
They lie within the nation's heart,
Calm, safe, those sacred tombs beside
Of earlier saints who kept the faith
And waged the battle of their life
As 'twere a part of that celestial strife
That makes a gain of death.

Ah, we ourselves have slept,
And we, who but half knew them, find them here
Where into light they stept,
Upon the signal that the Angel gave—
Like him who now upon his passing bier
Moves into History. O blessed War,
That sends a blast of brightness from the grave
To show the souls of mortals as they are!

Every dog-lover's heart will beat warmer as he reads this tribute to the fidelity of man's most faithful friend. It is addrest by Mr. Chapman to his son's dog:

TO A DOG

By John Jay Chapman

Past happiness dissolves. It fades away,
Ghostlike, in that dim attic of the mind
To which the dreams of childhood are consigned.
Here, withered garlands hang in slow decay,
And trophies glimmer in the dying ray
Of stars that once with heavenly glory shined.
But you, old friend, are you still left behind
To tell the nearness of life's yesterday?
Ah, boon companion of my vanished boy,
For you he lives; in every sylvan walk
He waits; and you expect him everywhere.
How would you stir, what cries, what bounds of joy,
If but his voice were heard in casual talk,
If but his footstep sounded on the stair!

"In Time of War" reminds one of the remark of a prominent business man who said on the day after the armistice was declared, "last night I had my first good night's sleep since the war began." Tho our poet suffered a very personal grief, as has been said, in the loss of his son, Victor Chapman, who died in the aviation service in France, still the feeling of dread as to what each day might bring during the tragic years of the conflict was not confined to individuals, but to nations.

IN TIME OF WAR

By John Jay Chapman

Sorrow, that watches while the body sleeps,
Parted the curtains of the cruel dawn
And glided noiselessly to her sad seat
Beside my pillow—"Art thou there," I muttered,
"Spirit of silent grief; mute prophetess
That, on the marble furrows of thy brow,
Wearest the print of wisdom and of peace?
Art thou still at my side, thou antique nurse
And sybil of the mind—who easily
Enterest the prisons of humanity
With footfall soft, and walkest in the glooms
Where none save thee may come? Shield me to-day!
And, when the sun's insufferable finger
Moves o'er the wainscot, and his dreaded ray
Sears the unsheathed soul, O mighty Spirit,
Darken mine eyes till night be come again!"

There is a thrilling note of triumph in the lines inspired by the armistice which are based on a brilliant imaginative conception.

THE ARMISTICE

By John Jay Chapman

When from a mighty storm far out at sea
Roll in the glassy and gigantic waves—
Wreck-laden Tritons, bearing in their arms
The wastage of a world—and o'er the scene
Rises the sun-god; and along the shore
People with uplift eyes await the fleet,
Or falling on their knees, stretch up their hands
To the restored serenity of heaven,
For in their hearts the storm is running still;
So we await our war-ships on the flood,
Brimming with laureled legions and the gleam
Of gun and helmet, and the tattered flags
That tinge the sea with crimson, telling of those
Left sleeping on the battle-fields of France,
Or on the piny ridges of Lorraine
Holding the steeps for freedom. Shall we not
Take to our hearts the living and the dead
In one long, proud embrace upon the shore?

After all the reality we have lived through since 1914, one looks back on the days before that fateful year as tho the whole world had been living in a fool's paradise. Mr. Chapman pictures the nations of Europe as playing with the toys of art and education which fate suddenly smashed into atoms.

1914

By John Jay Chapman

Alas, too much we loved the glittering wares
That art and education had devised
To charm the leisure of philosophers;
The thought, the passion have been undersized
In Europe's overeducated brain;
And while the savants attitudinized,
Excess of learning made their learning vain
Till Fate broke all the toys and cried,
Begin Again!

There is a story of poignant interest as well as the lilt of old-time verse in the hearty and musical lines called "Song." In a few deft phrases we see the quarrel between the father and son which results in the son's running away to war. Then follows the picture of the father's sorrow at the loss of the boy, which he seeks to assuage by turning kindly eyes and an open hand to every passer-by, be he beggar or thief.

SONG

By John Jay Chapman

Old Farmer Oats and his son Ned
They quarreled about the old mare's bed,
And some hard words by each were said,
Sing, sing, ye all!

Chorus

Let every man stand for what is in his hand, say I,
Let every man give to keep a man alive, say I,
For it's all one when all's done,
Ye'll keep none when death's come, say I!

II

Then Oats he bade the boy be hanged;
So up he stormed and out he banged;
And away to the heath and the wars he's ganged.
Sing, sing, ye all!—*Chorus.*

III

Old Farmer Oats with his bent head
Is ever thinking of his son Ned,
And whether the lad be alive or dead,
Sing, sing, ye all!—*Chorus.*

IV

And every beggar and every thief
May go to the old man for relief;
For love is love and grief is grief.
Sing, sing, ye all!

Chorus

Let every man stand for what is in his hand, say I,
Let every man give to keep a man alive, say I,
For it's all one when all's done,
Ye'll keep none when death's come, say I!

Mrs. Mae Savell Croy's Message to Women on Ironing Day

I USED to hate washing and ironing—especially ironing! What woman doesn't? The weary monotony of it is depressing. So, like many another, I let Mary do it.

Mary didn't like it either, so she left! I found it impossible to replace her, without paying more than I could afford. So there was the problem back on my hands.

For awhile I tried sending the clothes to the laundry. Of course it would be unfair to say all laundries do careless, inferior work—but I must say that in my case I soon found that the money I paid to have it done was not all the cost. I could notice the wear on my beautiful linens—and when I thought what these have cost me, not only in money, but in work, effort in embroidering, etc., I became frantic.

A friend of mine suggested an electric washing machine. I have always had a terror of machinery. However, investigation disclosed that the washers were quite simple and what machinery there was, was neatly enclosed, and I found that they did the work. So I bought, and the investment has proved a grand success.

But alas! the ironing still remained, and that is what troubled me the most.

"The laying of brick—had been revolutionized"

By chance, I picked up somewhere a little folder entitled "4000 Years Without Progress". It told how the laying of bricks, an age-old craft, had quite recently been revolutionized so that today a bricklayer lays three times the number of bricks with less effort than formerly. It drew a comparison to a woman ironing; how many times she pushes the heavy iron over a piece like a tablecloth, for instance, until the whole surface is gone over. I know it took thirty-five minutes, and I am a rapid worker.

And then it mentioned the lifting of the iron from the work to the rest until both arms ached, and the steps one took and the hours one stood. Oh! I knew and appreciated. Then it went on and related how and why this was unnecessary and foolishly wasted effort.

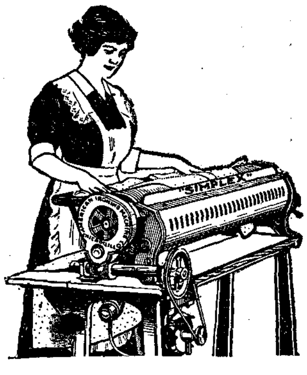
I became intensely interested and did some deep thinking. For twelve years I had had this problem in one form or another. When I could no longer get a "Mary" or someone else to endure the drudgery, I had ironed myself to a frazzle.

"I had ironed myself to a frazzle"

Imagine my surprise, then, to learn that all this while there had been available to me a method—to be precise, a Simplex Household Ironer that would have saved me all this fuss and worry, as well as $1200 in real money which I carefully figured as having been paid out during this time in laundry bills, help and fuel.

But now! After witnessing a demonstration of a Simplex Ironer I could hardly wait until one was permanently installed in my house. I am sure that thousands of other women who own a Simplex will agree that it is positively the greatest labor saver one can have in the home.

Why, I would sacrifice my piano, much as it means to me, before I would give up my Simplex! To use it is a joy. I know what a difference it has made in the work. When the basket is empty I am almost disappointed.



"To use my Simplex is a joy"

My message to all women who have the care and responsibility of a home is this:

Do not think of what a Simplex Ironer costs, but rather of what it will save for you. It may mean getting along without a laundress, as I have done, or it may mean employing one for one instead of two days. At any rate it will make you independent of any.

Besides this saving of wages of $2.50 to $3.00 a day, it will save on your fuel bill and it will save you a lot of trouble and annoyance in little ways.

Your husband can press his trousers on it, your curtains can be ironed at an enormous saving. Don't think it will do only a few pieces of flat work. I do all my ironing on it except shirt waists and skirts, even my husband's shirts, my house dresses and the children's rompers.

I trust this story of my experience in solving the ironing problem will be an inspiration to hundreds of discouraged housewives.

Sincerely,

Mae Savell Croy

Dear Reader: If you, too, have an ironing problem, let us help you solve it as we have for Mrs. Croy and thousands of other thrifty, intelligent American housewives. Send for our booklet, "Clean Linen in Abundance." It will be gladly mailed on request.

AMERICAN IRONING MACHINE CO.
506—168 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago
***Eastern Sales Office:* 70 W. 45th St., New York City**
***Pacific Coast Office:* 431 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.**

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

ADMIRAL JELLICOE ON BRITAIN'S GRAND FLEET IN THE WAR

Jellicoe, Admiral Viscount. The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916. Its Creation, Development, and Work. With illustrations, plans, and diagrams. Large 8vo, pp. xvi-510. New York: George H. Doran Company. $6 net.

"Authoritative, unassuming, detailed, businesslike," best describes the character of this important volume. And it is by the man who commanded the largest naval force in history. While a strictly historical narrative of the naval policy that eventually enabled the military forces of the Allies to win the war, it is full of surprizes. The Admiral begins his story with a modest account of his taking command of the Grand Fleet, August 4, 1914, and a statement of the staffs of the various squadrons. He then proceeds to set forth the "general naval strategy in home waters," stating the "main objects of the Navy" as follows:

1. To insure for British ships the unimpeded use of the sea, this being vital to the existence of an island nation, particularly one which is not self-supporting in regard to food.
2. In the event of war, to bring steady economic pressure to bear on our adversary by denying to him the use of the sea, thus compelling him to accept peace.
3. Similarly in the event of war to cover the passage and assist any army sent overseas, and to protect its communications and supplies.
4. To prevent invasion of this country and its overseas Dominions by enemy forces.

The problems of naval chiefs had greatly changed since Napoleonic times:

> "The watching policy in the great wars of the Napoleonic era was carried out by keeping our squadrons, through fair or foul weather, in the vicinity of those ports of the enemy in which his fleet lay. Occasionally our ships were driven off by stress of weather, but they regained their stations as soon as conditions permitted. During this war, however, the advent of the submarine and destroyer, and, to a lesser extent, the use of the mine rendered such dispositions impossible."

The problem of blockading the enemy fleet had become entirely different:

> "These facts had been recognized before the war and a watching policy from a distance decided upon, the watch being instituted for the purpose of preventing enemy vessels from gaining the open sea, where they would constitute a danger to our sea communications. Now a watch maintained at a distance from the port under observation is necessarily only partial, except in circumstances where the enemy has to pass through narrow straits before gaining open water."

A base at a distance, yet not too far from the area of necessary operations, had to be chosen:

> "A consideration of all the circumstances had led to the adoption by the Admiralty of Scapa Flow in the Orkneys as the main Fleet Base, and the Admiralty had determined upon a naval strategy in home waters, in the event of war with Germany, based upon the idea that the Grand Fleet would control the North Sea, and that the Channel Fleet would watch the English Channel, thus, in combination, holding the enemy's main force.
>
> "To effect this purpose, it was intended that the main Battle Fleet should occupy, as circumstances permitted, a strategic position in the North Sea where it would act in support of cruiser squadrons carrying out sweeps to the southward in search of enemy vessels, and should be favorably placed for bringing the High Seas Fleet to action should it put to sea."

The relative strength of the German and British navies was in many important particulars less favorable to the British than had been supposed. In efficient submarines, for instance, both built and building, the Germans were superior at the beginning of the war. Similarly in destroyers the British were weak relatively to their capital ships—

> "A change in previous naval practise was considered necessary at an early period, because vessels moving at anything but high speed, particularly in the case of a number of ships in company, ran very considerable risks in waters where we might expect enemy submarines to be operating, unless screened by a strong force of destroyers. This conclusion affected the movements and operations of the Battle Fleet, since the number of destroyers we possest was quite inadequate to form a screen for a Battle Fleet and a Battle-Cruiser Squadron which constantly kept the sea. The number required for such a screen to be effective was at least forty for the Battle Fleet alone as then constituted, and that number, forty, was all that we had stationed at the northern base."

There was under requirement, moreover, not merely protection of the capital ships and the patrol of the exits to prevent access to or egress from Germany, but also the guarding of the transports carrying troops to France, and the prevention of raids and even of an invasion of the British coasts. Meanwhile, the unfortified condition of the Scapa Flow base had, mainly by the fleet's own forces, to be remedied and the place rendered secure against attack. Indeed, the first year of the war furnished Germany opportunities which she missed—

> "I have often wondered why the Germans did not make greater efforts to reduce our strength in capital ships by destroyer or submarine attacks on our bases in those early days. They possest, in comparison with the uses for which they were required, almost a superfluity of destroyers, certainly a superfluity as compared with ourselves, and they could not have put them to a better use than in an attack on Scapa Flow during the early months of the 1914–1915 winter.
>
> "In August, 1914, Germany had ninety-six destroyers in home waters fit for such an operation, all with a speed of, or exceeding, 30 knots, this number being in addition to a total of forty-eight more destroyers, rather smaller and with speeds varying between 26 and 30 knots, which were quite fit for work in the Baltic or in the vicinity of German bases in the North Sea.
>
> "This country had in home waters at the same period only seventy-six destroyers that could be compared with the German vessels in view of modern requirements, and thirty-three of these had a speed of only 27 knots. Of the seventy-six destroyers, forty were allotted to the Grand Fleet proper, the remaining thirty-six being based on Harwich. . . . . .
>
> "The Germans had their best opportunities between November, 1914, and February, 1915. After April, 1915, the situation got steadily worse for the enemy."

In dreadnoughts (twenty to thirteen) and battle-cruisers (four to three) alone was the Grand Fleet superior to the German High Seas Fleet, while in destroyers the latter excelled (eighty-eight to forty-two). The general result was that after war began it was "necessary for us in the Grand Fleet to build up what was almost a new organization"—

> "(*a*) The submarine had just become a most formidable weapon; its development during the war was extraordinarily rapid.
>
> "(*b*) The airship as a scout was in its infancy at the start, but it also developed with great rapidity, as did the heavier-than-air machines.
>
> "(*c*) The mine, neglected by us, had been highly developed by the enemy, both defensively and offensively.
>
> "(*d*) The effective range both of the gun and of the torpedo was quickly shown to be much greater than had been considered possible before the war.
>
> "(*e*) Wireless telegraphy developed with great rapidity, and was put to many uses not dreamed of in prewar days.
>
> "On the other hand, we were very fortunate in having the fleet concentrated at the outbreak of war."

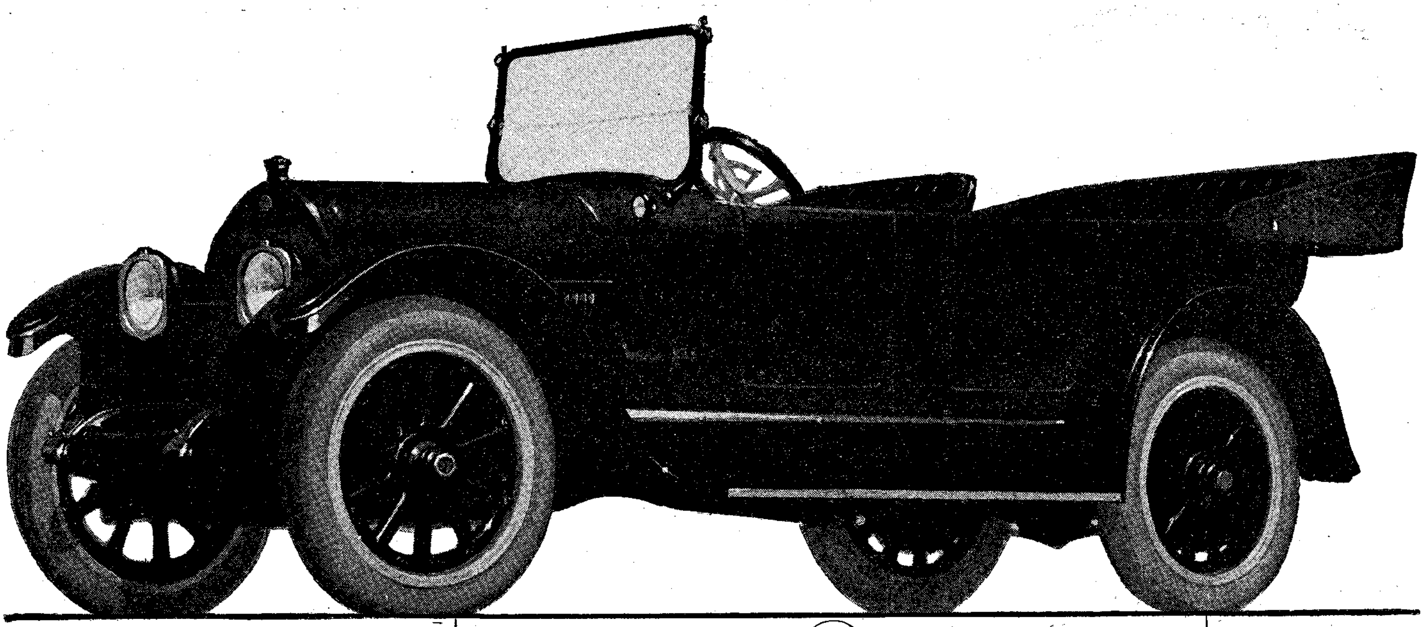
Fortunately, the Germans adopted a "passive rôle" for two reasons—(1) command of the Baltic would be lost if the High Seas Fleet were weakened; (2) a defensive rôle created far more difficulties for the British and restricted their offensive operations. Of course, the length of the war and the consequent progressive weakening through loss of morale, because of inactivity, and the rigors of the blockade were not taken into account by the Germans.

Of the many activities, of the development of aggressive and defensive detail, necessitated by the conditions, the layman could have no conception. And the unfolding of effectiveness under the enormous difficulties presented, described with no vainglorying by Admiral Jellicoe, must command admiration as the vastness of the task is gradually revealed. But the pressure, steadily increasing, had its final effect on the Teutons:

> "The decisive effect of the blockade did not become apparent until the end, when the final crash came, and it was seen how supreme an influence on the result of the war this powerful weapon had exercised. Even those who during the war had been asking what the Navy was doing, recognized at the last how victory had been achieved, largely as the result of the silent pressure of sea power."

It is to be presumed that only those professionally interested will follow the Admiral's narrative throughout. It is almost diaristic in details of daily cruising and the results as carried out and achieved by the various squadrons and elements of the fleet. The almost fragility of men-of-war with their complex of machinery impresses itself on the reader as he learns of the frequent need of repairs—so that practically never was the Grand Fleet at total possible strength. But doggedness and industry, courage, daring, and prudence on the part of the British and something (perhaps fear) on the part of the Germans eventually carried the day for the former.

The two parts of the book to which the casual reader will turn at once are the accounts of the Dogger Bank action and



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of the Jutland fight. The general impression made by Admiral Jellicoe here is: (1) of the superior, farther-sighted preparations of the Germans; (2) that their fire-control was better, especially at night; and (3) that their armor, projectiles, and shells were more effective. Relatively, one may say, the British Navy was unprepared.

The book should be widely read, and, especially by our legislators, thoroughly studied. Its plain statement of fact, glossing no failures and excusing no errors, may be of the greatest use to America if the efforts for an effective League of Nations do not meet complete success. If the Germans could build so efficiently as they did, they or another nation may do so again, and, with a genius and courage to employ the force thus created greater than they had, may menace the world. The nations not with the Central Powers may have felt confident under the guardianship of the British naval forces. Admiral Jellicoe's volume shows definitely how serious might have become the menace had the Germans realized their opportunity in the first nine months of the war.

HOME GARDENS AND WAR-GARDENS

Fullerton, Edith Loring. The Book of the Home Garden. Pp. 260. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

Pack, Charles Lathrop. The War-Garden Victorious. Pp. 243. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

An out-of-door breeziness makes "The Book of the Home Garden" a pleasant as well as useful manual for the youthful gardener. In her devotion to her subject, Mrs. Fullerton has injected into the writing a friendly *camaraderie* that makes the reading interesting and always suggestive. The little seedlings take on individuality and the struggle with bugs and worms becomes at once a scientific operation and a battle royal. She tells the amateur home-gardener just how to plan and make his garden, how his plants should be cared for, and how to harvest his crop. Vegetables, flowers, and small fruits all come in for consideration, and the directions for the various operations are given in simple, definite terminology, with helpful photographic reproductions and drawings. These illustrations are furnished by her husband, Mr. H. B. Fullerton, Chief Grub Scout of the Boy Scouts of America. In a pleasing introduction Maj. Arthur D. Dean, Professor of Vocational Education at Columbia University, expresses his conviction that, through her varied experience in gardening and her success in telling others how to do it, "Mrs. Fullerton has made a contribution to outdoor life second to no woman in America."

"The War-Garden Victorious" is a record, a plea, and a prophecy. Mr. Pack tells of the remarkable movement which war-time necessity set on foot, how it grew to miraculous proportions under the direction of the National War-Garden Commission, of which he was president, and of the gratifying results, with benefit to the famine-threatened Allies, to the fighters, to the country, the community, and the individual gardener. But, altho the pressure of war is removed, the necessity for gardening has not passed. With the restoration of commerce comes an additional demand for American foodstuffs for the impoverished nations of Europe. Nor should the tremendous benefits accruing to the country from the use of idle tracts of land and from the labor of city farmers be lost. Mr. Pack is confident that they will not be lost, that the country has learned its lesson, and that "the cultivators of our war-gardens, now become victory gardens, will continue their labors." The book is profusely illustrated and there are several full-page reproductions in color of successful posters used in the war-garden campaign. A generous appendix consists of two bulletins issued by the National War-Garden Commission, one on "War-Gardening and Home Storage of Vegetables," and one on "Home Canning and Drying." The volume is not for sale, but for presentation to libraries, garden committees, and others interested in war-gardening.

THE ENGLISH VILLAGE IN LITERATURE

Patton, Julia (Ph.D.). The English Village. A Literary Study. 1750–1850. Pp. x–236. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1918. $1.50 net.

This volume is offered as a study of the English village, as reflected in English poetry and prose. The statement fairly describes an attractive volume. To prepare for a proper appreciation of the treatment of the village in English literature, the author sketches the social and economic history of England from medieval to modern times, and explains the literary aspect of her study thus:

> "In this study, therefore, village literature connects itself on the one side with conventions of the pastoral and Georgic; with heroic couplet and English prose and new verse forms; with eighteenth-century sentimentalism and the romantic movement. On the other side it connects itself with the growth of a democratic spirit in an aristocratic age; with two great movements, the industrial revolution and the less familiar but almost more fundamental agrarian revolution. It brings us into contact with national questions such as that of the English poor, of which the case of villagers presents only one phase. . . . It involves the great 'land question' with which the whole world is to-day concerned as never before, the settling of which bids fair to hold a first place in the efforts of many nations for many decades to follow the conclusion of the war."

Perhaps the most interesting phase of this study is the explanation it gives of the term "enclosure," and the discussion of the literature dealing with the evils occasioned by the practise of enclosure:

> "The early village was not set in fields enclosed by beautiful hedges or picturesque stone walls, but lay almost wholly open and without enclosing barriers. To an approaching traveler the village first announced itself by its steeple rising from the trees, and by its dark-timbered and red-roofed old manor house. Adjoining these stretched the glebe of the parson and the home-farm of the lord, the latter a continuous block of cultivated land with barns, stables, and dwellings for steward and manorial servants. Close to the manor lay the village proper, its farm-houses and cottages clustering together or set unevenly along the single straggling road, and its fields disposed in a curiously irregular pattern, three or four large patches of land crossed and streaked by long strips of cultivated ground five or six yards in width, separated by narrower strips of grass. Somewhere within the pattern lay an expanse of waste and a stretch of woodland."

The life of the village was commercial, the whole economy "like a partnership, in which a farm was owned and operated by a group of persons holding a varying number of shares." But with the coming of "enclosure" came a vast change in village life—enclosure signifying "the surrounding of open land with ditches, hedges, or other barriers, as the sign of individual, exclusive ownership instead of common possession and use." For many years there was sufficient unclaimed territory to meet the need of a growing population, but there came a time when the common land of the village had to be used, and with the desire of manorial lords to increase their holdings and power means were invented for dispossessing the cottagers of their land, even of their homes. The people thus deprived of home and land found themselves forced to work as day-laborers with poor and unsteady pay. Poverty and discouragement fell upon them. Many of them crossed to America to build themselves new homes. When one realizes that "nearly 20 per cent. of the total acreage of England was enclosed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries," one can appreciate the vast extent of suffering and distress that was caused by this system.

In the discussion of "Village Literature" such names as Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Burns, George Eliot, Hardy, and Galsworthy are included with those of Crabbe, Ebenezer Elliott, Bloomfield, Barnes—and our own Washington Irving. The works pertinent to village life are treated in a manner both thorough and entertaining.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL STUDIES

Johnson, Allen [Editor]. The Chronicles of America. Ten volumes. 8 x 5 in. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1918. $3.50 a volume net, bound in cloth.

It is generally conceded that we are now living in one of the most important periods in history, our own as well as European. And if that be true, there is all the more necessity for trying to measure our obligations. Americanism is not something that was born in a night. It came out of a long past, full of peril and struggle. To know something of that past, of men and movements, the influences and great endeavors that have helped mightily in molding our national life, is surely worth while to every one trying to aid in an intelligent solution of some of the problems that beset us. It is in this relation that these well-edited volumes will be of much service to every patriotic American.

In a review of the first ten volumes, in our issue of January 25, this year, the plan of this noteworthy enterprise, which when completed will comprise fifty volumes and embrace the entire history of the country, was set forth. The second installment covers the same number of volumes as the first, leaving incomplete thirty volumes, which will be published in lots of ten at intervals of from three to six months. The titles of the second issue are as follows: "The Spanish Conquerors"—A Chronicle of the Dawn of Empire Overseas (Vol. 2); "The Fathers of New England"—A Chronicle of the Puritan Commonwealths (Vol. 6); "Dutch and English on the Hudson"—A Chronicle of Colonial New York (Vol. 7); "The Old Northwest"—A Chronicle of the Ohio Valley and Beyond (Vol. 19); "The Cotton Kingdom"—A Chronicle of the Old South (Vol. 27); "The Antislavery Crusade"—A Chronicle of the Gathering Storm (Vol. 28); "The Day of the Confederacy"—A Chronicle of the Embattled South (Vol. 30); "The Old Merchant Marine"—A Chronicle of American Ships and Sailors (Vol. 36); "The Age of Big Business"—A Chronicle of the Captains of Industry (Vol. 39); and "The Boss and the Machine"—A Chronicle of the Politicians and Party Organization (Vol. 43).

One finds in most volumes a healthy infusion of the human element. Illustrations and maps are unusually fine.

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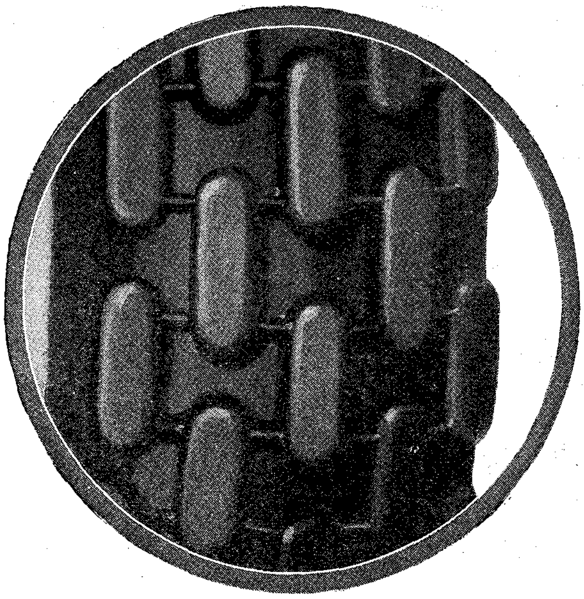

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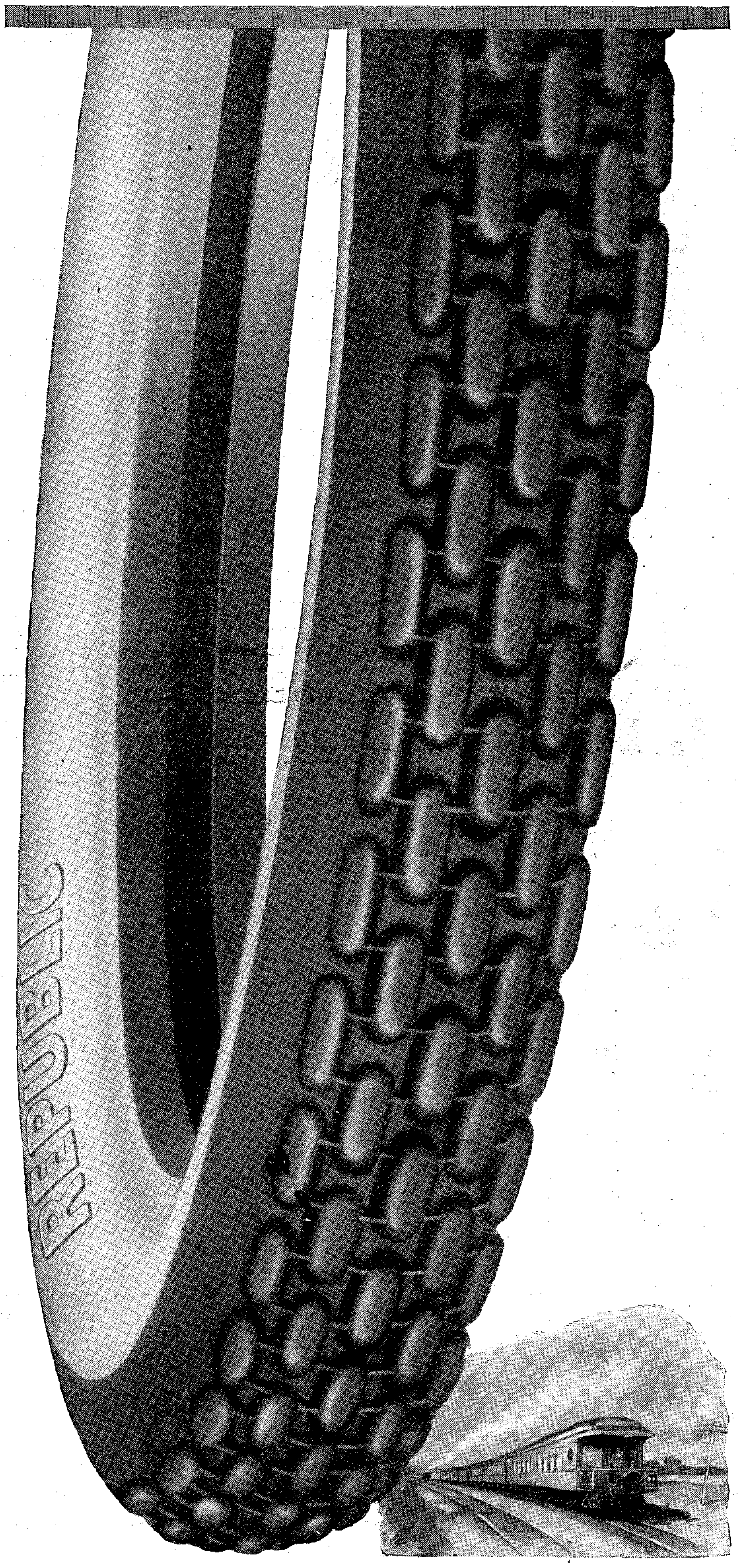

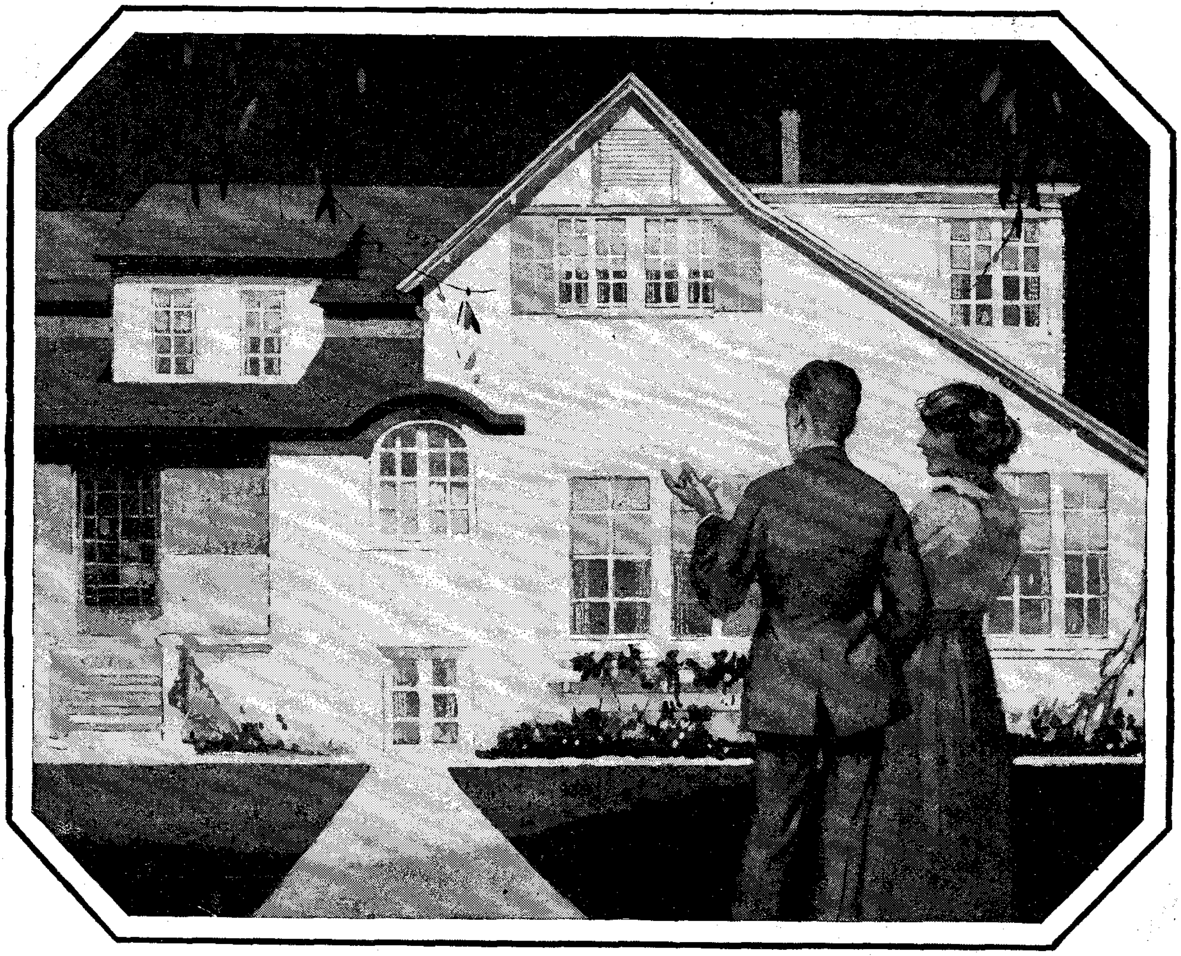

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

PETROGRAD JUST BEFORE THE EXPLOSION OF THE RUSSIAN VOLCANO

PETROGRAD on the eve of the Bolshevik revolution, like Paris when the Red Terror arose a century before, was full of color and contrast, of all the tragedy, farce, foolishness, rage, treachery, and idealism of an emotional state that threatened to run wild. Thomas Carlyle, the English philosopher, has put into words a marvelous kaleidoscopic view of the French Revolution, drawn from thousands of personal accounts and documents. John Reed, the American reporter and amateur Bolshevik, has done something of the same sort for the new and equally dramatic overturn in Russia, with the differences that Mr. Reed was an intimate part of the large events of which he writes, and that he writes rather as a partizan than as a philosopher. The American writer is admittedly an enthusiast, but he had the advantage of being closely in touch with the leaders of the revolt, and competent critics have hailed his book, "Ten Days That Shook the World" (Boni & Liveright), as easily the most colorful of all the accounts of the Russian overturn that have reached book form. In an early chapter he mentions the steadily rising undercurrent of the "revolutionary masses," and turns to the other side of the picture. The Kerensky régime, it appears, left various irreconcilable elements of the Russian population free to express their feelings, and the monarchists and other reactionaries were no slower about expressing themselves than were the twenty-odd varieties of revolutionists. In fact, the open extravagances of the rich while the poor were starving seem to indicate that they helped provoke the red rising. Mr. Reed cites some instances of conservative provocation to offset the many tales of revolutionary intrigue to which we have already listened. To quote his presentation of the case:

At the same time there were signs everywhere that the forces of reaction were gaining confidence. At the Trotzky Farce Theater in Petrograd, for example, a burlesque called "Sins of the Czar" was interrupted by a group of monarchists, who threatened to lynch the actors for "insulting the Emperor." Certain newspapers began to sigh for a "Russian Napoleon." It was the usual thing among *bourgeois intelligentzia* to refer to the *Soviets* of Workers' Deputies (*Rabotchikh Deputatov*) as *Sabatchikh Deputatov*—Dogs' Deputies.

On October 15 I had a conversation with a great Russian capitalist, Stepan Georgevitch Lianozov, known as the "Russian Rockefeller"—a Cadet by political faith.

"Revolution," he said, "is a sickness. Sooner or later the foreign Powers must intervene here—as one would intervene to cure a sick child, and teach it how to walk. Of course, it would be more or less improper, but the nations must realize the danger of Bolshevism in their own countries—such contagious ideas as 'proletarian dictatorship,' and 'world social revolution.' . . . There is a chance that this intervention may not be necessary. Transportation is demoralized, the factories are closing down, and the Germans are advancing. Starvation and defeat may bring the Russian people to their senses. . . . . . ."

Mr. Lianozov was emphatic in his opinion that, whatever happened, it would be impossible for merchants and manufacturers to permit the existence of the Workers' Shop Committees, or to allow the workers any share in the management of industry.

"As for the Bolsheviki, they will be done away with by one of two methods. The Government can evacuate Petrograd, then a state of siege declared, and the military commander of the district can deal with these gentlemen without legal formalities. . . . Or if, for example, the Constituent Assembly manifests any Utopian tendencies, it can be dispersed by force of arms. . . . . . ."

Winter was coming on—the terrible Russian winter. I heard business men speak of it so: "Winter was always Russia's best friend. Perhaps now it will rid us of revolution." On the freezing front miserable armies continued to starve and die, without enthusiasm. The railways were breaking down, food lessening, factories closing. The desperate masses cried out that the *bourgeoisie* were sabotaging the life of the people, causing defeat on the front. Riga had been surrendered just after General Korniloff said publicly, "Must we pay with Riga the price of bringing the country to a sense of its duty?"

To Americans it is incredible that the class war should develop to such a pitch. But I have personally met officers on the northern front who frankly preferred military disaster to cooperation with the Soldiers' Committees. The secretary of the Petrograd branch of the Cadet party told me that the breakdown of the country's economic life was part of a campaign to discredit the revolution. An Allied diplomat, whose name I promised not to mention, confirmed this from his own knowledge. I know of certain coal-mines near Kharkof which were fired and flooded by their owners, of textile factories at Moscow whose engineers put the machinery out of order when they left, of railroad officials caught by the workers in the act of crippling locomotives. . . . . . .

A large section of the propertied classes preferred the Germans to the revolution—even to the Provisional Government—and didn't hesitate to say so. In the Russian household where I lived, the subject of conversation at the dinner-table was almost invariably the coming of the Germans, bringing "law and order." . . . One evening I spent at the house of a Moscow merchant; during tea we asked the eleven people at the table whether they preferred "Wilhelm or the Bolsheviki." The vote was ten to one for Wilhelm. . . . .

The speculators took advantage of the universal disorganization to pile up fortunes, and to spend them in fantastic revelry or the corruption of Government officials. Foodstuffs and fuel were hoarded, or secretly sent out of the country to Sweden. In the first four months of the revolution, for example, the reserve food-supplies were almost openly looted from the great municipal warehouses of Petrograd, until the two years' provision of grain had fallen to less than enough to feed the city for one month. . . . According to the official report of the last Minister of Supplies in the Provisional Government, coffee was bought wholesale in Vladivostok for two rubles a pound, and the consumer in Petrograd paid thirteen. In all the stores of the large cities were tons of food and clothing; but only the rich could buy them.

In a provincial town I knew a merchant family turned speculator—*maradior* (bandit, ghoul) the Russians call it. The three sons had bribed their way out of military service. One gambled in foodstuffs. Another sold illegal gold from the Lena mines to mysterious parties in Finland. The third owned a controlling interest in a chocolate factory, which supplied the local cooperative societies—on condition that the Cooperative furnished him everything he needed. And so, while the masses of the people got a quarter pound of black bread on their bread-cards, he had an abundance of white bread, sugar, tea, candy, cake, and butter. . . . Yet, when the soldiers at the front could no longer fight from cold, hunger, and exhaustion, how indignantly did this family scream "Cowards"—how "ashamed" they were "to be Russians" . . . When finally the Bolsheviki found and requisitioned vast hoarded stores of provisions, what "Robbers" they were.

The "old-time Dark Forces," unchanged since the fall of Nicholas II., still secret and active in spite of the Kerensky government, moved behind and beneath "all this external rottenness." The agents of the notorious Okhrana still functioned, for and against the Czar, for and against Kerensky, whoever would pay. In the darkness underground organizations of all sorts, such as the Black Hundreds, were busy attempting to restore reaction in some form or other. The account continues:

In this atmosphere of corruption, of monstrous half-truths, one clear note sounded day after day, the deepening chorus of the Bolsheviki: "All power to the *Soviets!* All power to the direct representatives of millions on millions of common workers, soldiers, peasants. Land, bread, an end to the senseless war, an end to secret diplomacy, speculation, treachery. . . . The revolution is in danger, and with it the cause of the people all over the world!"

The struggle between the proletariat and the middle class, between the *Soviets* and the Government, which had begun in the first March days, was about to culminate. Having at one bound leapt from the Middle Ages into the twentieth century, Russia showed the startled world two systems of revolution—the political and the social—in mortal combat.

What a revelation of the vitality of the Russian revolution, after all these months of starvation and disillusionment! The *bourgeoisie* should have better known its Russia. Not for a long time in Russia will the "sickness" of revolution have run its course. . . . . . .

Looking back, Russia before the November insurrection seems of another age, almost incredibly conservative. So quickly did we adapt ourselves to the newer, swifter life; just as Russian politics swung bodily to the Left until the Cadets were outlawed as "enemies of the people," Kerensky became a "counter-revolutionist," the "Middle" Socialist leaders, Tseretelli, Dan, Lieber, Gotz, and Avksentiev, were too reactionary for their following, and men like Victor Tchernov, and even Maxim Gorky, belonged to the Right Wing. . . . . . .

About the middle of December, 1917, a group of Socialist Revolutionary leaders paid a private visit to Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador, and implored him not to mention the fact that they had been there, because they were "considered too far Right."

"And to think," said Sir George. "One year ago my Government instructed me not to receive Miliukov, because he was so dangerously Left!"

Russian discontent increased as the fall came on, and miseries of the weather were added to those other miseries brought by the war. As we read:

September and October are the worst months of the Russian year—especially the Petrograd year. Under dull gray skies, in the shortening days, the rain fell drenching, incessant. The mud underfoot was deep, slippery, and clinging, tracked everywhere by heavy boots, and worse than usual because of the complete breakdown of the municipal administration. Bitter, damp winds rushed in from the Gulf of Finland, and the chill fog rolled through the streets. At night, for motives of economy as well as fear of *Zeppelins*, the street-lights were few and far between; in private dwellings and apartment-houses the electricity was turned on from six o'clock until midnight, with candles forty cents apiece and little kerosene to be had. It was dark from three in the afternoon to ten in the morning. Robberies and house-breaking increased. In apartment-houses the men took turns at all-night guard duty, armed with loaded rifles. This was under the Provisional Government.

Week by week food became scarcer. The daily allowance of bread fell from a pound and a half to a pound, then three-quarters, half, and a quarter-pound. Toward the end there was a week without any bread at all. Sugar one was entitled to at the rate of two pounds a month—if one could get it at all, which was seldom. A bar of chocolate or a pound of tasteless candy cost anywhere from seven to ten rubles—at least a dollar. There was milk for about half the babies in the city; most hotels and private houses never saw it for months. In the fruit season apples and pears sold for a little less than a ruble apiece on the street-corner. . . . . . .

For milk and bread and sugar and tobacco one had to stand in line long hours in the chill rain. Coming home from an all-night meeting I have seen the *kvost* (tail) beginning to form before dawn, mostly women, some with babies in their arms. . . . Carlyle, in his "French Revolution," has described the French people as distinguished above all others by their faculty of standing *en queue*. Russia had accustomed herself to the practise, begun in the reign of Nicholas the Blessed, as long ago as 1915, and from then continued intermittently until the summer of 1917, when it settled down as the regular order of things. Think of the poorly clad people standing on the iron-white streets of Petrograd whole days in the Russian winter! I have listened in the bread-lines, hearing the bitter, acrid note of discontent which from time to time burst up through the miraculous good-nature of the Russian crowd. . . . . . .

Of course, all the theaters were going every night, including Sundays. Karsavina appeared in a new ballet at the Marinsky, all dance-loving Russia coming to see her. Shaliapin was singing. At the Alexandrinsky they were reviving Meyerhold's production of Tolstoy's "Death of Ivan the Terrible"; and at that performance I remember noticing a student of the Imperial School of Pages, in his dress uniform, who stood up correctly between the acts and faced the empty Imperial box, with its eagles all erased. . . . The Krivoye Zerkalo staged a sumptuous version of Schnitzler's "Reigen."

Altho the Hermitage and other picture-galleries had been evacuated to Moscow, there were weekly exhibitions of paintings. Hordes of the female *intelligentzia* went to hear lectures on art, literature, and the easy philosophies. It was a particularly active season for theosophists. And the Salvation Army, admitted to Russia for the first time in history, plastered the walls with announcements of gospel meetings, which amused and astounded Russian audiences. . . . . . .

As in all such times, the petty conventional life of the city went on, ignoring the revolution as much as possible. The poets made verses—but not about the revolution. The realistic painters painted scenes from medieval Russian history—anything but the revolution. Young ladies from the provinces came up to the capital to learn French and cultivate their voices, and the gay young beautiful officers wore their gold-trimmed crimson *bashliki* and their elaborate Caucasian swords around the hotel lobbies. The ladies of the minor bureaucratic set took tea with each other in the afternoon, carrying each her little gold or silver or jeweled sugar-box, and half a loaf of bread in her muff, and wished that the Czar were back, or that the Germans would come, or anything that would solve the servant problem. . . . The daughter of a friend of mine came home one afternoon in hysterics because the woman street-car conductor had called her "Comrade!"

All around them great Russia was in travail, bearing a new world. The servants one used to treat like animals, and pay next to nothing, were getting independent. A pair of shoes cost more than a hundred rubles, and as wages averaged about thirty-five rubles a month the servants refused to stand *en queue* and wear out their shoes. But more than that. In the new Russia every man and woman could vote; there were working-class newspapers, saying new and startling things; there were the *Soviets*; and there were the Unions. The *izvoshtchiki* (cab-drivers) had a union; they were also represented in the Petrograd *Soviet*. The waiters and hotel servants were organized, and refused tips. On the walls of restaurants they put up signs which read, "No tips taken here—" or, "Just because a man has to make his living waiting on table is no reason to insult him by offering him a tip!"

At the front the soldiers fought out their fight with the officers, and learned self-government through their committees. In the factories, those unique Russian organizations, the Factory-Shop Committees, gained experience and strength and a realization of their historical mission by combat with the old order. All Russia was learning to read, and reading—politics, economics, history—because the people wanted to know. . . . In every city, in most towns, along the front, each political faction had its newspaper—sometimes several. Hundreds of thousands of pamphlets were distributed by thousands of organizations, and poured into the armies, the villages, the factories, the streets. The thirst for education, so long thwarted, burst with the revolution into a frenzy of expression. From Smolny Institute alone, the first six months, went out every day tons, car-loads, train-loads of literature, saturating the land. Russia absorbed reading-matter like hot sand drinks water, insatiable. And it was not fables, falsified history, diluted religion, and the cheap fiction that corrupts—but social and economic theories, philosophy, the works of Tolstoy, Gogol, and Gorky. . . . . . .

Then the talk, beside which Carlyle's "flood of French speech" was a mere trickle. Lectures, debates, speeches—in theaters, circuses, schoolhouses, clubs, *Soviet* meeting-rooms, union headquarters, barracks. . . . Meetings in the trenches at the front, in village squares, factories. . . . What a marvelous sight to see Putilovsky Zavod (the Putilov factory) pour out its forty thousand to listen to Social Democrats, Socialist Revolutionaries, anarchists, anybody, whatever they had to say, as long as they would talk! For months in Petrograd, and all over Russia, every street-corner was a public tribune. In railway trains, street-cars, always the spurting up of impromptu debate, everywhere. . . . .

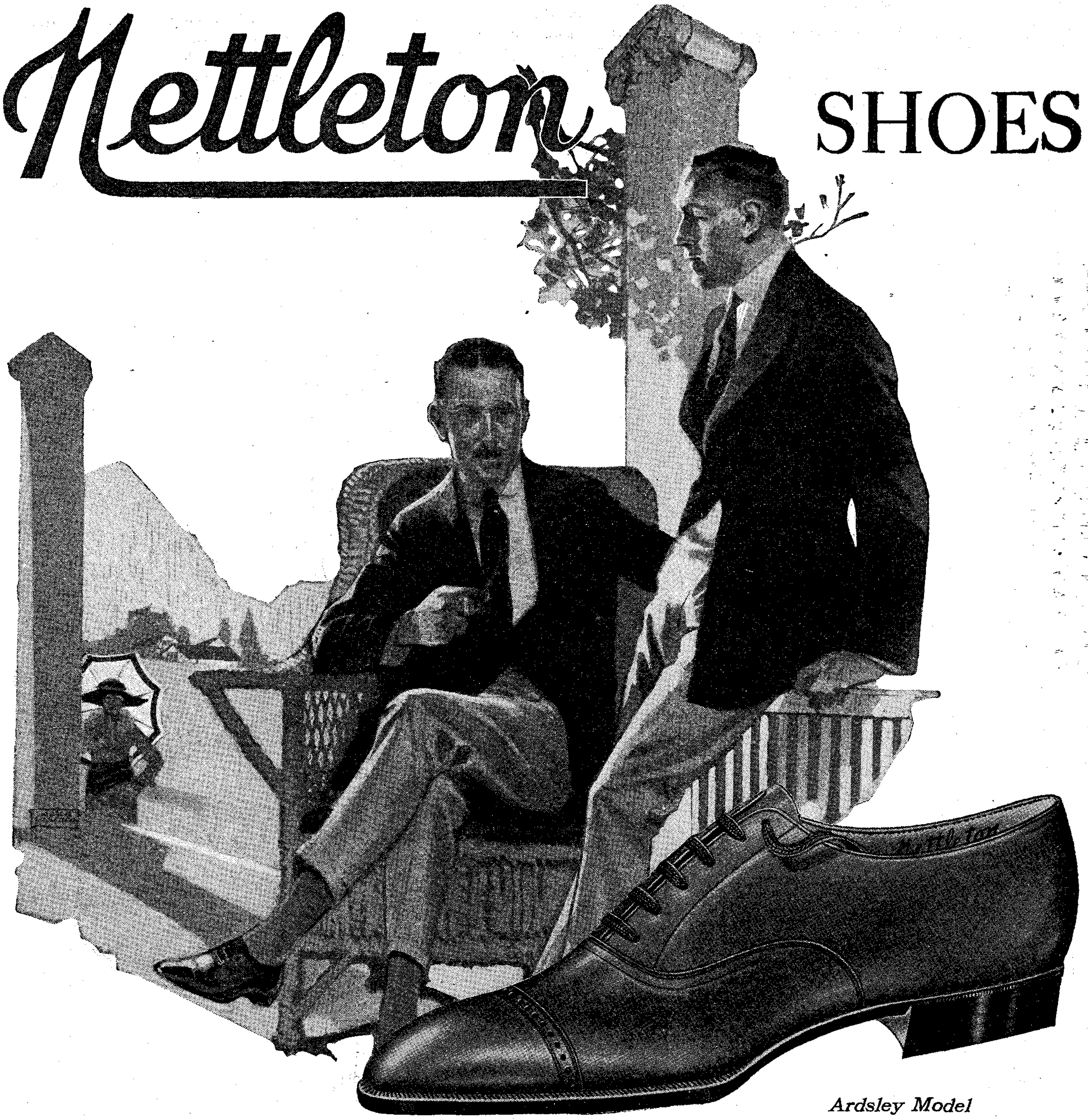
And the All-Russian Conferences and Congresses, drawing together the men of two continents—convention of *Soviets*, of Cooperatives, *zemstvos*, nationalities, priests, peasants, political parties; the Democratic Conference, the Moscow Conference, the Council of the Russian Republic. There were always three or four conventions going on in Petrograd. At every meeting attempts to limit the time of speakers were voted down, and every man was free to express the thought that was in him. . . . . . .

We came down to the front of the Twelfth Army, back of Riga, where gaunt and bootless men sickened in the mud of desperate trenches; and when they saw us they started up, with their pinched faces and the flesh showing blue through their torn clothing, demanding eagerly, "Did you bring anything to read?"

What tho the outward and visible signs of change were many, what tho the statue of Catherine the Great before the Alexandrinsky Theater bore a little red flag in its hand, and others—somewhat faded—floated from all public buildings; and the Imperial monograms and eagles were either torn down or covered up; and in place of the fierce *gorodovoye* (city police) a mild-mannered and unarmed citizen militia patrolled the streets—still, there were many quaint anachronisms.

For example, Peter the Great's *Tabel o Rangov*—Table of Ranks—which he riveted upon Russia with an iron hand, still held sway. Almost everybody from the schoolboy up wore his prescribed uniform, with the insignia of the Emperor on buttons and shoulder-strap. Along about five o'clock in the afternoon the streets were full of subdued old gentlemen in uniform,

Nettleton SHOES



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with portfolios, going home from work in the huge, barrack-like Ministries of Government institutions, calculating perhaps how great a mortality among their superiors would advance them to the coveted *tchin* (rank) of Collegiate Assessor, or Privy Councillor, with the prospect of retirement on a comfortable pension, and possibly the Cross of St. Anne. . . . . . .

There is the story of Senator Sokolov, who in full tide of revolution came to a meeting of the Senate one day in civilian clothes, and was not admitted because he did not wear the prescribed livery of the Czar's service!

It was against this background of a whole nation in ferment and disintegration that the pageant of the rising of the Russian masses unrolled.

A PARTING GLIMPSE OF AMBASSADOR VON ECKHARDT, PRUSSIAN

A POMPOUS little elderly man with an aggressive mustache boarded a steamship at Hoboken the other day bound for Germany. The little man was Heinrich von Eckhardt, former German Ambassador to Mexico, the party who was instructed by his Government some time ago to grab New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas, and hand them over to Carranza. The mere fact of this man's departure from these shores was not in itself worthy of mention. But a New York *World* writer who was present describes the event, and in so doing draws a picture of a typical Prussian who apparently has lost none of his interesting little Prussian ways in spite of all that's happened, not to mention what may happen to him when he reaches his native shores. One of the first things the ex-Ambassador did when he got aboard was to bully a steward, thus running true to what has been reported as Prussian form. The account proceeds:

> He said in a gruff tone: "Waiter, don't you know who I am? Ha?"
>
> The menial abjectly admitted his ignorance. Thereupon a proud finger, fumbling through the mustache, Eckhardt sputtered in disgust and anger:
>
> "I am, I am, I am —"
>
> Having thus far only established that he was the Great I Am, he took a fresh start:
>
> "I am Eckhardt. I am the Ambassador!" He paused, as if to gage the startling effect. But the waiter remained immobile. A fist banged against the table. "But I am Eckhardt, the German Ambassador to Mexico City. Eckhardt, Eckhardt, Eckhardt; no?"
>
> Apparently the waiter was more concerned about the girl he was going to meet at the pier in Rotterdam. He did not stir.
>
> "Eckhardt, Heinrich von Eckhardt!" stormed the little man in the gray suit. "The German Ambassador!" This with a triumphant stress of tone.

The Department of Justice evidently did not think von Eckhardt was absolutely safe, for they watched him from the time he entered the United States until the vessel that bore him away was well out on the briny deep. Four agents of the Department "just happened" to be at the border when the former ambassador crossed it, says the account, "merely to see that the party did not happen to mistake its path and wind up in Colorado or Wyoming." It continues:

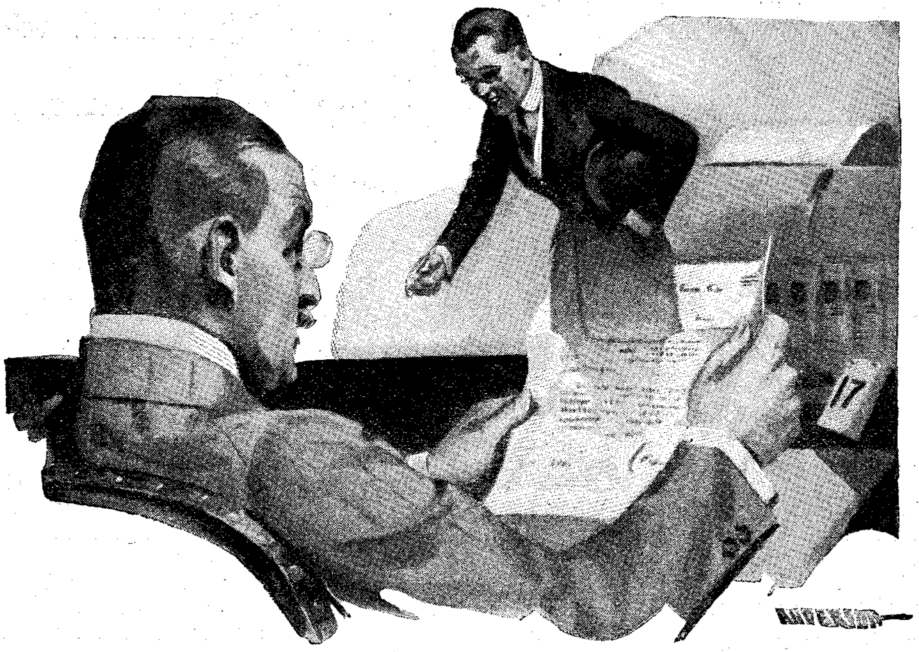
> For two days, with the Department of Justice agents still around to see that the party did not stray out and get lost in the big city, the von Eckhardts were at the Pennsylvania Hotel.
>
> Then the party piled into five automobiles and had a delightful ride across the ferry to the Dutch line's pier at Hoboken. Two of the machines held the party. The others lugged fifty trunks, valises, bundles, and other thingamajigs.
>
> Von Eckhardt, pouting gloomily, strutted the deck of the ferryboat. He mumbled a few stifled groans, for down the line were docked ships that, he realized, had once been German and now were being used to bring back American soldiers. He went indoors. It was breezy, anyway.
>
> On the pier, the nice, accommodating Department of Justice agents took the party off into a corner, while customs inspectors rummaged through the many pieces of baggage and squinted yearningly at the $80,000 in United States gold certificates that lay in the bags. Appreciative von Eckhardt! American money, after all, was mighty good stuff to have around.
>
> At 2 P.M., after two hours had been spent in examining only part of the baggage Frau von Eckhardt and the children were permitted to board the *Nieuw Amsterdam* and eat in the main dining-room. A woman happened to take a seat at the next table. Of course, the von Eckhardts did not know she had a glistening star in her hand-bag.
>
> While his baggage was being examined, von Eckhardt bent over the inspectors many times, smiled a sickly grin, and nervously rubbed his palms together. Once he put his arms around a Department of Justice agent's shoulders. But the latter was not chummy.
>
> From a valise an inspector drew a white military cap with military emblem. Von Eckhardt snatched it, placed the cap on his thin, gray hair, snapt rigidly to attention for a flash, and glared Hindenburgishly at the universe. Then a thought of Château-Thierry and Verdun and St. Mihiel must have simmered through the cap, for he flung it away in a crumpled mass and stalked off.
>
> At last von Eckhardt was permitted to go into the dining-saloon. A reporter sat at another table. Von Eckhardt beckoned. The newspaper man said he would like to photograph him, "if you are willing."
>
> The pout of lip again.
>
> "I willing?" von Eckhardt demanded. "*Ach*, no! But if you are willing, yes. If I don't have too much indigestion I will be photographed. But not for me. For you."
>
> He called the waiter and complained, "I have no butter. I have no bread. Look at me. The German Ambassador. Quicker. And a glass of beer also."
>
> Then he asked: "Is there a dentist here?" The waiter said there was. Then, pounding the table, "Get him for me!"
>
> The waiter returned with the explanation that the doctor was a physician, not a dentist, after all. A snarl from under the Prussian mustache.
>
> "How thick you are. I should have known it. I never knew dentists to be on a ship. Tho by the bread and meat you should have a couple of dentists. Where is the doctor?"
>
> "He is on A deck, sir."
>
> "Bring him to me. I am the German Ambassador."
>
> The doctor came, whereat the German said angrily: "I don't want you. I want a dentist."
>
> The physician suggested: "There is Hoboken over there. The ship doesn't leave for two hours."
>
> "What kind of a dentist in Hoboken?" retorted the diplomat in disdain.
>
> Turning to the newspaper man, he went on. "Where do we go for the picture?" Posing on the upper deck, he insisted on a profile picture, "so you can see just where the duel marks are on the cheeks."
>
> Asked whether he had viewed the parade, von Eckhardt replied with a shrug: "I heard it. I will go down-stairs and get a glass of beer."
>
> Recollection of what the parade signified seemed to have wilted him.
>
> The reporter asked whether he had any message to America.
>
> To this von Eckhardt replied: "Tell the American people my heart goes out to them and that —"
>
> But the reporter had fled. And by and by the ship sailed.

ABRAHAM'S BEERSHEBA ROUTE FOLLOWED BY RED-CROSS MAN

WALKING along the same road which Abraham took when he went to offer up Isaac, with his mind on the wealth of historic incident which such a walk would naturally suggest, it must have been somewhat startling to the American Red-Cross man who describes his trip from Beersheba, in *Scribner's Magazine*, to come upon a company of men putting up a telephone-line. But such is the tendency of modern "improvements" to penetrate every nook and corner of the world that it would not be surprizing to learn that the Pyramids have been wired for electric lighting or that subway-trains are being run through the Roman catacombs. Reversing the process of the many whose journeyings in a far-distant past gave rise to the well-known expression "from Dan to Beersheba," this man started from Beersheba and traveled the other way, his destination being Jerusalem.

"I started," he says, "not as Abraham, early in the morning, but at noon, when the mid-August sunshine was blazing over the desert to the south. But before evening I passed him somewhere near the foothills of Judea, in the level stretches of the land of Simeon—Simeon, who in Jacob's roster of his sons was set down immortally as one who 'in anger slew men and in self-will hocked oxen.'" The account continues:

> But Abraham had a very good reason for not wishing to get to the end of his journey earlier than he must, for when he reached the Mount, he was, for aught he knew, to sacrifice his only son through whom the promise of his becoming the father of a multitude of nations was to be fulfilled. I saw him and Isaac toiling slowly



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on the way far ahead of me toward evening. They stopt early for the first night. The father was very gentle with the boy, who did not suspect his own fate. As I passed them I could see Abraham looking away from the boy toward the heaven and its stars without number, and thinking, doubtless, that Eliezer of Damascus might, after all, become the possessor of his house.

The writer refers to reports he had heard to the effect that anybody traveling over the route he was taking should take a "dragoman and horses and tents," and an escort of soldiers for his protection, since it was said that the inhabitants of those regions were inclined to attack solitary travelers. That was before the war, however. At the time of his trip the English were occupying a large part of the land and putting the fear of the Lord in the hearts of the natives. Wherefore, he says:

I traveled alone through the night without serious molestation. I was stopt by a group of men at dusk and asked rather savagely for cigarets and "bakshish," but no violence was offered, tho I had no weapon (beyond my hickory stick, which had come with me from America's trees, with rings of many seasons in its memory and with the names of places where it has been the companion of my walks from London to Beersheba).

On the contrary, great courtesy and hospitality were shown me along the way by the fellaheen as well as by the British officers and men. This wayside kindness showed itself chiefly in keeping me supplied with water. (I can understand why blessings were promised by Christ to those who gave cups of cold water. . . . . .

In the late afternoon I passed the only village at the roadside between Beersheba and Hebron—the ancient village of Debir, which now has the name of Dahariyeh, but has probably much the aspect of its ancient self, except that in Joshua's time it doubtless had walls. It was then the village of the giants—the Enakim—who stood out against the Israelites till Othniel, a kinsman of Caleb, overcame the city, encouraged to such hardihood by Caleb's proffer of his sister in marriage to the warrior who should first enter its citadel. In place of the citadel stands the most conspicuous object as one approaches from the south, the great compost-heap, higher than any of the houses, even that of the sheik himself. It is the village store of fuel, and, so far from being looked upon as an offensive place, is a center where the women gather when they are free from their work. . . . . .

The walk across the plains had been hot and uneventful, but not uninteresting to one born upon the prairies of the United States and accustomed to great level stretches and horizons. There was, however, the added charm of the wilderness mountains rising hazily on the eastern edge of the plain, and of the Judean hills ahead—a charm which was a little disturbed by the thought of having to make the ascent. But even the winding white road had its own fascination, and when, as several times happened, I saw a gray cloud going before me in the solitude, tho I knew it was only a little whirlwind that was moving along and whirling the dust, I could understand how the children of Israel might have seen in such a natural phenomenon the "pillar of cloud" that gave them guidance on their way across the desert not far away. Once the cloud became clearly a great gray cross lifted against the blue sky over the Judean hills.

Nowhere else in lower Palestine was the far past so close. There was no near association for the most of the way across the plain to disturb the consciousness of the past, and I was free to spend most of the time in the company of Abraham and his boy Isaac, Elijah, David, and others of those ancient days.

And when the night came on it was almost as light as day, for the moon rose in full orb out of the desert of Maon, where once dwelt the churlish Nabal and his wife Abigail, who, after her drunken husband's "heart had died within him and he became a stone," received a proffer of marriage from David, and who (tho insisting with a humility which is expected of the man rather than the woman, in America, that she was only a servant fit to wash the feet of the servants of such a man) hasted and, attended by her five damsels, went in stately procession to become his wife.

It was in a region not far from this place that, tradition has it, Judas Iscariot was born. The traveler did not visit the supposed birthplace, but even the mere alleged presence of it somewhere in the neighborhood added to the interest of the surroundings. He did refresh himself at the "nether springs" which, together with the "upper springs," were given to Achsa, the daughter of Caleb. The traveler had been on the road all day and part of the night and was tired and thirsty when the famous springs were pointed out to him by a native, one of the descendants of Achsa, he suggests, who also showed him how to lap up water with both hands. "I never dreamed, Achsa," he concludes this incident, "when I stumbled over your name as I read it at my mother's knee that I should some day be grateful to you for asking your father to give you those springs that have continued to flow on through the centuries since and quench my thirst in the twentieth century A.D." It was now midnight, but he continued on his journey, reaching presently a village which he describes as being "four thousand years old, but without certain facilities which the newest town in Oklahoma would insist upon having in as many hours as this village has known years." He proceeds:

> Over hills and through valleys that were awesome with the moon shadows—were these not perhaps the very valleys that had given the Psalmist his metaphor of the "Valley of the Shadow"?—I journeyed on by the winding road, down at last past Solomon's Pools (one empty of water, one almost enmpty, and the third planted in tomatoes and other vegetables), down into the fruitful Vale of Urtas, which Solomon may have had in mind when he wrote of descending into the garden "to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine flourished and the pomegranates budded," filled now with Anzac troops beginning to stir themselves at the first premonition of day. Then on till the roofs of the little town of Bethlehem began to appear in the dawn. The morning star was burning in the sky above it with a brilliancy that seemed supernal. Over the Bethlehem on my horizon it stood, toward the Shepherds' Field, till

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the walls of the little city itself hid it from my view.

Beyond Bethlehem the once narrow camel road over which the Magi had come broadened into a dusty highway and began to fill with a throng of people going to and from the Holy City. The refugees from Jericho, encamped in the field opposite the tomb of Rachel, were rising frowzled from their nomad beds. Lorries and ambulances were starting from camps at the roadside for the hellish places from which these refugees had fled, down where the British forces were holding their trenches awaiting the day of advance. A battalion of Anzac cavalry was passing in the opposite direction for its period of rest after the night's riding. Indian lancers and Indian infantrymen, picturesque even in khaki, looked and knelt toward the dawn and their own Himalayas. Trains of camels from somewhere bore their compact loads that might be myrrh or the daily manna for the troops. Hundreds of donkeys, "Allenby's white mice," went pattering along. Airplanes were mounting and circling, with their hum, to scout or perhaps to bomb beyond the hills toward Shechem. Barefoot women with varicolored burdens on their heads walked with all the stateliness of queens toward the City of Peace—the City of Peace amid shepherds' fields, now become munition-magazines, which were daily augmented by what the trains brought up from Egypt, and daily diminished by what the trains toward the front were carrying northward for the redemption of Samaria and Galilee, the ancient land of the tribes of Benjamin and Ephraim and Manasseh and Issachar and Zebulon and Asher and Naphtali and Dan—Dan, which I would yet reach—but that is another story.

MESOPOTAMIA, ALAS! IS NO MORE UTOPIAN THAN ANY OTHER PLACE

If it is true, as has been reported, that "seekers of soft snaps are turning their wistful optics toward Mesopotamia," they had better turn them in some other direction, for there is recent and reliable information to the effect that Mesopotamia is not the spot they are looking for. How wide-spread the Mesopotamia legend is we do not know, but a certain "Prince Raphael Emmanuel, son of a Chaldean high priest," was quoted by the Kansas City *Star* in recommendation of the Utopian-like nature of Mesopotamia, and THE DIGEST quoted the *Star's* quotation of the Prince, rather, we may aver, for the rich and rare nature of the Prince's rhapsody than because we were imprest by the scientific accuracy of his remarks. Ever since one of Dickens's characters explained that she loved to repeat the name "Mesopotamia," just to roll the sound of it over her tongue, there has been something appealing about that place, and "Prince Raphael Emmanuel's" rapture seemed to fit right into the Mesopotamian tradition. In the course of time, however, THE DIGEST reached Mesopotamia, just as it reaches nearly every other place on earth except the north and south poles, and a true and tried Mesopotamian, Daoud Issa, of Bagdad, writes to puncture one more beautiful dream with the nail of unromantic fact. Nothing but the name "Mesopotamia" is left to charm seekers after romance. All the rest is crudely dispelled by Mr. Issa's letter, which runs, in unromantic modern typewriting, thus:

BAGDAD, MESOPOTAMIA,
February 18, 1919.

Editor THE LITERARY DIGEST,
New York City.

DEAR SIR:

In your issue of December 14, 1918, on page 47 is an article entitled "Where Life is One Long Vacation," which I have read with interest. In the first place, allow me to state that I was born in Bagdad and have lived in Mesopotamia all my life and know the country well, having served in the British Consulate at Mosul and the American Consulate at Bagdad and traveled in the country extensively.

The statements made by the so-called "Prince Raphael Emmanuel" as reported by the Kansas City *Star* are absurd and untrue. The following statement is made:

"There is no money in Mesopotamia. There is need for none. We pay no taxes, neither do we pay tribute. Wheat, fruit, and skins are the only medium of exchange. We have no policemen, no courts, no judges. The people do not know there is a war. They would not understand the meaning of fighting for liberty, as they always have been free.

"There is no record of time in Mesopotamia. We never know what day of the week it is and do not care. Clocks or watches are unknown; my people would not know what to do with them. Time is told by the height of the sun and servants arise by the cock's crow as they did in the days of Jesus.

"We raise the finest tobacco in Mesopotamia, but we do not chew it or smoke cigars. The men smoke cigarets or pipes. Our women do not smoke. There are no saloons in Mesopotamia. My people make wine, but it is not the fermented kind that you have here. It is only used on occasions, however, and then it is not considered proper for women to drink it.

"The language is the same which Jesus used in speaking to his people nearly two thousand years ago," added Prince Emmanuel, and "My people believe in God and worship him in their every act. America used to send students to Germany to become theologians and then send them to Mesopotamia as missionaries. It would have been more fitting to have sent them to Mesopotamia first and thence to Germany as religious teachers."

The Prince said his people never eat pork, and whenever he is asked why he replies: "Because Jesus cast the devils into swine, and they all went to Germany."

Allow me to say, first, there is money in Mesopotamia, and has been for centuries, which is used as a medium of circulation.

Secondly. We do pay taxes in Mesopotamia, and heavy taxes at that, especially under the Turkish Government, and for centuries taxes have been collected in Mesopotamia. The statement that wheat, fruit, and skins are the only medium of exchange in Mesopotamia is not a correct statement of the facts.

Thirdly. We have policemen, we have courts, we have judges both now under the British and also under our former rulers, the Turks.

Fourthly. But the statement that "The people do not know there is a war" is simply a hideous falsehood. The people of Mesopotamia have delivered up their young men and a great many who were not young to the war-lords and very few of these soldiers have ever returned to their homes. There are thousands of widows and orphans in Mesopotamia to-day who understand as they alone can understand that war exists.

I have before me now as I write a signed statement by Emmanuel, the Chaldean Patriarch of Babylon, in which he says that his nation has been almost annihilated by massacres, famine, and disease, and the survivors are dispersed among the Kurds, and the cause of all this misery is the present war.

Fifthly. I do not know what corner of Mesopotamia "*Prince Raphael Emmanuel*' hailed from, but I may say that in all parts of Mesopotamia the people do know the day of the week and keep record of time. Watches and clocks are used here a great deal.

Sixthly. There are saloons in Mesopotamia where arak is sold, a drink which intoxicates very quickly and is as strong and perhaps more harmful than whisky. This is mixed with water and becomes milky white in appearance. It is used by both men and women to their detriment.

Seventhly. The language used by Jesus was Aramaic, a mixture of Hebrew and Greek, which is quite different from the Chaldean language, which is used in Mesopotamia to-day.

Eighthly. The Chaldeans have no religious scruples in the matter of eating pork. It is true very little pork is eaten simply because it is not convenient. Living as the Chaldeans have for centuries, surrounded by Mohammedans who abhor pork, it is not, of course, wise to run counter to them. The Chaldeans have consequently become accustomed to use other meat.

Very respectfully yours,
DAOUD ISSA,
Bagdad.

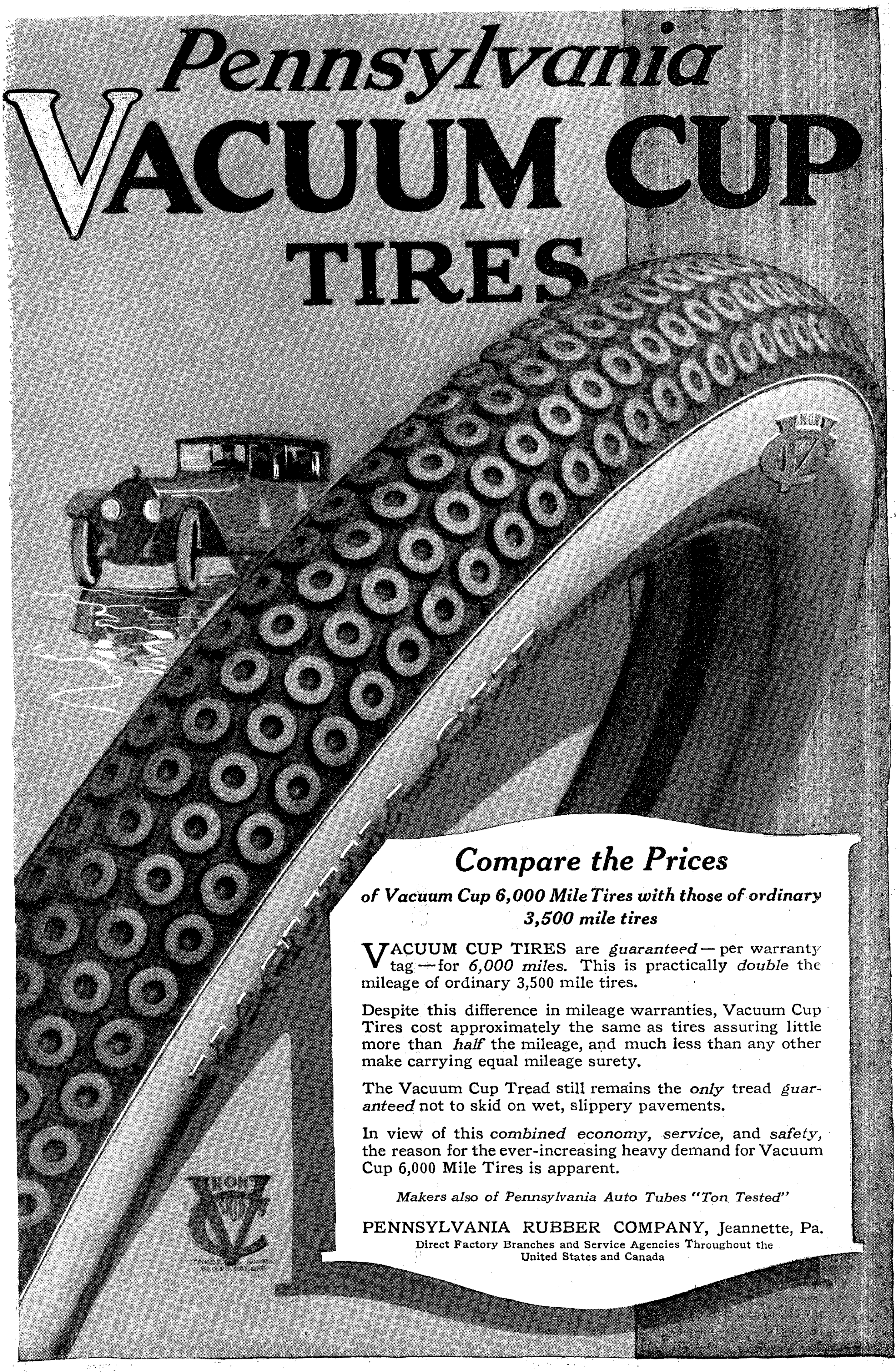
A SHEEP-HERDER WHOSE INVENTION WAS VALUED AT $28,000,000

Stories of men of great achievement often possess the feature in common that the hero of the tale took up by accident the work in which he distinguished himself. True to form in this respect is the brief account given in *Commerce and Finance* (New York) of the life of Walter V. Turner, the noted inventor who died recently at his home in Pittsburg. To this man are credited four hundred inventions, one of which is said to have been valued at $28,000,000; and to his genius is due the fact that marvels of transportation are to-day performed with ease which would be impossible without various items of railroad equipment devised or perfected by him. Modest, as all really great men are, he was content to remain practically unknown outside technical circles. Yet his career was more picturesque and romantic, possibly, than that of any other man of high rank in the field of mechanics. The sketch of his life follows:

He came from one of the quiet shires of England to America and embarked in the most lonesome and God-forsaken business a man could select—sheep-herding in the far West.

Out in a desolate part of Wyoming he

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP TIRES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Compare the Prices

of Vacuum Cup 6,000 Mile Tires with those of ordinary 3,500 mile tires

VACUUM CUP TIRES are *guaranteed* — per warranty tag — for *6,000 miles.* This is practically *double* the mileage of ordinary 3,500 mile tires.

Despite this difference in mileage warranties, Vacuum Cup Tires cost approximately the same as tires assuring little more than *half* the mileage, and much less than any other make carrying equal mileage surety.

The Vacuum Cup Tread still remains the *only* tread *guaranteed* not to skid on wet, slippery pavements.

In view of this *combined economy, service,* and *safety,* the reason for the ever-increasing heavy demand for Vacuum Cup 6,000 Mile Tires is apparent.

Makers also of Pennsylvania Auto Tubes "Ton Tested"

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, Jeannette, Pa.
Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

had a shack in which he lived with a shepherd dog for a companion, and in fair weather and foul he ranged over the hills and the valleys with his herd. Times were very hard and he had a desperate task making both ends meet.

One day in following his sheep he neared the right of way of the Union Pacific, and there in the ditch he saw a lot of freight-cars piled up. Eager for human companionship, he went over to the wreck and viewed it. As he walked amid the débris something attracted his attention. He picked it up and examined it. Then he asked a brakeman what it was.

"It's a piece of the air-brake," the brakeman replied.

Turner asked how it worked, and the brakeman explained.

"May I take this with me?" inquired the sheep-herder.

"Sure," replied the brakeman.

Thereafter the hours were not so long for the sheep man. In his cabin and on his wanderings with his flock he had the piece of air-brake with him. He studied it, took it apart, put it together again, toyed with it, dreamt of it. He thought it was one of the most wonderful things devised by man.

The panic of 1893 came on and the price of wool did not pay for the raising of sheep. Debt prest so heavily upon Turner that he "went broke." His sheep were sold and the sum realized was only enough to meet his bills.

He wandered over the country looking for work. There was little to be had, for times were very bad. There were occasions when he had to tramp the distance from town to town because he did not have the price of his fare. Sometimes he did not know where the next meal was coming from. Sometimes his fasts were long.

At La Junta, Col., he got a job. La Junta is a junction point on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé. He became what is known as a "wheel-tapper." You have seen "wheel-tappers," those men who, while the train is at the end of a division, go about, hammer in hand, tapping the car-wheels with the hammer-heads.

Nobody paid much attention to the wheel-tapper. Nobody does. One day, however, he got attention. He reported that a wheel under a certain car was unsafe. An engineer or a conductor, or both, who looked at the wheel and tested it said he was wrong. Turner insisted the wheel had a serious flaw.

"What do you know about it?" a person of some authority demanded.

"Not much," Turner acknowledged, "but if that train goes out with that car it will be against my protest."

The train went out with the car and there was a bad wreck. The wheel had collapsed.

Disastrous tho the defective wheel had proved to the train, it was the thing that started the humble wheel-tapper on the road to success. An investigation to fix responsibility was made, in the course of which the division superintendent who interviewed Turner was so imprest by the man that he recommended his transfer to the Atchison shops at Topeka, which was done. The account continues:

One day he went to the boss of the shops and said he believed he had an improvement on the air-brake. The boss looked at the rough plans Turner had drawn and decided the sheep-herder's idea had some merit.

It had merit, considerable merit.

A patent was taken out by the Atchison company, Turner having done the work in the Atchison time, but Turner's pay was increased.

A little later he came along with another improvement and then another. These were patented like the other. Turner's pay was increased some more and he was put under contract.

The technical papers gave a little attention to his invention, and he was invited to become a member of the Air-Brake Association.

He attended a convention of the association at Pittsburg and was rather uneasy when he had to read a paper telling of what he had done. When he finished reading, George Westinghouse was the first to congratulate him. Also Mr. Westinghouse told him he must join the Westinghouse organization. Mr. Turner was willing, but the Atchison was not. Mr. Westinghouse was insistent. He told the Atchison he needed the sheep man for certain work and must have him. The Atchison said it needed him as much as did the Westinghouse company. Finally, after long negotiation, the Atchison agreed to release Turner on condition that he would return to the railroad company when it called for his services.

Mr. Turner went to Pittsburg. He was at a drafting board one day engrossed in his work when something impelled him to look up.

Across the board from him, working on some plans, was the man whom Turner considered the greatest genius in America——George Westinghouse.

No honor—and many honors came to him later—compared, in the judgment of the sheep-herder, with that one of George Westinghouse working at the same table with him.

From the modest position to which he was assigned when first he joined the Westinghouse organization, Turner vaulted in comparatively short time to headship of the engineering department of the great organization. Inventions came from his brain with remarkable speed and regularity. The more he studied the air-brake the more he improved it.

He was not far from right in considering George Westinghouse the greatest genius in America. Westinghouse gave two hundred creations of his brain to the world. In the field of pneumatics, what is more marvelous than a man, by pulling a lever, being able at will to stop by the power of air a train whirling at hurricane speed over the rails?

It is uncanny. No wonder Vanderbilt, when Westinghouse sought an interview with him with hope of introducing the air-brake on the New York Central, got this message: "Stop trains by wind? Bah! I have no time to give to fools."

But the Central would have become a streak of rust if it had not come to the air-brake.

Westinghouse invented the air-brake, and it was possible with the brake he perfected to hold a train of thirty or forty, or possibly fifty, cars in control.

Turner took the air-brake where Westinghouse stopt and carried its wonders so much further that now it is possible to control a train of 100 or 125 or possibly 150, as easily as a train of ten cars. Without the air-brake as improved by the sheep-herder of the bleak Wyoming country, the great trains we see to-day would be impossible.

THE COMING DAY WHEN LAUGHTER WILL BE A CRIME

WHAT will be the next wrinkle in reform? Every humorist is having his guess, and has listed the prohibition of pretty much everything except humor. Now one of the facetious fraternity foresees the day when merriment itself will be a crime, and cleverly forestalls it by publishing his article before it becomes a penitentiary offense. Even dry humor will be barred, it seems. A writer in the New York *Sun*, apparently having pondered on the situation until it has gone to his head and he has become filled, as it were, with the spirit of prophecy, delivers himself of the following:

BOSTON, January 1, 1925.

I am all a-flutter. I forgot that the Ice-Cream Soda Act went into effect today and almost rendered myself liable to a prison sentence by asking for a cherry flush at the former fountain on the corner. Just to think that once it was possible to find the refreshing soda-water sold openly under the very eyes of the Blue Ribbon Police.

I was positively upset following my narrow escape from incarceration and felt that I simply must smoke, altho, of course, I am fully in sympathy with the Anti-Nicotin Law. I, therefore, fashioned myself a "cigaret" of corn-silk which I had had secreted since last summer. I was inhaling deeply when I saw that I had inadvertently left my sitting-room window open, and that consequently the smoke from my "cigaret" was escaping into the outer air. I hurried to rectify my oversight, but too late, for a member of the Tobacco Squad was already clamoring at my door.

She was most insultingly suspicious when I insisted that the smoke was caused by a piece of paper which had caught fire, but she was unable to discover any incriminating evidence upon examining my quarters, and was therefore compelled to depart prisonerless. She went so far as to say she believed I had but just come from Mermaid Park, a most libelous accusation, as the place she referred to is a ribald resort established upon a large vessel which never comes within three miles of shore. As a matter of fact, I have not been there for two weeks.

January 10.

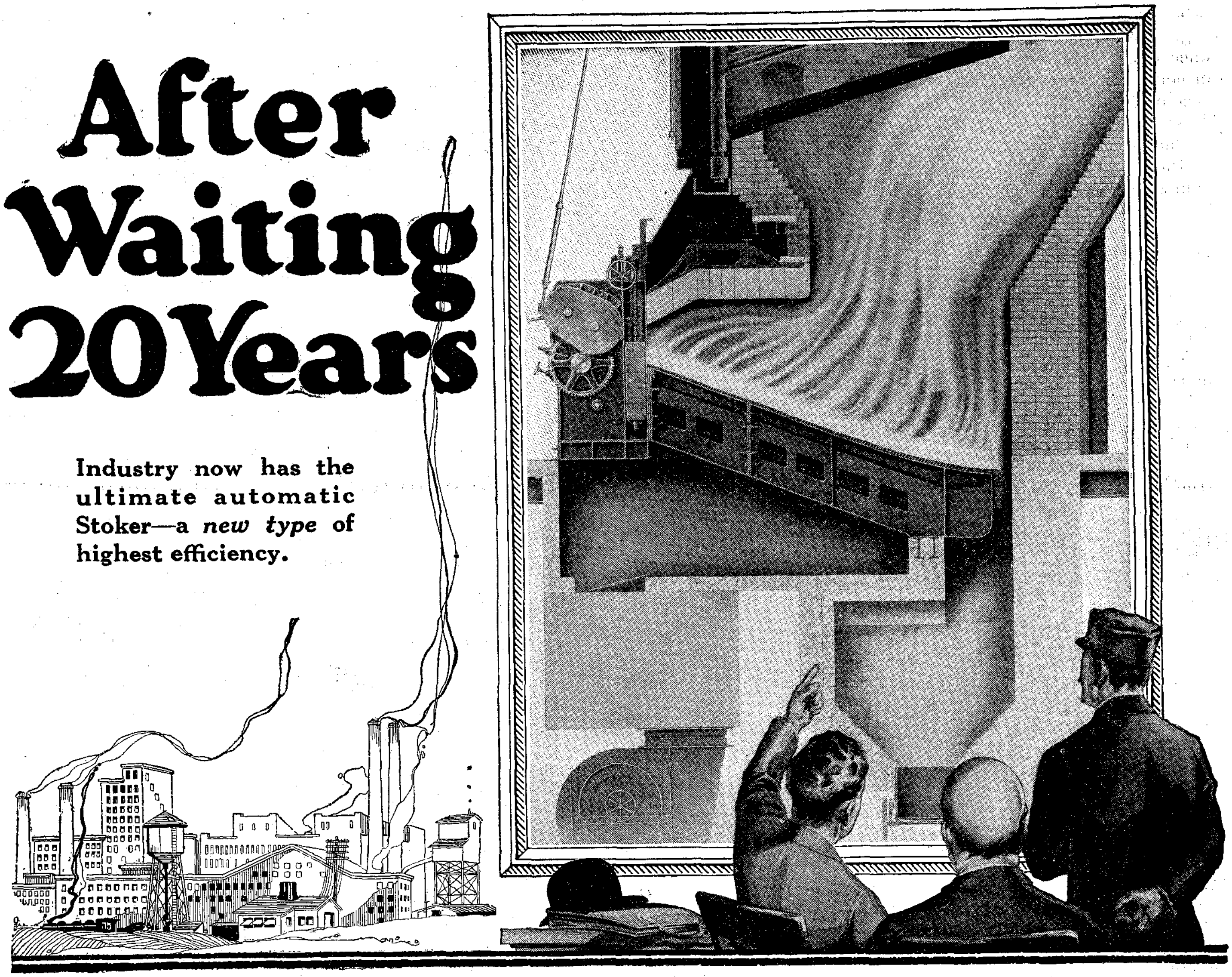
We are in a wonderful era of moral legislation. We have now legally done away with candy, tobacco, soda-water, silk underwear and stockings, low-necked waists, men's collars less than $2\frac{19}{32}$ inches in height, rouge, face-powder, false hair, golf, silk hats, and magazines containing so-called "love-stories" of unmarried persons.

I must say that the opposition to the antigolfing law died extremely hard, resisting more strongly, I believe, than any of the other votaries of vice. But think of the moral victory of suppressing all the lying about scores that used to take place every week-end.

Not all theaters have been closed, those producing Biblical dramas being allowed to remain open. Some of the Bible romances, however, are tabu, as their language, if allowed to follow the original too closely, is not considered at all fit for the public ear. Miss Altoona Bones, the dramatic supervisor, is most emphatic in her stand upon this point and has issued a list of those incidents which may be presented only

After Waiting 20 Years

Industry now has the ultimate automatic Stoker—a *new type* of highest efficiency.



PRIOR to this announcement, all automatic stokers have been one of *three* types: the Chain Grate, the Inclined Gravity Feed, and the Under-feed. All three originated over 20 years ago, when wasteful smoke—low chimneys—boilers close to the fire—and inefficient, unscientific conditions generally, prevailed.

During these 20 years, scientific engineers have studied keenly the laws of chemistry as applied to the combustion of coal. And the realization has come that any marked progress or higher efficiency in the stoker field could be attained only with the development and perfection of an absolutely *new type* of stoker.

That new type is now here! It is the STOWE STOKER.

Manufactured by one of the leading stoker builders in the country, and the result of twelve years of constant research work, the STOWE STOKER marks a new era in fuel-burning economy because, briefly,

—It is a *forced-draft* stoker which eliminates the clinker-forming disadvantage of the under-feeding type of stoker;

—It produces high rates of coal burning without the accumulation of ash. Its ash-removing feature operates automatically, continuously and positively.

—It is a *progressive-feed* stoker, the fire of which is automatically and gradually thickened as combustion progresses, being thickest at the ash discharge end where the combustible of the fuel is well spent.

LACLEDE-CHRISTY
STOWE STOKER

The STOWE STOKER is the ideal equipment for intense, large-scale steam production. In the big power plants of the country it will effect yearly savings that will reach an enormous figure. Tell us the requirements in *your* plant and we will show you how to get greater efficiency. Write us today.

Manufacturers for 10 years of the Laclede-Christy Chain Grate Stoker.

Branch Offices: **Chicago, 1366 Peoples Gas Bldg.; Pittsburgh, 901 Oliver Bldg.; New York, 504, 50 East 42nd Street Bldg.**

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LACLEDE-CHRISTY

A BUSINESS INSTITUTION — FOUNDED 1844 *ST. LOUIS*

after the manuscript has passed before her eagle eye. That form of "amusement" once quaintly termed "the movies" was, of course, suppressed long ago, except in the case of educational pictures.

January 25.

There was much talk to-day at the rooms of the Ever Onward League, of which, of course, I am a member, concerning the new Antilaugh Act, which becomes effective to-day. This measure provides a severe penalty for the person or persons who either "originates, prints, pictures, or circulates in any manner whatsoever any material designed to excite merriment," and is expected to abolish the unseemly displays of mirth which, in the past, one has witnessed in public.

The act, however, very nearly caused trouble for me, for when I was traversing Beedle Street, on my way home, I chanced upon an exceedingly adipose police officer (the one, in fact, who spoiled my corn-silk smoke not long since) in the act of slipping upon an empty banana. The sight excited my risibilities to such an extent that I narrowly escaped arrest. Some day, however, I hope to achieve more perfect control.

JAPANESE HUMOR "IS INDEED THE FLOWER OF LIFE"

JAPANESE humor may be almost as evasive as Japanese poetry, at least as far as Western ideas are concerned, but "it is indeed the flower of life, and life without it would be as dreary as spring without its blossoms," in the words of a Japanese author, Mr. Eisaku Waseda, who discusses the subject in a recent issue of *The Tourist* (Tokyo, Japan). "We Japanese," adds Mr. Waseda, "must bless our stars that we are endowed with a keen sense of humor, which manifests itself in all phases of social intercourse and acts as oil in lubricating the wheels of society." The pun, according to Mr. Waseda, enjoys high honor in Japan, but this form of humor, being word-deep, does not lend itself to translation, and Mr. Waseda turns to translatable jokes, culled from the Japanese humor of the past three centuries, by way of proving the prevalence of that keen sense of humor with which he credits his countrymen. Here are some specimen jokes, taken from the considerable budget he presents, each with the date of the book from which the selection was taken. They seem, in addition to their quaintness, to be rather long in "getting to the point." However, one main objection of the Japanese to American ways is that we are always in too much of a hurry to get the real flavor out of life, and it may be that there are qualities as important as "pep" in such jokes as the following:

SO MANY MEN, SO MANY DESIRES

A group of young men were engaged in lively conversation on a variety of topics. One of the company exprest a desire to die of consumption, as it would enable him to breathe his last in peace. Another preferred love-sickness. A third wished to have a disorder known as somnambulism. A fourth considered a sudden death as the best way of ending one's life, and assured his friends that he would die suddenly. Sure enough, he did die suddenly, a few days after the utterance of his unfortunate prophecy. His friends assembled at his home and in tears mourned the passing of their loved friend, the attendant circumstances having made the bereavement more lamentable. One of them, however, whose sense of humor had not been clouded by the sad event, observed: "If he were here alive, how elated he would be!" (1772–81).

THE VIRTUE OF THE HANGONKO

A man who had recently lost his wife said to one of his friends that he was anxious to see his better half once more. Deeply moved, his friend told the man that he had heard that the burning of *hangonko* (spirit-invoking incense) in front of the grave would cause the image of the dead to appear. The man caught at this encouraging suggestion, and, having purchased at a druggist's one hundred cash worth of, not *hangonko*, but of *hangontan*, a medicine for some bodily ailment, by mistake, he hastened to the grave of his wife. He proceeded with the burning of what he considered the incense, and he was pleasantly surprized to see the tombstone shake. This he attributed to the efficacy of the spirit-invoker, and was highly delighted; but by this time the incense was all gone, so he went home for money to buy another one hundred cash worth. The charming illusion was then cruelly dispelled by his mother, who called out to him, "Where were you during the earthquake just now?" (1818–30.)

The following bit of humor about Mount Fuji is no doubt a classic in its native land, and might be considered typically Japanese. It is as delicate as one of the familiar Japanese prints of Mount Fuji, as subtle as the gray tints of which the Japanese artist is so fond. But if the technique of the jest is Japanese, the human nature revealed by it is universal. In Mr. Waseda's translation it runs:

MOUNT FUJI

While admiring a *kakemono* in the alcove, a visitor exclaimed: "How faithfully Tanyn has painted Fuji! I found the mountain just like this when I made the ascent the other day." Master of the house: "I suppose you could see my house from the top of the mountain?"—"Don't talk nonsense; how could one see here from that mountain?"—"How strange! we see Mount Fuji from the drying-platform on the roof of my house, I assure you." (1781–89.)

This prohibition joke might stand a chance in one of our modern "funny papers," if trimmed up and presented with more "punch":

TEMPERANCE MADE EASY

"I have had a present of some *sake*. It is heated ready to drink. Won't you take a cup?"—"No, thank you. I have sworn off *sake* for three years, as a sacrifice to the gods."—"It is impossible; I can't believe what you say."—"Wait and see how strict is my observance of the oath," so saying he left the house. The following night he came to the house, when *sake*-drinking was going on, announcing that he had called to take part in the enjoyment of the stimulant. The master was astonished and reproached the man for his feebleness of will, demanding, "Where is your boast of only yesterday?"—"I do not mean to break my oath. Only I have hit upon a capital idea: I have extended my three years' temperance to six years, on condition that I indulge in drinks only at night."—"It sounds plausible; but I have a better plan to offer: While you are about it, extend your period of abstinence to twelve years, and drink day and night." (1744–48.)

Here is a variation of the old fable about the dog who dropt the bone he had in his mouth in order to seize the larger one he saw reflected in the stream below him:

FISHING FOR GOLD

An angler told a man that he was lucky enough to hook a purse with fifty gold *kobans* in it when he went out fishing the other day. This induced the man, who happened to be a great worshiper of the dollar, to try his luck. He betook himself in a boat to the sea off Shinagawa, and succeeded in hooking a big fish. "Confound it! I don't want you," he exclaimed angrily, and so saying he unhooked the fish and cast it into the water amid the envy and amazement of his brothers of the rod. (1818–30.)

THE BITER BITTEN

Said an innkeeper's wife to her husband: "The guest who came this evening carries a package which seems to contain things of great value. I wish he would leave it behind." Husband: "I have a good idea: I will give him a great deal of *myōga* (a spicy vegetable supposed to produce forgetfulness). This plan he carried into practise: he gave *myōga* in abundance to the guest with soup and with vegetables. Soon after the departure of the guest, the room was inspected, but there was no trace of the coveted baggage. The landlady began to scoff at the inefficacy of *myōga* as an oblivion-producer. This her husband flatly denied, saying, "It has had its effect." "What do you mean?" demanded the mystified woman. Husband: "Why, he forgot to pay his bill." (——.)

A CHARM AGAINST A BORE

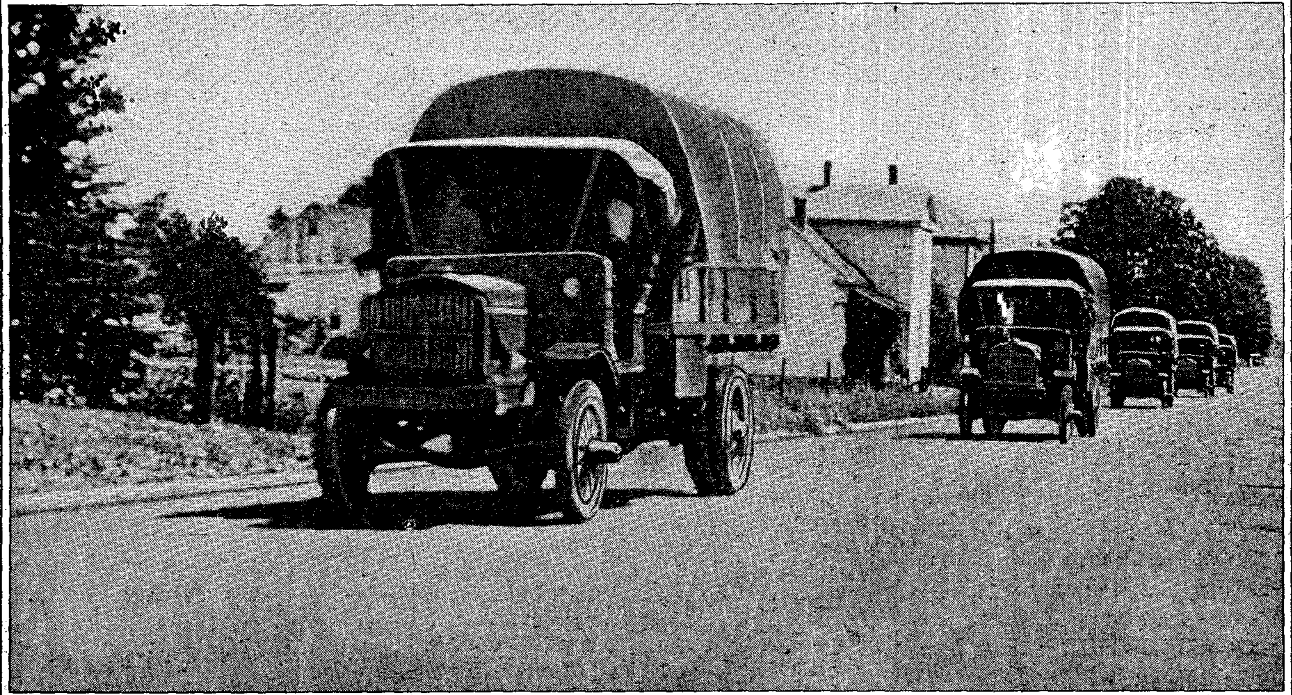
After the departure of a visitor who had given annoyance to the family by his prolonged visit, the embarrassed master told the boy to set up a broom with the business end bandaged with a Japanese towel, as a charm for shortening the visit of an undesirable caller. The man called again the next day, and the boy at once proceeded to carry out his master's command. He did as he was told, but, fearing lest the thing should not be in proper style, he brought the stick to the parlor, and, producing it under the very nose of the master, as he sat face to face with the guest, he asked, "Is that right, sir?" (19—.)

A FORTUNE-TELLER CHALLENGED

A troop of noisy boys were flying kites in front of a fortune-teller's establishment. Some of them spoke disparagingly of the fortune-teller, saying that he had poor foresight, and that no fortunes told by him hit the mark. This impertinence roused the man to anger. "You rascals!" he roared. "You annoy me enough by flying kites before my office, and now you dare to insult me! Where on earth do you come from?" "Tell us, tell us," came a challenging voice from the group of amused juveniles. (1772–81.)

A BOTTOMLESS JAR

An absent-minded person went to a store to buy a jar, and, noticing one turned upside down, blurted out: "How absurd; this jar has no mouth." Turning it over, he was once more astonished—"Why, the bottom is gone, too!" (——.)



Vanguard of fleet of 38 Liberty Trucks passing through Oakville, Delaware County, Ind., in August, 1918, over Tarvia Road built in 1916. Note perfect condition of road after two years of hard service.

Every Community should have roads like these—

HERE is the story of how Delaware County, Indiana, got good roads, as told by the County Surveyor. Everyone interested in good roads should read it.

"Our first Tarvia road was built in 1914. Between 1914 and 1918 we constructed sixteen streets and roads, with a total area of about 2,880,000 square feet.

"Some of these are main streets in the city of Muncie, others are main roads subject to heavy traffic, while others replaced low-lying gravel roads that used to wash-out at every overflow of the river.

"*Every Tarvia road and street in Delaware County has given uniform satisfaction. No repairs have been necessary.*

"Our so-called 'hard' roads, built of brick or concrete are often claimed as permanent construction, but we have in this county brick roads and streets built less than a decade ago that are almost impassable and must soon be rebuilt. New material will be required because the old brick cannot be used again.

"On the other hand, when a Tarvia road wears, a little stone is added, Tarvia is applied, and the road is as good as, or better than, new.

"With proper maintenance, our Tarvia roads will last ten to twenty years. The cost of maintenance will be small and the entire road can be rebuilt at less than half the cost of a brick pavement.

"Considering the various types of road from a purely financial standpoint, one does not need to be skilled in higher mathematics to arrive at the correct answer." (Signed) S. Horace Weber,
County Surveyor

Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation for use in constructing new macadam roads or repairing old ones. It reinforces the road surface and makes it not only mudless and dustless, but also water-proof, frost-proof and automobile-proof. A few Tarvia Roads in any community will add to property values and reduce taxes.

Illustrated Tarvia Booklet free on request.

Tarvia

Preserves Roads-Prevents Dust

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers.

This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

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UNCLE SAM OFFERS ASSISTANCE TO DISABLED SERVICE-MEN

ANY soldier or sailor disabled in the war may receive help from Uncle Sam. He is not only willing to assist him but exceedingly anxious to do so. First of all he has made provision for restoring the disabled man to health and strength. Then, if his disability prevents him from returning to his former employment, this beneficent uncle takes him in hand and trains him so he can become self-supporting. All this is done absolutely free of charge. In fact, the man is paid a wage while being trained, in no case less than sixty-five dollars a month. The officials who have this matter in charge say their great difficulty is in getting information to the disabled men of just what the Government will do for them. To this end they have sent out a circular to publications all over the country, setting out exactly what will be done for these men. This reads as follows:

> Every disabled soldier and sailor should know:
>
> That the Government is resolved to do its best to restore him to health, strength, and self-supporting activity.
>
> That until his discharge from hospital care the medical and surgical treatment necessary to restore him to health and strength is under the jurisdiction of the military or naval authorities.
>
> That the vocational training which may be afterward necessary to restore his self-supporting activity is under the jurisdiction of the Federal Board for Vocational Education.
>
> That if he needs an artificial limb or other orthopedic or mechanical appliance the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance supplies it free upon his discharge and renews it when considered necessary.
>
> That if, after his discharge, he again needs medical treatment on account of his disability the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance supplies it free.
>
> That any man whose disability entitles him to compensation under the War-Risk Insurance Act may be provided by the Federal Board with a course of vocational training for a new occupation.
>
> That the Government strongly recommends each man who needs it to undertake vocational training and put himself under the care of the Federal Board, but the decision to do so is optional with each man.
>
> That if his disability does prevent him from returning to employment without training and he elects to follow a course of vocational training provided by the Federal Board, the course will be furnished free of cost, and he will also be paid as long as the training lasts a monthly compensation equal to the sum to which he is entitled under the War-Risk Insurance Act or a sum equal to the pay of his last month of active service, whichever is the greater, but in no case will a single man or a man required by his course of instruction to live apart from his dependents receive less than $65 per month, exclusive of the sum paid dependents; nor will a man living with his dependents receive less than $75 per month, inclusive of sum paid to dependents.
>
> That if his disability does not prevent him from returning to employment without training and he elects to follow a course of vocational training provided by the Federal Board, the course will be furnished free of cost to him, and the compensation provided by the War-Risk Insurance Act will be paid to him, but no allowance will be paid to his family.
>
> That in addition to the above the family or dependents of each disabled man will receive from the Government during his period of training the same monthly allotment and allowance as that paid prior to his discharge from the Army or the Navy.
>
> That upon completion of his course of training he will continue to receive the compensation prescribed by the War-Risk Insurance Act so long as his disability continues.
>
> That in nearly every case, by following the advice and suggestions of the Federal Board, he can either get rid of the handicap caused by his disability or acquire new powers to replace any that may have been lost.
>
> That if he is willing to learn and to take advantage of the opportunities to increase his skill offered him by the Federal Board he can usually get a better position than he had before entering the service.
>
> That if he fails to take advantage of these opportunities he will find himself badly handicapped when he is obliged to compete with the able-bodied men who come back to work after the war.
>
> That the Federal Board, through its vocational experts, will study his particular disability and advise him as to the proper course to pursue and give him free training for the occupation best suited to him.
>
> That on the satisfactory completion of his training the Federal Board, through its employment service, will assist him to secure a position.
>
> That public authorities and other large employers will in many cases, at least, give the disabled soldiers and sailors preference when filling vacant positions, provided they possess the training necessary to fill them.
>
> All disabled soldiers, whether in or out of the hospital, should address their communications either to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, Washington, D. C., or to the district office of the Federal Board of the district in which he is located. The district offices of the Board are located at the following points respectively:
>
> District No. 1: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. Office: Room 433, Tremont Building, Boston, Mass.
>
> District No. 2: Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey. Office: Room 711, 280 Broadway, New York.
>
> District No. 3: Pennsylvania and Delaware. Office: 1000 Penn Square Building, Philadelphia, Pa.
>
> District No. 4: District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia. Office: 606 F Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.
>
> District No. 5: North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Tennessee. Office: Room 1404, Candler Building, Atlanta, Ga.
>
> District No. 6: Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Office: 822 Maison Blanche Annex, New Orleans, La.
>
> District No. 7: Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. Office: 906 Mercantile Library Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.
>
> District No. 8: Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Office: 1600 the Westminster, 110 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
>
> District No. 9: Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri. Office: 517 Chemical Building, St. Louis, Mo.
>
> District No. 10: Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota. Office: Room 742 Metropolitan Bank Building, Minneapolis, Minn.
>
> District No. 11: Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah. Office: 909 Seventeenth Street, Denver, Colo.
>
> District No. 12: California, Nevada, and Arizona. Office: 997 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Calif.
>
> District No. 13: Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. Office: Room 539 Central Building, Seattle, Wash.
>
> District No. 14: Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Office: 810 Western Indemnity Building, 1000 Main Street, Dallas, Texas.

DEMOCRATIC WAYS OF THE WILSONS WITH FOREIGN KINGS AND THINGS

MERE Americans, not being used to the pomp and ceremony that hedge royalty, have no idea of the really stupendous problems of etiquette stirred up by the visit of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilson, of Washington, D. C., to certain of the most important potentates of Europe. The fact that Mr. Wilson happened temporarily to "embody the spirit of a great nation" did not affect the basic consideration that the Wilsons have no such list of noble ancestors, titles, decorations, precedents, and all such matters as have several of the persons they were compelled to associate with. Consider, for instance, the effect upon a proper Englishman of the sight of Mr. Woodrow Wilson walking in front of George V., actually taking public precedence of the King of England, as we are assured Mr. Wilson once did. While the Wilsons were visiting Queen Mary and King George, in Buckingham Palace, it is reported that several of the servants suffered from a nervous trouble resembling shell-shock, directly caused by the free and easy ways of the Americans when in the presence of royalty. It is true that the King and Queen seemed rather to appreciate the novelty of being treated like ordinary folk, and that, on the President's visit to the Vatican, the Pope didn't seem to feel hurt because Mr. Wilson neglected to kneel to him, but nevertheless European dignity has not received such a series of jolts in years. Little by little unpublished details are beginning to arrive, all tending to show how the depths were stirred when king met democrat. Says a writer in the Topeka *Capital:*

> President Wilson met the situation with democratic simplicity and good sense. The court etiquette of England is the relic of bygone centuries when the King was looked upon as a sort of superhuman, god-like personage in whose presence the faithful subjects must conduct themselves with obsequious and unnatural behavior. Mr. Wilson is the elected President of a great modern Republic and, manifestly, it would be absurd and unbecoming for him or Mrs. Wilson to bend the knee to the crowned head of a monarchy.
>
> In her relations with the Queen of

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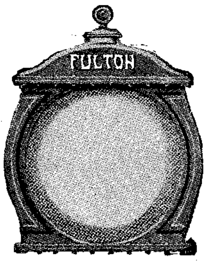

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England, Mrs. Wilson acted with the same simplicity and democracy as did her husband.

No one imagines that the President, an exceptionally intellectual man, was ignorant of the general rules of British court etiquette or incapable of learning all about them very quickly.

It therefore appears certain that the President gave the matter some thought and acted as he did because he thought it was the right way to act.

That the King and Queen thoroughly enjoyed the kindly informality of their visitors is evident from their smiling appearance and many of their actions.

In his speech at the state banquet, at Buckingham Palace, the President addrest the King as "Sir," instead of "Your Majesty." Here is one of the several passages in which Mr. Wilson used this form:

"For you and I, sir—I temporarily—embody the spirit of two very great nations, and whatever strength, and whatever authority I have, I possess it only so long and so far as I express the spirit and purpose of the American people."

It is pointed out in England that all persons, including kings and the highest foreign dignitaries, when they have occasion to address the King in a formal speech, always say "Your Majesty," if speaking English. In French they say "Sire." President Poincaré, of France, has several times used this latter form in addressing the King.

Another fact that imprest the British mind deeply was that when President Wilson went away from Buckingham Palace in company with the King, the President had his left trouser-leg turned up and not his right. He was photographed several times beside the King in the unsymmetrical costume, and also between the King and the Queen.

Of course, the photographs only prove that the President had other things on his mind besides the fit of his clothes, but the incident has excited comment, both in England and France. Various citizens of those countries are asking themselves whether in order to cultivate the valuable friendship of America they should go about with one trouser-leg turned up. They eventually learned, however, that this was not the prevailing style in America, and that the President was not attempting to introduce a new fad.

A real scare was given the palace servants one night during the President's stay. At about midnight the watchers in the palace anterooms and corridors heard a strange, harsh, ominous, persistent regular ticking, unfamiliar to British ears, coming from the Pink Room, one of the great suite occupied by the President. They feared it might be some kind of infernal machine.

At the risk of intruding on the President's privacy at this late hour they knocked at his door and called his attention to the danger. He calmly bade them enter and then they beheld the President of the United States industriously pounding away on his American typewriter, preparing his speech for the London Guildhall on the morrow.

Mrs. Wilson had no official status, such as the Queen had, and yet she modeled her conduct to comport with her position as the wife of a ruler of equal rank with the King.

"I watched the two contrasting figures (Mrs. Wilson and Queen Mary) at the final good-by on the platform at Charing Cross," says a writer in the London *Sketch*. "A long and cordial handshake was the only ceremonial.

"Mrs. Wilson did not curtsy to the Queen—indeed, the slight inclination forward was the Queen's, she having an advantage of inches over her guest."

It happened entirely by chance that the President passed his sixty-second birthday in Buckingham Palace. The day was December 28. Early in the morning Mr. Wilson heard a knock at the door of his sitting-room. Of course, he thought it was one of the numerous functionaries or servants. He called out, "Come in!" The door opened and there was the King of England, who held out his hand and said:

"Many happy returns of the day!"

Had the President been a royal personage no such informal greeting would have been exchanged, the writer points out, but the expression of good wishes would have been attended by much formality. Other remarkable happenings are recorded:

The President took his place in the right-hand seat in the King's state carriage on the two occasions when they rode together through the streets of London. It is whispered that the minor officials and servants were quite shocked at this tremendous honor to a republican President. The same captious persons were still more disturbed when, as the carriage emerged from Charing Cross railway-station, and the vast crowd cheered heartily, the President promptly acknowledged the ovation by taking off his hat. Again and again during the drive he swept off his hat with a graceful gesture, while the King gave only an occasional military salute.

British experts in etiquette hold that all cheers uttered in the presence of the King of England must be intended for him alone, and should be acknowledged by nobody else, or at least only after the King has given his acknowledgment.

The biggest jar of all was administered to official and servitorial sensibilities when the President delivered a speech from the balcony of Buckingham Palace contrary to all precedent. When the Wilsons and the royal party had entered the palace an immense crowd, among them many wounded American soldiers and sailors, gathered outside and called loudly for "Wilson."

In response to continued cheering, the President then came out, followed by Mrs. Wilson, the King and Queen, Princess Mary and H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, in order named. That the King should follow anybody at a public appearance in England was contrary to all precedent. Even the Kaiser, when in England, never went ahead of the King in public.

The cheering kept up and the President, seeing that the people really wanted to hear from him, made these remarks:

"I do not want to make a speech, but I do want to tell you how much I honor you men who have been wounded in this fight for freedom, and to thank you all for the welcome you so generously have given me. I hope each of you will live to enjoy the fruits of the victory for which you so courageously fought."

It was not only in addressing the King that President Wilson played havoc with British etiquette. He addrest the Lord Mayor as "Mr. Lord Mayor" instead of the customary, "My Lord Mayor." It was at a meeting in the historic Guildhall of London, presided over by this somewhat medieval official, that our President said:

"Mr. Lord Mayor:

"We have now come upon a time when ceremonies like this have a new significance."

It should be explained that the King would be careful to say "My Lord Mayor" in addressing the head of the ancient city.

President Wilson's democracy and disregard of etiquette were shown elsewhere than in England. For instance, they were noticed in Rome, where he visited the King of Italy and the Pope. It is stated that he held out his hand to the Pope and looked His Holiness "straight in the eye with a friendly smile," instead of kneeling first as is customary. A British commentator says:

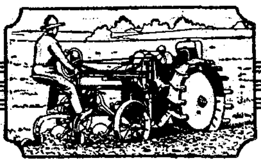
"Nobody could be more friendly and more polite, but in Buckingham Palace and at the Vatican nobody more informal, than were Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. The President did not kneel to the Pope—a courtesy shown him by kings, Catholic and Protestant, and by sultans outside the Christian creed. But nobody minded. The chamberlains exchanged smiles, but they knew that for such a ceremony this was neither the occasion nor the man."

Catholic kings and princes kneel to the Pope because of his religious character as the divinely inspired representative of the Almighty. It may be questioned whether many Protestant rulers would kneel. Formal visits by foreign kings to Rome have been extremely rare in recent times, because they involve the delicate question whether the King of Italy or the Pope should be considered the first personage in the city.

"SOBBING SICKNESS" APPEARS IN WAR-DEVASTATED COUNTRIES

A NEW nervous affliction, or rather a very old one that has appeared under various names after periods of war or pestilence, is reported to be prevalent in parts of Belgium, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. Newspaper men have named the disease, in its present outbreak, "sobbing sickness," but, according to a physician writing in the New York *Herald*, the ailment is essentially the same as that which has afflicted masses of people at many times during the world's written history, and the same trouble may always be found in isolated individuals of unstable nervous temperament. It is essentially a form of hysteria, but whereas ordinary hysteria often results from personal weakness rather than from sufficient outside causes, the present wide-spread hysterical condition called "sobbing sickness" is traceable to the desperate suffering endured by countless people in Europe. This hysterical condition is said to be responsible for much of that wild gaiety and dissipation reported from Germany, altho in its commoner form the *Herald* authority describes its symptoms as follows:

Both men and women suddenly begin to sob and very often continue sobbing, even in their sleep. Some doctors seem to think this malady is due to unwholesome food, which causes stomach dilatation; others attribute it to nervousness alone. In some cases this nervousness has become so



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WHEN you buy a Moline-Universal Tractor the transaction does not end there. In addition you buy Moline Service—which is Service that satisfies. This means that with intelligent operation you will be able to keep your tractor working to full capacity during its entire life.

Moline Service means exactly what it says—and we have perfected an organization which enables us to furnish Moline Service that satisfies.

WE CAN DO THIS BECAUSE:—

1. Twenty-three Moline factory branches in all parts of the United States carry stocks of repairs and complete machines—in charge of an expert service department.
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3. Every Moline Tractor Dealer is required to carry Moline-Universal Tractor repairs in stock and have a competent service department to provide prompt and efficient service.
4. Tractor schools of short duration in charge of expert instructors are being held in co-operation with Moline Tractor Dealers, to instruct farmers in the care and operation of Moline-Universal Tractors. These schools will continue to be held as long as there is a demand for them.
5. With every Moline-Universal Tractor we furnish a very complete instruction book, giving full information on care and operation of the tractor.
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Therefore we are prepared to back Moline Service to the limit and you are sure of getting constant and satisfactory work from your Moline-Universal Tractor.

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The Moline Plow Company leads the tractor industry—first, in developing and perfecting the original two-wheel, one-man tractor which does *all farm work including cultivating*, and again in announcing a service plan which makes a "booster" of every Moline Tractor owner.

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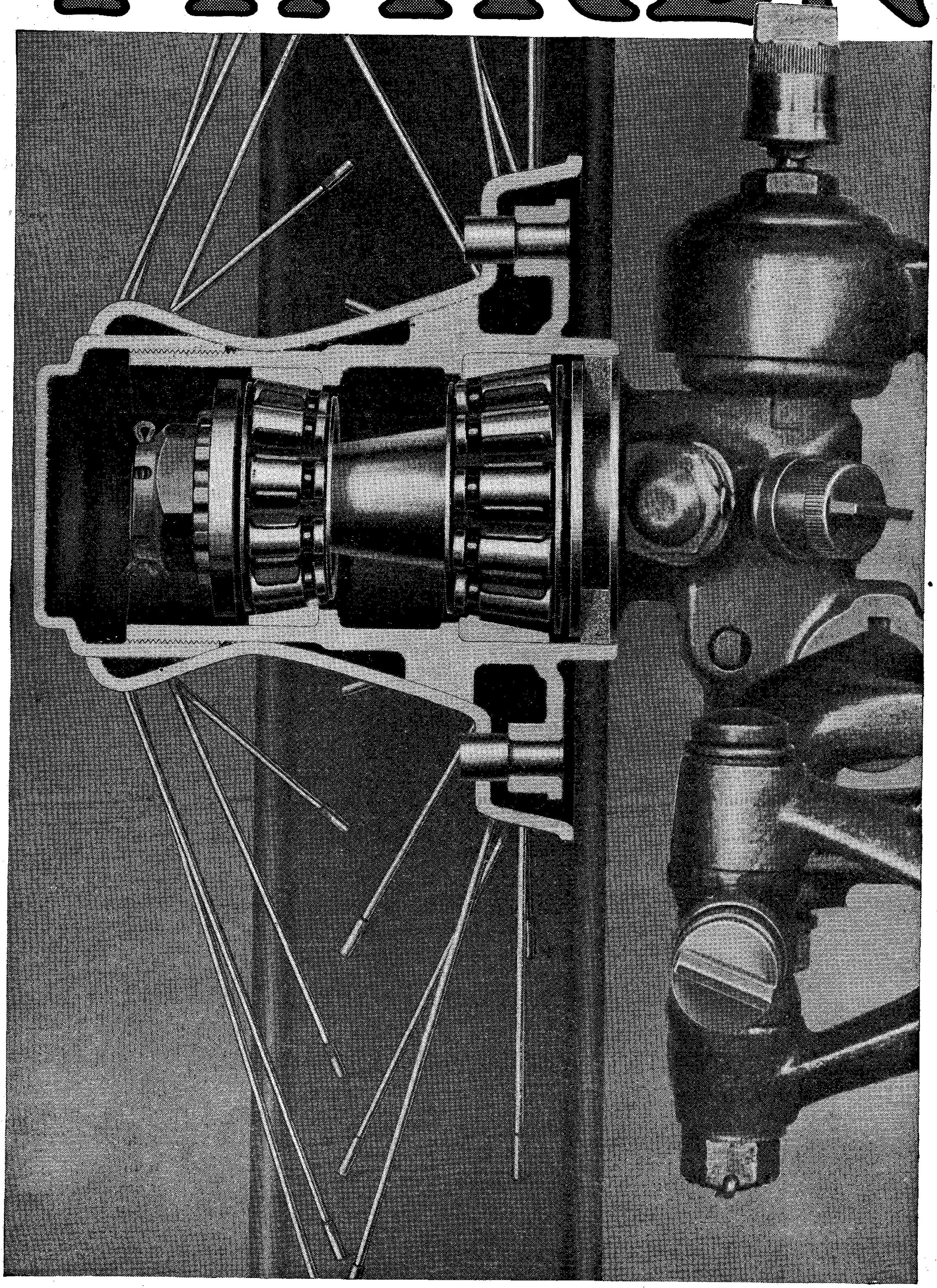

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The Fact

You'll find the best argument for the use of Timken Taper under the hub caps of nine out of ten of the different makes of cars you see parked by the curb down town. It's there, and it wouldn't be there unless it rendered the performance which experienced car owners demand and experienced builders and engineers provide for.

Write down the names of the ten best-built American motor cars and motor trucks—or the twenty best—or the fifty best—or the hundred best, if your knowledge will carry you that far.

Then check your list by the booklet "The Companies Timken Keeps," and you'll find ninety per cent of the names you've selected have Timken Tapered Roller Bearings under their hub caps.

Send for the book and make the test. We'll be glad to mail you a copy.

The Reasons

"Why have Timken Bearings established this leadership?" you ask.

First, because they are correctly designed for the work they have to do. Secondly, because in every other point of bearing quality they measure up to that superiority in design.

The Timken tapered design was the first practical answer to the first automobile engineer's question:

"How can a motor-car bearing resist the forces of speed, load pressures, shocks and vibration? How can it stand the severity of the punishment without wearing out?"

Exactly how Timken Taper answered that question is explained in another well-known Timken book "How Can I Tell?" Send for it—read it—and if anyone asks you the reason for Timken success, you'll be able to tell him.

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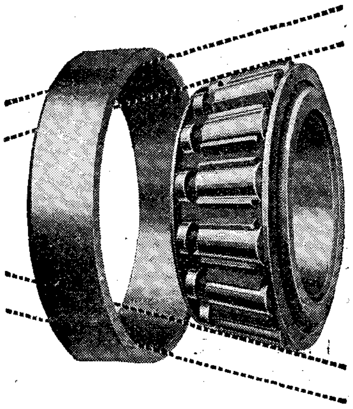
Canton, Ohio



Dotted lines show how the inside of the "cup" of a Timken Bearing is *tapered* to fit over the *tapered* rollers.

> acute that people have attacks in the night not unlike an epileptic fit. The sufferer begins by feeling a choking sensation, then cries out, and finally becomes unconscious, very often remaining so for twenty minutes or even half an hour, after which he falls into a deep sleep. Afterward he remembers nothing whatever about what has happened. The result of this sobbing sickness and of these attacks is, of course, still further to weaken a people already greatly enfeebled.
>
> A further effect is to make persons more irritable than usual. This symptom was noted many times in the third year of the war, and manifested itself by loss of temper for most trivial causes. Immorality and crime increased. Men and women stop work for little or no reason even when work is available, standing idle by hours, caring little for home, and unable to sleep at night. Children refuse to attend school.
>
> Now, one has no difficulty in seeing that while a combination of both mental strain and physical depletion must coexist to produce such profound changes in the mental equilibrium of people who in ordinary times react to their environment in a rational manner, still, without the physical depletion the effect could not have been produced. On the other hand, that so many people have been similarly afflicted clearly indicates that the sufferers have been the victims of suggestion of the same class that obtained in the great religious revivals of the early nineteenth century, when people, overcome by their emotion, would, as described by Peter Cartwright, perform all sorts of antics, the subjective mentality gaining the ascendency over the higher centers of judgment. From a physician's standpoint, this is nothing more or less than hysteria, of which both men and women may suffer, popular belief to the contrary.

Many parallel situations are furnished by history, says the writer, who describes one of the most notable of them:

> In the year 1374, an interesting and curious movement started in the reaches of the lower Rhine—and it started with a woman who in her way seemed to have much the same sort of influence as that exercised by the sainted Joan of Arc. To appreciate the movement, one must take notice of the setting. The Crusades had passed and the religious emotionalism which prompted them had died. Wars, big and little, were sweeping over Europe. At no time in the Middle Ages were the people so low in their social and economic life. Communication was difficult. Pestilence and disease, smallpox, and black death came and went only to come again, and were believed to be the visitations of an angry God.
>
> Politically, the people were under the most dire stress for oppression. Famine was everywhere. In the midst of this appeared the epidemic of "possession," in which people would suddenly begin to dance, jump, and sing with wild ravings. To stamp it as hysterical in nature, it is only necessary to say that such occurrences could be seen only when people were in crowds, and this also accounted for the rapidity of its spread, mental suggestion playing a major part. Many of those who frequently allowed their subjected minds to gain ascendency and reacted to psychic suggestions by wild jumping and contortions saw visions and prophesied. The end of the world was surely at hand, according to some, and at times these hysterical manias took a distinctly religious trend.
>
> While, as a usual thing, such psychic manifestations were genuine, often criminals made use of these methods to cover their evil deeds. This epidemic of "possession" rapidly spread up the Rhine. The people of Cologne, Mayence, Colbenz, and Strasbourg each successively fell victims to this strange delusion. Large numbers died, believing that they were possest of the devil and vainly trying to find means for excoriation. One favorite method of treatment was to send afflicted ones to the shrine of St. Vitus, a name which persists to this day as a popular name for chorea or St. Vitus's dance, characterized by twitchings of the face.
>
> To drive out the devils which possest so many, other methods were proposed. In southern Germany the Jews suffered terrific persecution, thousands being killed, inasmuch as many believed that these people were the cause of the general misfortune, and that by so doing an angry God might be propitiated. Another curious and interesting phase was the repeated rise of various bizarre religious sects, of which the Albigenses were typical. These people at one time were a menace to the civilization—such as it was—of Europe. They were the original Bolsheviki. They, among other things, believed that marriage was an institution to be condemned. It took all the moral force of the Catholic Church and various political forces to obliterate this strange sect.
>
> For two hundred years Europe saw constant outbreaks of epidemic "possession" or hysteria *en masse*, in which the belief was self-registered that the victim was possest of the devil, with Scriptural quotations to prove it! The people of France, northern Italy, and Germany were the worst sufferers. England almost escaped. It took all the influence of a developing scientific awakening of the eighteenth century finally to break its influence.
>
> Now, it can be said, that if this description of the "epidemic of possession" could have been read without introduction, it would not be possible to read far without thought of "sobbing sickness" and present conditions in Europe, with practically all of the background painted from the same scene. Nor does the parallelism stop at this point. Whatever other mistakes may have been made by the psychologist of the German General Staff, he made no mistake in knowing and improving the opportunity afforded by postwar misery and destitution to imitate and direct Bolshevik propaganda. Starvation, cold, and mental strain, accompanied by indifference as to the future or responsibility for dependents, is a very fertile field for epidemic pestilence and the overwhelming desire for change, whether for better or worse, as anything would be better. Any soap-box orator can now get an audience and a following. The Albigenses and the Bolsheviki were made from the same mold.
>
> That hysteria of which sobbing sickness is one manifestation will not be found to any extent in New York. We have not reached the dregs of misery necessary for its appearance such as have been reached in Europe, and the material side of our life is at present set at too high a standard. In that respect it will be like other postwar infections of a different type, such as typhus fever and smallpox, of which we expect no extended visitation. In these respects, therefore, America will escape part of those dreadful punishments which in the past inevitably have followed war, whether to the victor or the vanquished, and which now are visiting those who have been closer participants than ourselves.

THE MAN WHO SAW MILLIONS IN A NICKEL

"MANY a nickel makes a million" would be a free American translation of the Scotch statement that "many mickles make a muckle," and there died the other day in a small town near New York City a great American commercial genius and builder, Frank Winfield Woolworth, who translated the idea into cash. He was the originator of the five-and-ten-cent-store idea, and the man who built the tallest office-building, and by many architectural critics said to be the most beautiful structure in the world. At the age of twenty-one Woolworth was working without a salary in a country store "for the experience." Before middle age he was the foremost retail commercial figure in the international business world and the owner of the great chain of stores which bears his name. The life of this business genius, whose rise from poverty to great wealth has been called "The Romance of the Nickel," is thus sketched briefly by the New York *Sun*, beginning with the days before he got his start:

> Back in the late eighties a hardware merchant named Kirby, who owned a little "tinware store" at the southwest corner of Washington and East Market streets, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., died. He had a son, F. M. Kirby, to whom the father left his all, which consisted altogether of the humble shop, which was made up chiefly of the cheap tinware on the "stands" out near the curb.
>
> Eastward along East Market Street three-quarters of a block away another merchant named Kresge had quite as humble a "stationery-store," where one bought envelops, lead-pencils, blank-books, and the New York morning papers. And about the same time in southern New York State, but only a short distance as the crow flies—up the Lehigh Valley Railroad from Wilkes-Barre, was Merchant Frank Woolworth, who in his twenties, and even in his thirties, was no more nearer business success than Kresge, with his small stationery-store, or Kirby, who had inherited chiefly an incumbrance.
>
> Yet these three men, Woolworth, Kirby, and Kresge, almost simultaneously had a great commercial thought; and the greatest of the thinkers was Woolworth. One who knows their beginnings intimately hesitates an instant, perhaps, about placing any particular one of the three at the top; but on second thought one realizes, and the cold figures show, that Woolworth was the mightiest of the trio.
>
> Explain it as the puzzled reader will, the fact remains that of all the millions of humans on earth, each adult millioneth trying to originate a business idea that would bring fortune, three young men living comparatively close together—each lacking systematic mind-training, each almost penniless and with no business experience beyond what he had gained in a sleepy small-town "store"—hit upon a wonderful selling idea. And like all great things in business, or statesmanship, or the

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AMERICANS finish what they start. From the Fourth of July, 1776, to the sixth of April, 1917, we have not failed or faltered in any great undertaking.

Now we face the finish of what we undertook when we went to war with Germany. Victory came on the 11th of last November. But the finish does not come until we pay the cost of the preparation for that victory.

We will pay and finish the job. There is no doubt of that. Only, we must *finish it right.*

The cost of the Victory is to be paid by the sale of United States notes. These notes will be bought either by us, the people, or by the banks. If we let the banks buy them, we won't be finishing the job right. We will be shirking a responsibility. We will be doing great harm to the business of the country, hazarding our future prosperity.

This is a cold fact which we must face. It is a fact which, once appreciated by the thirty million Americans who subscribed to the Fourth Liberty Loan, will make this Victory Loan the greatest success yet.

So let us forget high taxes, high prices, as our boys in the Argonne forgot their suffering and remembered only their great purpose.

Let's finish the job right.

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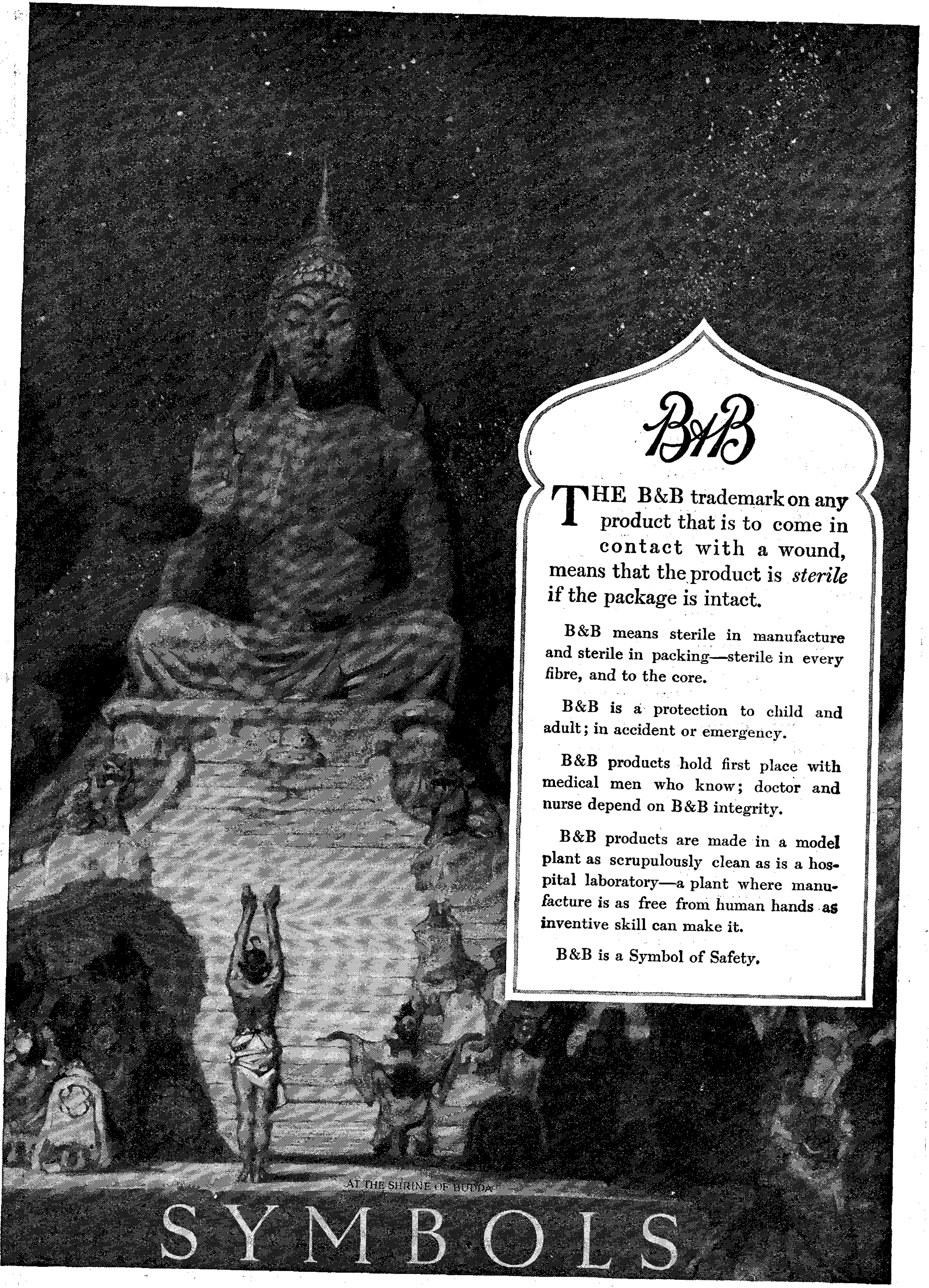
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B&B products hold first place with medical men who know; doctor and nurse depend on B&B integrity.

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arts, it was simplicity itself: it looked simple, that is, after some one else simply had thought of it.

"How is it," asked an old scrubwoman coming out of a down-town office-building in Manhattan after a night of work and looking up wonderingly at the shimmering, shifting beauties of the Woolworth Building gleaming like silvery lacework against the black midnight sky—"how is it any man can build a buildin' like that? Where does he get the money, Mary?"

"'Tis easy explained," answered the sister scrubwoman. "Your tin cints and my tin cints."

It was the idea of gathering in the "tin cints" and nickels in a new way that made Messrs. Woolworth and Kirby and Kresge wondrously rich before they had reached the shady side of life that slopes down from the forties. Young Kirby, for instance—he is now a vice-president of the Woolworth Company—watched the Welsh and Irish and Hungarian miners of Wilkes-Barre pass his tinshop on pay nights without stopping. Business was rotten. He thought the matter over for weeks (and he never had heard of Mr. Woolworth at this time), and then, one day, he went into his little office at the back of the tinshop and personally lettered a number of placards:

FIVE-AND-TEN-CENT STORE
Nothing In This Store Over Ten Cents

So read the placards which a few minutes later were jutting up from his sidewalk stock of cheap broilers, dish-drainers, and egg-beaters. The miners began to stop and enter the shop. Real cash entered the cash-drawer. Mr. Kirby sank his sudden wealth in new stock. The wives of employers—in time even the wives of the wealthy coal-operators from River and Franklin streets, Wilkes-Barre—began to visit "Kirby's," where nothing cost more than ten cents.

Stationer Kresge, across the street, whose business had been dull, began to take notice of the Kirby success. Mr. Kresge also announced that nothing in his store cost more than ten cents. And the roses began to bloom and the birds began to sing around the Kresge cash-drawer, and it was springtime again.

In justice to Mr. Woolworth it should be said that Mr. Woolworth knew no more about Mr. Kirby and his idea than Mr. Kirby knew about Mr. Woolworth. It merely happened that Mr. Woolworth had the same five-and-ten-cent idea a bit before Mr. Kirby, and therefore before Mr. Kresge, but all of them had the same idea so closely together that eventually they all got together.

The result of the thoughts of all three was that the red-fronted five-and-ten-cent Woolworth stores began to flare forth first in New York State, the Kirby five-and-ten-cent stores in the meantime blossoming in Pennsylvania. Mr. Woolworth first got the idea of a slogan, "Buy for cash." He began to startle upper and lower New York State by walking up to factory-owners and saying: "I'll give you . . . for the output of your factory for one year. How about it?"

As a rule, the factory-owner put his name on the dotted line. Mr. Woolworth immediately eliminated jobbers and middlemen and wholesalers. He took the entire factory product, paying cash for it, and sold it on a small margin of profit. A few miles to the south Kirby was doing the same thing. So was Kresge. They began to get in each other's way, so they held a conference, of which the record runs:

"I'll take the Southern States," said Mr. Kresge in effect. "I'll open stores in Memphis, New Orleans, Birmingham, and so on. I'll leave the North to you, Mr. Woolworth, and to Mr. Kirby."

Which was done. Mr. Woolworth and Mr. Kirby talked things over. The result was that they divided the Eastern States into sections and each picked out the various cities in which each would open stores. Mr. Woolworth, when it came to drawing cities, picked New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Kirby got lesser towns, and altho he immediately began to pile up more millions he was known to lament to fellow townsmen in Wilkes-Barre his first sorrows over the fact that he did not have the New York and Philadelphia pickings. Nevertheless he made so much money in a short time that soon he was a part of the Woolworth concern and had no regrets ever after.

The fact that Mr. Woolworth got favored spots on Broadway, Manhattan, and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, when it came to the dividing up of districts, indicates that he was a bit more than a follower of the Messrs. Kirby and Kresge. When three men unfold a map of the Eastern States to divide up the towns and one of them walks away with New York and Philadelphia—with the free consent of the other two—one gathers that the New York-Philadelphia man has a bit of strength.

Mr. Woolworth had all that. He had been a bit ahead of Mr. Kirby, and therefore immeasurably ahead of Mr. Kresge. But Mr. Kirby and Mr. Kresge, who are still very active in the business, and Mr. Woolworth, who was in his office on the twenty-fourth floor of the Woolworth Building as recently as last Thursday, always would be ready to batter up any one who dared say that one of them was the greatest of the three.

To Mr. Woolworth, however, must go the honor of thinking of the five-and-ten-cent-store idea earlier, by a short time, than even Mr. Kirby. Mr. Woolworth was born on a farm at Rodman, Jefferson County, this State, on April 13, 1852. When he was seven years old his parents moved to Greatbend, a few miles away. He lived and worked on the farm until he was twenty-one years old, but was dissatisfied with farm-work because from early boyhood he wanted to go into the dry-goods business.

He studied in the district school in winter and finally went through terms of a "business school" in Watertown. In March, 1873, he "began life" in the offices of a dry-goods firm at Watertown, working for nothing as an errand boy—but studying the business. Finally, after working for nothing for some time, he nerved himself to ask for a salary of $10 a week as a salesman.

Young Woolworth got the $10 a week job, but he was so poor a salesman that within a short time he found himself getting only $8 a week. He worried so much over his failure as a salesman that nervous prostration seized him. He had to go back to the family farm for almost a year.

But in 1877 he was back in Watertown again at a $10 a week salary. At the end of the year he had saved $50. Then it was that he influenced his father to go on his note so that he might buy stock for a store which he hoped to open in Utica. He had the same thought in

Planters
PENNANT BRAND
PEANUTS

JUST AS GOOD
AS THEY LOOK

These big golden peanuts, so temptingly good to look at, have a distinctive quality of crispness and flavor seldom found in peanuts. They are free from skins, properly salted, and roasted WHOLE by a special process that retains all the original flavor.

At meals and between meals, Pennant Peanuts are delicious and satisfying. Buy them fresh and clean in the glassine bag, price 5c; or in the air-tight home packages, prices: 10 oz. jar, 50c; 6-oz. jar, 35c; 1 lb. tin, 75c.

Planters
Nut and Chocolate Co.
WILKES-BARRE, PA. SUFFOLK, VA.

To dealers: If you are unable to obtain Planters Pennant Peanuts, write us at once giving name and address of your jobber, and we will advise you how to obtain them promptly.

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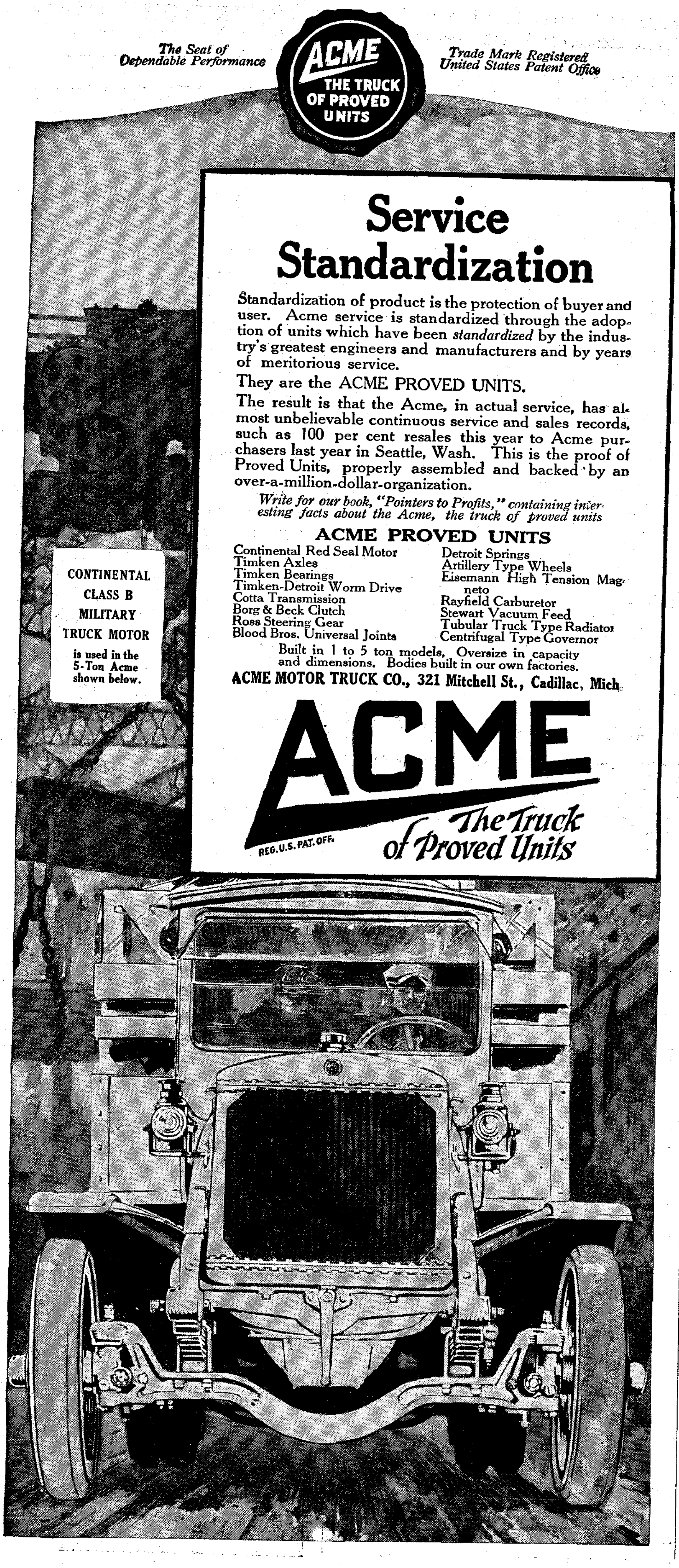
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Standardization of product is the protection of buyer and user. Acme service is standardized through the adoption of units which have been *standardized* by the industry's greatest engineers and manufacturers and by years of meritorious service.

They are the ACME PROVED UNITS.

The result is that the Acme, in actual service, has almost unbelievable continuous service and sales records, such as 100 per cent resales this year to Acme purchasers last year in Seattle, Wash. This is the proof of Proved Units, properly assembled and backed by an over-a-million-dollar-organization.

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Built in 1 to 5 ton models. Oversize in capacity and dimensions. Bodies built in our own factories.

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ACME *The Truck of Proved Units* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CONTINENTAL CLASS B MILITARY TRUCK MOTOR is used in the 5-Ton Acme shown below.

mind that young Kirby was dreaming of in South Wilkes-Barre, to open a five-and-ten-cent store. He opened the store—and the rest is a great part of the commercial history of America.

Aside from the fact that Mr. Woolworth's name will always be remembered because of his remarkable achievements in the field of business, it will ever be recalled also as that of the man who conceived the idea of constructing the tallest and most beautiful business structure in the world, the Woolworth Building, located on lower Broadway in New York City. Referring to this building on his trip to the United States as head of the British mission just before we entered the war, Mr. Balfour said: "What shall I say of a city that builds the most beautiful cathedral in the world and calls it an office-building?" It is not certain just when Mr. Woolworth first thought of such a building. Some of his friends say that it occurred to him at a banquet he attended years before the structure was started. *The Sun* thus tells the story:

The after-dinner talk drifted into a discussion of New York and its future, and the lack of good, light, and airy office space. Some one proposed a tall building to stand aloof from the heat and grime of the city streets, and Mr. Woolworth said he could foresee a large building, say, of thirty floors.

"But will it pay?" some one asked.

"I think so," said Mr. Woolworth. "Down-town the arteries of the city trade will flow and continue to flow as long as New York stands. The courts, the post-office, the new Municipal Building, Brooklyn Bridge with its great throngs entering Manhattan daily, and the new under-river lines—yes, I think there are enough tenants available for thirty floors.

"After that, there are always men who want to get up higher, above the crowd," some one put in.

"Yes, we could even make it forty floors," said Mr. Woolworth. "Forty solid floors and a tower."

His audience laughed with him. The feeling was one for good fellowship, a time for dreaming. Men puffed their cigars and watched the smoke curl lazily up to the ceiling, and suddenly:

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to have an office above the clouds?" murmured Mr. Woolworth.

"But it wouldn't pay, Frank," a friend interjected. "The history of sky-scrapers, you remember. A novelty and all that, but the tenants want to be down not too close, but near enough to the street.

"The added cost of erecting such a structure would not pay. It would pay all right, say, as high as thirty floors, then the engineering cost and so forth would mean dead loss for the other floors. The building would be a white elephant from the standpoint of an investment."

"Then, it could be a monument for me, above those thirty floors," smiled Mr. Woolworth.

Cass Gilbert, architect of the Woolworth Building, said last night that he had never heard the story of the first idea, but that there were many, and it would be difficult to trace the authenticity of any of them.

"I do know this," said Mr. Gilbert. "One day I received a telephone-call. It was Mr. Woolworth. He asked me if I would consider a proposition to build a big structure for him. I said that was my business. He asked me if I could drop in some day and talk things over; that he was considering the proposition.

"I happened to be going down-town that day. I visited his office. He outlined to me some idea of a sky-scraper. There ensued many such conferences, but it wasn't until several weeks had elapsed that Mr. Woolworth told me to go ahead and make the designs.

"The story of the Woolworth Building is like that of all sky-scrapers. There is an element of romance in their construction that appeals to all who work on them, from the architect to the humblest laborer in the basement.

"The Woolworth tower is a striking example. There are scores of stories concerning it. I believe that Mr. Woolworth had had an idea for the building for some time before he spoke to me about it."

And there it stands, its tower approximately 800 feet above the curb of Broadway. With its sixty main columns supporting a weight of 135,000 tons, 9,500,000 pounds to a column, the building rests on these reenforced concrete piles sunk to bed-rock, 115 feet below the surface of the street, 100 feet below the water-line.

The main part of the building is thirty stories high, just as the commercial instinct of Mr. Woolworth advised. From there the great tower, fifty-five stories from the street, fifty-eight from the lower basement, is what his ideal demanded.

Frank W. Woolworth's soul went into the building of the masterpiece and it therefore is what he desired it to be—his monument.

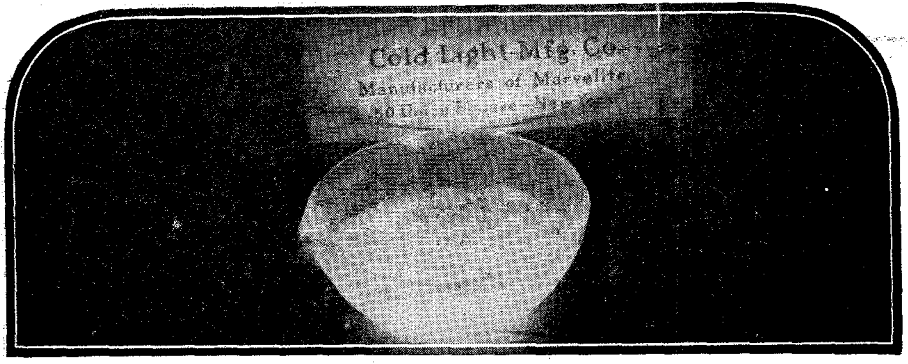
Many stories are told of Mr. Woolworth, reflecting various phases of a complex character, such as would naturally be expected in a genius. Being asked one day how it happened that he got the ambition to build such a structure as the Woolworth Building, he replied, according to a writer in *Commerce and Finance* (New York):

"I built that magnificent affair when I was a boy. My folk were poor and we lived in a very small house. Back of our house there were stone piles, and I started to build a house of my own. After I was making a lot of money as a merchant I wanted to build something bigger than any other merchant had. The Woolworth Building is the result."

The same writer furnishes further information as follows:

Mr. Woolworth had one great passion aside from business. That was music. In his home at Glen Cove he had one of the most remarkable organs in the world. It was fitted up with all sorts of mechanical appliances for reproducing storm effects—lightning, thunder, and such. He did not play particularly well, and appreciated this fact. When he got a talented organist to visit his home he was delighted. He was rather sensitive about his own limitations as a player, and when he had guests he could not be induced to go to the organ. But he would, if he was prest, play the piano, on which he was a fair sort of performer.

He also had an admiration for Napoleon that was little short of a passion. His office was furnished in exact duplication of one of Bonaparte's favorite rooms. He purchased Napoleonic relics wherever he could get them and he read and reread the life of the Little Corporal with more



In the bottom of that little silica dish is a tiny particle of Radium, one-fifth of a gram, valued at $120,000 a gram. The photograph was made in the dark by the light of the Radium itself.

RADIUM

Everybody knows about the costliness and scarcity of Radium. But do you know that

Radium Can Actually Be Used Commercially and Economically

doubling the usefulness of everything it touches (as it does with the luminous clock and watch), making possible things that could not have been done without it?

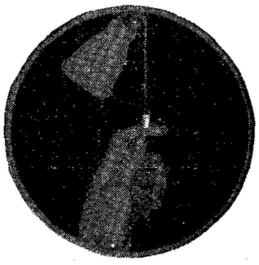
During the war, a light on the sea might have meant the torpedoing of a transport. A light in the sky would have given German gunners a chance at our airmen. But MARVELITE, our self-luminous Radium compound, enabled the navigator and the aviator to read their instruments in the dark, and to move about in comparative safety. The Government found such instruments an absolute necessity, and had 700,000 equipped with MARVELITE.

The sole light-producing element in MARVELITE is Radium, produced from our mines in Colorado, and refined at our Reduction Works in Denver. The luminosity of MARVELITE lasts for many years.

Self-luminous instruments are fast becoming standard equipment on automobiles, motor-boats, airplanes, etc. Ask your dealer to furnish them Marvelited. He can do so at a price surprisingly small, and you will not only be saved the annoying glare from your dash light, but protected if it gives out.

TO MANUFACTURERS

There are thousands of uses of MARVELITE not yet dreamt of. Think over the equipment in your factory and the articles you manufacture. There is some little spot where a touch of MARVELITE would be of immense value because it could be seen in the dark, and its slight cost will surprise you. We will gladly co-operate in working out any such problem. Write to us and let us suggest a solution.



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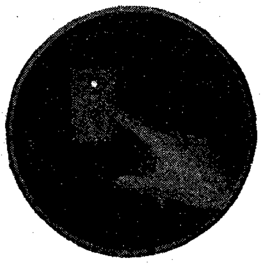
SPOTTERS
(Thumb-Tacks and Pendants)
"Their Radium glow shows where to go"
Approved by Committee of New York Architects



When you go up to your bedroom or bathroom, suppose instead of groping in the dark for the electric light switch or pull socket chain, you could be guided directly to it by the glow of a Marvelite Spotter. Would not the convenience be worth a lot more than 25 cents? They are easily attached, and the thumb-tacks can be stuck anywhere. If you cannot get them at the drug, electrical, or hardware store, write direct to us, enclosing 25 cents each for as many as you need.

Liberal discount to jobbers and dealers
MARVELITE SPOTTERS SELL THEMSELVES

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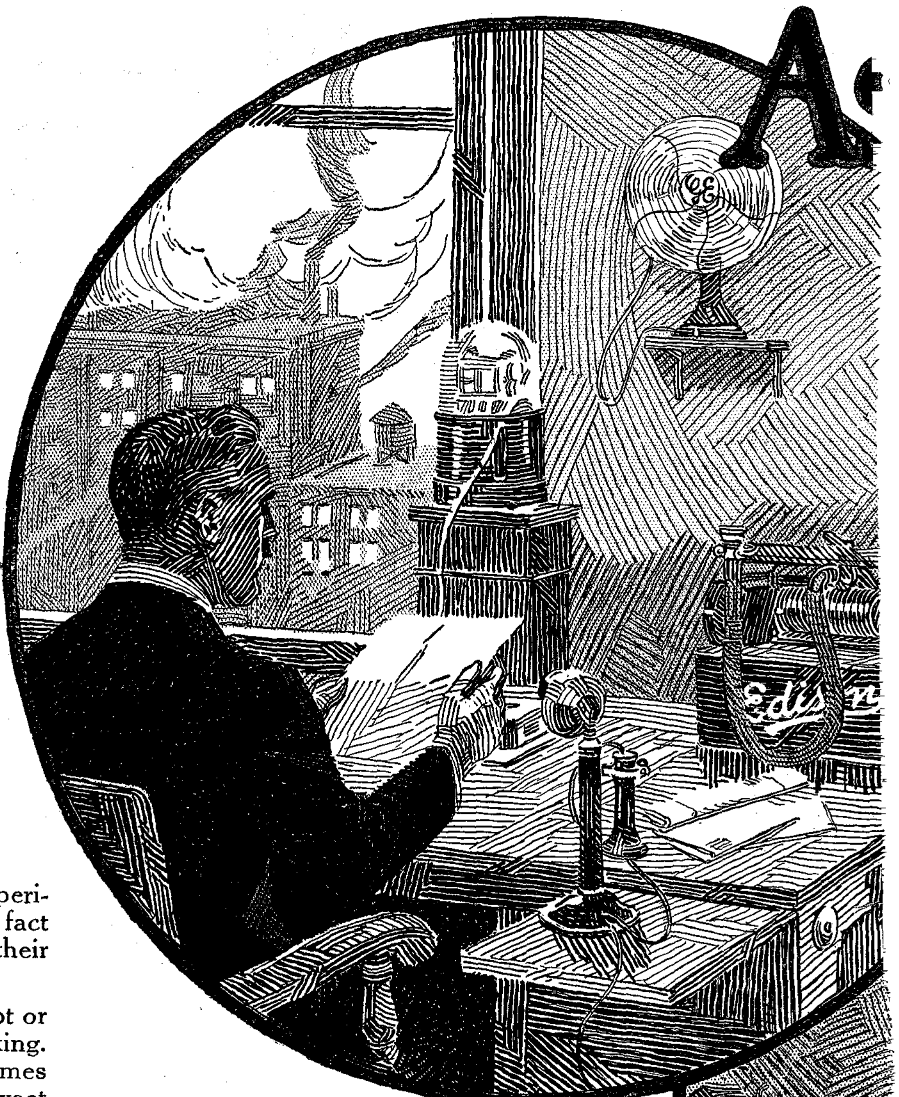
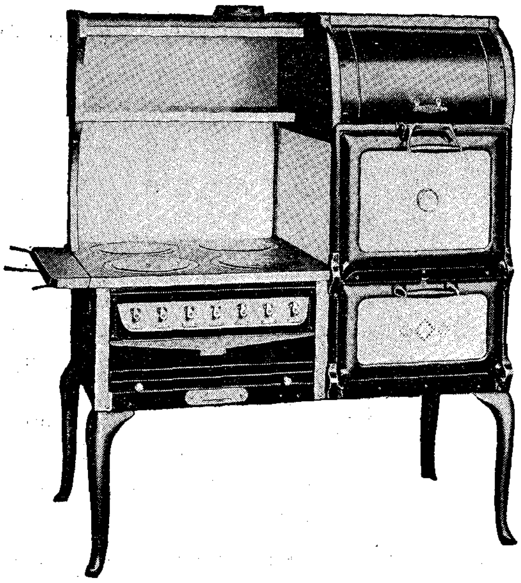




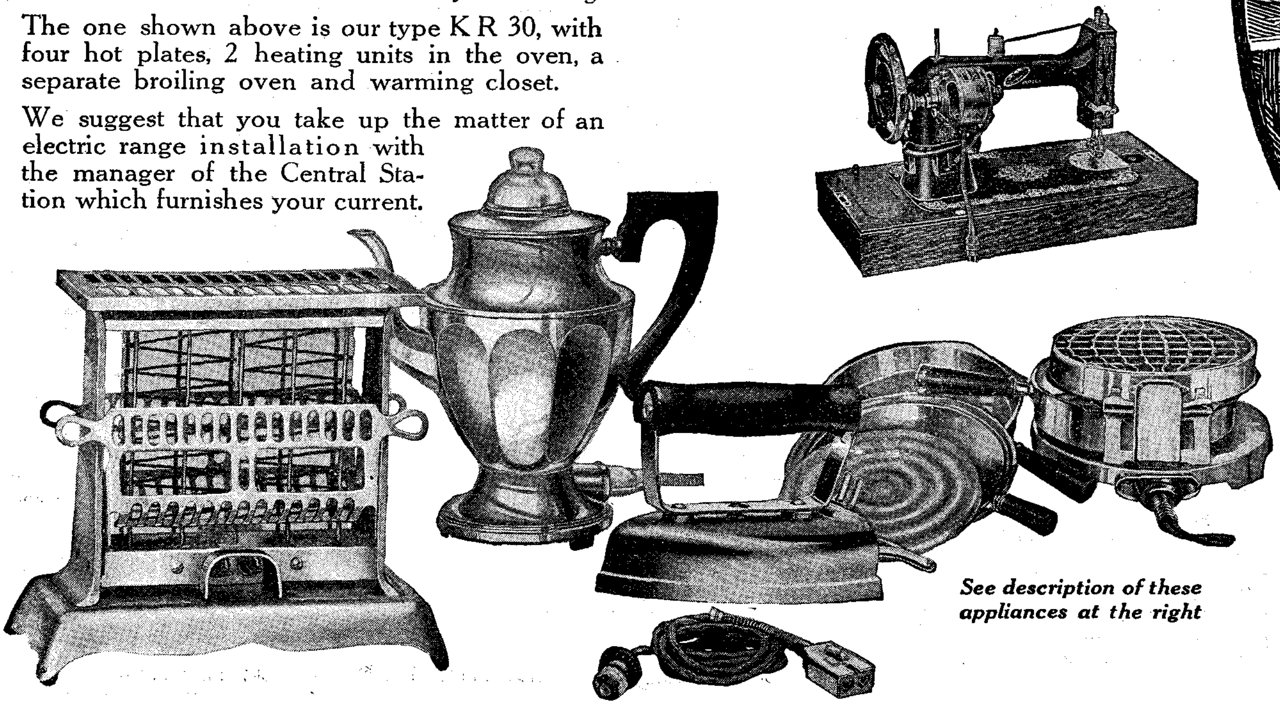
General-Electric Type Ranges

The Electric Range has well passed the experimental stage as is best evidenced by the fact that more than 31,000 homes now do all their cooking on electric ranges.

The entire absence of fuel, of smoke or soot or fumes makes it the sanitary way of cooking. The exact control of the temperature at all times saves a vast amount of time, produces exact results and makes it the scientific way of cooking.

The one shown above is our type K R 30, with four hot plates, 2 heating units in the oven, a separate broiling oven and warming closet.

We suggest that you take up the matter of an electric range installation with the manager of the Central Station which furnishes your current.



See description of these appliances at the right

EDIS

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Help Her Has Helped You

Larger volume, more economically handled—that is, briefly, why you use an electric appliance in every available way in your office.

Household appliances will save as much time in your home or more—they will save work and worry—they will dignify the common tasks.

But in addition to the dollar measure, your gain will be measured in the increased comfort and convenience of all those dear to you.

The sad days of the sad iron

General Electric Type

And this name, so much in evidence on your heavier equipment, fans, etc., is now attached to a complete line of household appliances.

Here are some of the greatest labor-savers—

RANGE This Electric Range will banish all of the dirt and dust and heat; it will save food values; in fact, it will introduce scientific cooking. See details below the illustration.

IRON General-Electric Type Iron does away with the heat; walking back and forth and annoying waits; in fact, ironing is done in less time and with a full measure of comfort; the current costs only four or five cents an hour. Price, $6.50.

GRILL Do summer-time cooking wherever there is a lamp socket, in maximum comfort. The three heat grill includes special cooking dishes which enable you to broil bacon in the lower dish while you are browning hashed potatoes in the other dish, or hundreds of other combinations. Complete $10.00.

PERCOLATORS The one illustrated is our 7-cup paneled pot with valveless percolating device and automatic switch which prevents burnouts. Price, $13.75.

TOASTER Our Ornamental Radiant Toaster toasts two slices at a time to an even brownness—soft toast or hard as you prefer—right on the table. Price, $7.00.

SEWING MACHINE Portable, because the legs, treadle, balance wheel, etc., are all eliminated. It is driven by an electric motor which operates from any lamp socket.

The one illustrated is our rotary shuttle and is the very highest example of sewing machine construction. Price, $55.00. West of the Rockies, $57.00.

Full size machine with vibrating shuttle which is the type of sewing machine that is more generally in use. Price, $45.00. West of the Rockies $47.00.

Suitable for all but the heaviest work, we offer a small size vibrating machine which is somewhat lighter but thoroughly well built. Price, $39.75. West of the Rockies $41.75.

Or perhaps your interest is in immersion heaters, heating pads, or in the numerous other percolators, toasters, grills, which the General-Electric dealer will show and demonstrate for you.

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CHICAGO
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FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

WHEREVER you go Florsheim shoes of superior quality are known and worn—convincing proof of the satisfaction they give. Rely on the quality mark "Florsheim" and you can be sure of value.

Ten Dollars and up

Consider the wear not the price per pair. Look for the quality mark "Florsheim".

The Florsheim Shoe Company
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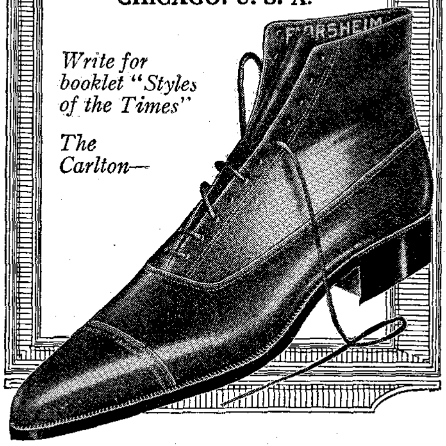
Write for booklet "Styles of the Times"

The Carlton—



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I Am Making a Low Factory Price on 10,000 Fireless Cookers

JUST now I am making a special price proposition on 10,000 Fireless Cookers to introduce them quickly into new homes.

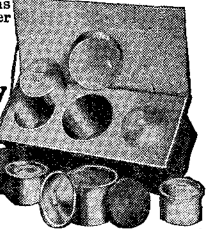
My Rapid Fireless Cooker actually reduces the cost of living. It saves you a big per cent of your fuel bill, saves you work and worry, and cooks all kinds of foods better. It makes them more digestible and more delicious. All the flavor of the food remains in the food after it is cooked.

WM. CAMPBELL
The Original Fireless Cooker Man

30 DAYS' TRIAL

In Your Home on My Personal Money Back Guaranty

I want you to use the Rapid Fireless Cooker this way for 30 days. Then I want you to take a vote of the entire family and yourself—and if you don't decide that the



Aluminum Lined Throughout. Full Equipment "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils.

Rapid Fireless Cooker

is a marvel—if the whole family don't say that they never had better meals, more wholesomely cooked, and if you don't say that you did it with far less work than you ever did before—then I want you to send it back—I will refund your money without argument.

Send for Big Free Book

It tells you all about my famous cooker. Shows you how, with the Rapid, you can cook or prepare every dish you serve on your table. Write today. A postal will do.

Wm. Campbell, Pres.
The Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 150, Detroit, Mich.

interest than any other volumes in his library. His friends said he liked to believe he had some of the characteristics of the great Corsican. He certainly had the gift for organization that was Napoleon's, but Woolworth was at all times a merchant, and only a merchant, while Napoleon had transcendent ability in many lines.

A story that is little known about Woolworth has to do with his first day as a merchant in Pennsylvania. He put every dollar he had in the world, and he didn't have many, into his stock, his fixtures, and his rent. His opening day was circus day. The streets were crowded, but nobody came into the store. The parade was a bigger attraction. But along in the late afternoon there was a sudden change. After the circus the people seemed to find particular attraction in the new store that had just opened. When he counted his cash that night he found his total sales exceeded his early forecast. Later in life he said that first day was the most trying of his life.

Many stories are told illustrative of Mr. Woolworth's business methods, the following being given as examples:

Once he went to Germany to visit a man from whom he had been buying penknives for years. Going into this man's office one day, he said: "Here's a knife that you make. It's a pretty good knife. It's higher-priced than the goods I handle. How much does it cost you to manufacture it?"

The German told him. "If I gave you a big order," and Mr. Woolworth named a considerable total, "at what price would you sell it to me?"

"Sixteen cents," said the knife man.

"If I give you an order sufficient to keep your factory busy night and day, twenty-four hours, for a year, what then?"

The German figured a long time. Then he said, "Eight cents."

"Done," said Woolworth.

There was no pretense to Woolworth; he was big, bluff, and hearty. He didn't pay his employees particularly large wages and he held them to strict accountability. He insisted upon courtesy. "The customer is always right," was one of his doctrines. "Never forget that. He or she is right whether she is or not."

Once or twice or thrice a year he would shoot a telegram to every one in his hundred or more stores in America and have the same thing done in his fifty or sixty or more stores in Canada, England, or elsewhere, and this is about the way the messages would read:

"Good morning. Did you say 'Good morning' to each customer this morning?"
"FRANK W. WOOLWORTH."

There was amazement when Woolworth opened a five-and-ten-cent store in Fifth Avenue, New York, opposite the library. Some of his friends asked him if he was not making a mistake; if he was not paying too high a rent; if he could get patronage sufficient in such a neighborhood, etc.

He smiled. "I've been studying that location for five years," he said. "It is one of the cheapest sites I ever have obtained. The business will be immense. The site will improve year by year. Fifth Avenue is changing. It is going to be more and more a thoroughfare of business. Its traffic density will increase steadily."

So far his prediction has been verified. The five-and-ten-cent store in the center of the Avenue of Fashion has been a small gold-mine.

It is said Woolworth was one of the first merchants of America to make a study of traffic density. Formerly it was the custom for a merchant to depend on his judgment as to the choice of location for his store. A good many years ago Woolworth began "measuring" the volume of the human tide and the character of its elements before he decided upon leasing or buying a store. He endeavored also to keep track accurately of the traffic changes in all cities of consequence. An excellent location meant success. A fair location meant a small profit. A poor location meant failure. He wanted no failures. In every branch of his business he tried to be as exact, as certain of good results, as humanly possible.

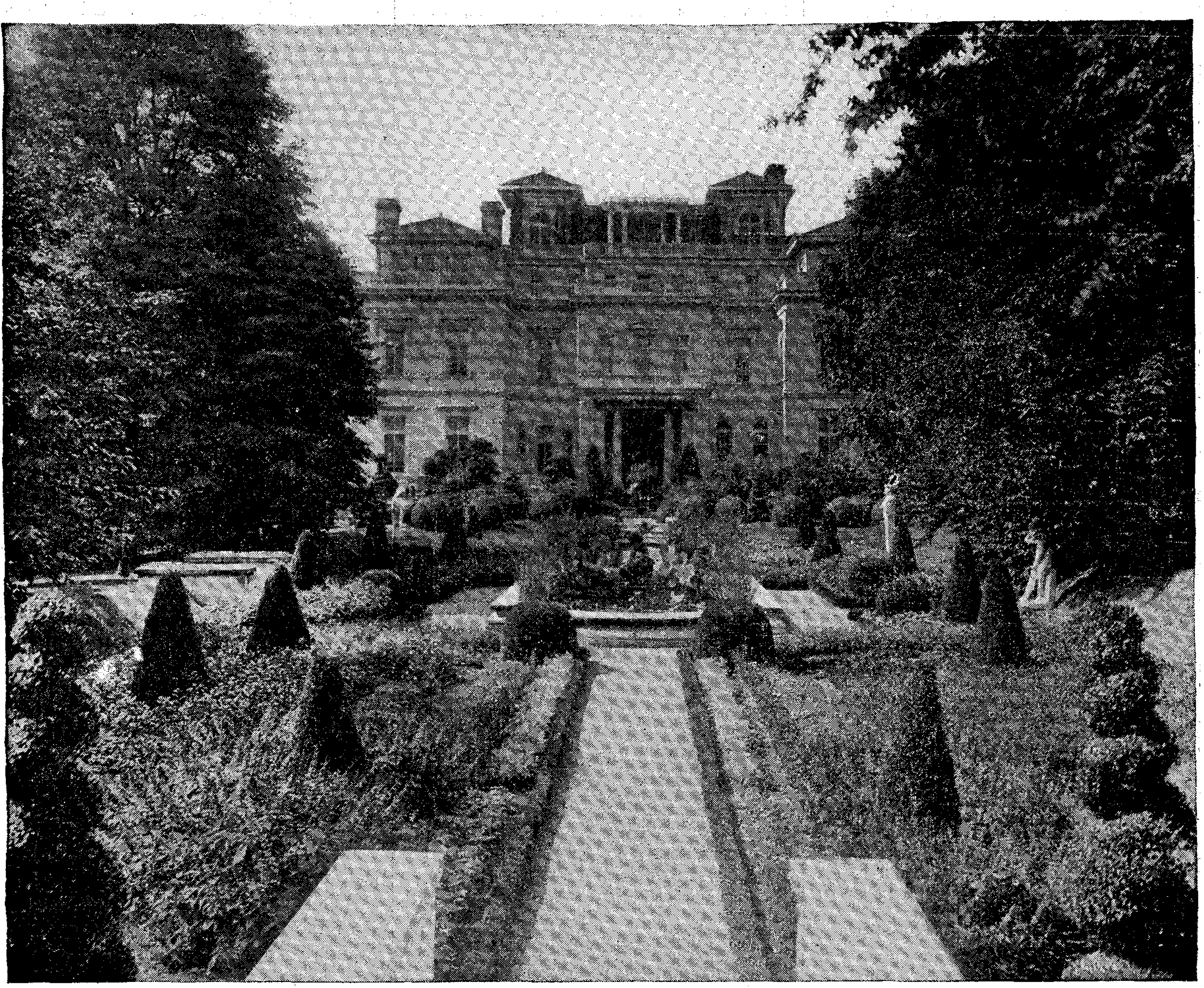
He and all great purchasers like him came in for bitter criticism at times. No doubt, by taking the entire output of factories for a year or more, they were able, by reason of having shunted off the manufacturers' former customers, to dictate to the manufacturer as to production costs, and, not infrequently, reduce him to subserviency in them. That was a vicious practise.

There was criticism, too, of the injustice to small-town merchants of such competition as that of the chain-store. Mr. Woolworth felt this criticism keenly. He had been a struggling storekeeper and knew the trials of the man of small capital, but he said there was no escape from economic law and the small merchant who could not stand against the force of competition had to succumb. If it was not Woolworth it would be some one else he would have to combat.

UNCLE SAM A VOLUMINOUS BUT LITTLE-READ PUBLISHER

COMMENTS on the output of the Government Printing Office at Washington have been heard before now. They have come mostly from unsuspecting victims who have tried to assimilate portions of its literary provender and thereafter have given appropriate vent to their sadness. It's a characteristic of all the literature produced by the Government that it doesn't look so bad—some looks even inviting. True, *The Congressional Record*, with its two wide columns of closely set type and formidably black line across the top, does look a little discouraging. But many of the things coming from the Government Printing Office are on fine, glossy paper and carry seductive pictures and suggestions of enticing literary masterpieces. And why shouldn't the things look good? The printing plant of the Government is equipped with the finest and most up-to-date machinery and appliances on earth. No expense is spared to make the appearance of the material turned out the best that money and skill can produce. But it's when you come to peruse these productions, so pleasing in appearance, that you run against a pronounced snag. A sample or two of typical government publications are furnished by a writer in *Commerce and Finance* (New York) who follows same with some interesting information relative to the Government's activities as a publisher. The account follows:

A gentleman who wears the gray uniform prescribed by the Post-office Department



The beautiful Long Island estate of Capt. J. R. De Lamar. The treatment of the trees was entrusted to the proved skill of Davey Tree Surgeons

Among prominent Davey clients are:

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- T. DE WITT CUYLER
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A FINE house is built in a setting of magnificent trees and gives promise of great and permanent beauty. Drives are built and perhaps half the roots of the adjacent trees are cut away. The trees die or become half dead—ugly objects of the landscape.

The lawn is graded. Heavy soil is dumped over the roots of the trees. No care or knowledge is used to protect these priceless features of the landscape. The trees die—nine times out of ten. He who says that it does not hurt to bury the roots of trees, does not know trees.

On the other hand, many an estate owner walks by some fine old trees on his place that are going to premature destruction from eternal decay. The leaves may still be green and the trunks a mere shell, ready to break apart or topple over in a wind storm. He is unconscious of impending loss, because he has had no occasion to learn how trees live—or how and why they die.

The very first thing—you owe this to yourself—you ought to do to protect the cash value of your trees, is to secure the advice and suggestions of a Davey Tree Surgeon. A careful examination of your trees will be made by appointment.

JOHN DAVEY
Father of Tree Surgery

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., INC., 605 ELM ST., KENT, OHIO

Branch Offices with telephone connections in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. Write nearest office

Permanent representatives located at Boston, Newport, Lenox, Hartford, Stamford, Albany, Poughkeepsie, White Plains, Jamaica, L. I., Newark, N. J., Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Louisville, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City. Canadian address: 252 Laugauchitere West, Montreal

DAVEY TREE SURGEONS

Every real Davey Tree Surgeon is in the employ of The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc., and the public is cautioned against those falsely representing themselves of the United States and who has what looks like a promising case of curvature of the spine from the burdens he bears on his rounds, left with us the other day a fascinating piece of literature. We do not know for sure to whom we are indebted for the courtesy, but we suspect David Franklin Houston, Secretary of Agriculture, or E. W. Nelson, chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey.

The volume is entitled "Food Habits of the Mallard Ducks of the United States." It is of forty-two pages, including cover, and is illustrated. Its author is W. L. McAtee, assistant biologist.

It informs us there are thirty-nine species of wild ducks in the United States, distributed among twenty-two genera. These are divided into three groups, the Mergansers, or fish ducks; the river, or puddle ducks, and the deep-water, or diving-ducks. The mallards are of the river-duck group.

To learn of the food habits of the mallards, the author tells us 1,725 gizzards were examined and 147 stomachs were scrutinized after the contents of 1,578 stomachs were analyzed.

The food of the duck, we are informed, as revealed by these 1,578 stomachs, is as follows:

Vegetable	%	*Animal*	%
Sedges..........	21.62	Insects..........	2.67
Grasses..........	13.39	Crustaceans.....	0.35
Smart weeds.....	9.83	Mollusks........	5.73
Pond weeds......	8.23	Fishes..........	0.47
Duck weeds......	6.01	Miscellaneous...	0.25
Coontails........	5.97		
Wild uler........	4.26		
Hackberries......	4.11		
Wapato.........	3.54		
Acorns..........	2.34		

The author devotes nineteen pages of his book to tables showing the many items of food discovered in the stomachs of the ducks and the exact number of stomachs in which each particular kind of food was found.

This is one of the most absorbing portions of this great piece of literature. For the easy reading of the public the foods are divided into the following subkingdoms:

Euthallophyta
Bryophyta
Pteridophyta
Spermatophyta
Coelenterata
Nemathelminthes
Molluscoida
Echinodermata
Annulata
Orthopoda

And these, naturally, are classified in their various orders and suborders, such as

Crustacea
Ostracoda
Copepoda
Cirripedia
Amphipoda
Orthoptera
Heteroptera
Phryganoidea
Rhynchophora
Araneida
Pelecypoda
Isopoda
Decapoda
Macrura
Brachyura
Myriapoda
Paleoptera
Homoptera
Lepidoptera
Diptera
Acarida
Chordata
Amphibiotica.
Zygoptera
Anisoptera
Agnathna
Dermaptera
Mallophaga
Megaloptera
Coleoptera
Hymenoptera
Gastropoda

Then, as might be expected, there is detail as to the toxedium distichum, sparganium androeldum, polamogaton lucens, zannichellia palustris, zostera marina, sagettaria graminea, panicum dichotomiflerum, homalocenchrus cryzoides, and our old friend the eriochloa punctata.

No book, pamphlet, brochure, or other volume has commanded more earnest attention from us than this great work. We have gone through it from cover to cover, not even overlooking the illustration, a beautiful water scene with two ducks in the foreground, one serene, and the other busy, apparently in search of a cootie, if mallards are bothered by such things.

After perusing "Food Habits of the Mallard Ducks of the United States," we were overjoyed to discover that any time we needed more information on kindred subjects of interest we might be supplied by the Department of Agriculture. Among the volumes advertised, some free, some at costs of five cents or more, were:

The English Sparrow as a Pest.
Some Common Game, Aquatic and Rapacious Birds in Relation to Man.
Food of Some Well-Known Birds of Forest, Farm, and Garden.
Canaries, Their Care and Management.
Food Habits of the Swallows.
The Crow and Its Relation to Man.
Food of the Robins and Bluebirds.
Food-Habits of the Thrushes.
Winter Crow Roosts.
Food Habits of the Grosbeaks.
Food of the Woodpecker.
Food of Our More Important Flycatchers.

Having apparently become so enthralled with the subject of government literature after reading about the mallard ducks that he felt he could not be happy without pursuing the subject to its lair, the writer conducted certain research work relative thereto, the results of which he states briefly, giving credit in that connection to a writer in *The Bookman*, from whom he quotes as follows:

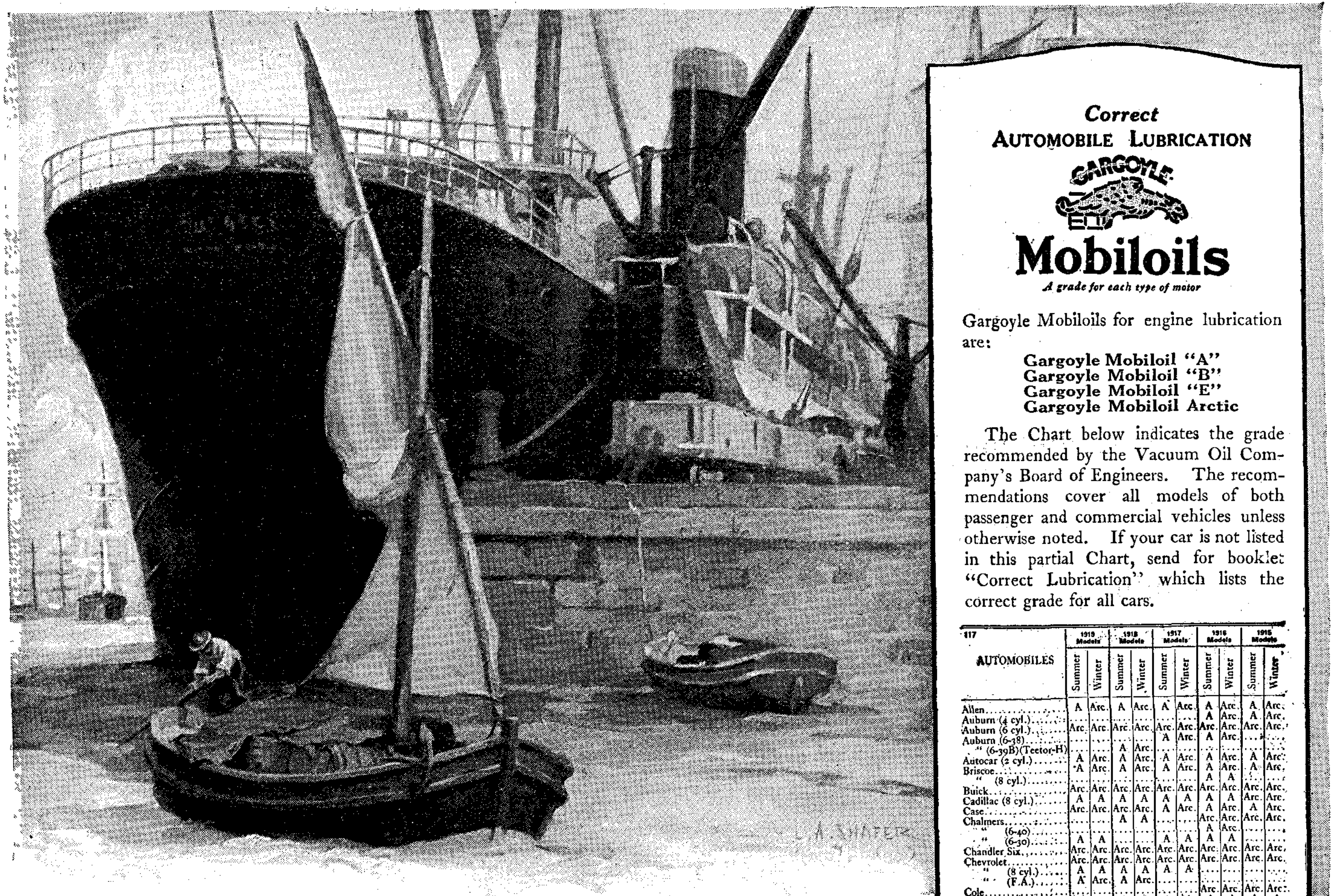
> To thoroughly appreciate the extent to which Uncle Sam occupies the publication field, one must think in terms of millions—not merely millions of dollars, but millions of books and pamphlets. Throughout the twenty-four hours of the day and night more than five thousand employees manipulate the hundreds of type-setting machines, run presses which print tons upon tons of white paper, and bind mountainous piles of books. There is more type set in a year in the Government Printing-Office—more than two billion "ems"—than is required for the entire output of Scribner's, Harper's, Doran's, Putnam's Appleton's, and Macmillan's, or any other half-dozen book-publishing houses combined. Over $2,000,000 are spent for paper alone. Thousands of rolls and packets of gold-leaf, nearly all of 22-carat quality, and some costing as high as $7.60 a roll, are used for lettering. The annual pay-roll of the office is over $4,500,000.
>
> The publications condemned during 1916 numbered 2,592,278; during 1917, 578,548; pounds of paper sold as waste in 1917, 9,500,000; publications undistributed June 30, 1917, 14,423,213. The average daily quantity of franked governmental mail received each day by the Washington City Post-office is 150 tons, equal to 9,600,000 half-ounce letters, on which postage would amount to $86,000,000 a year.
>
> It is almost a strain upon the imagination to realize the existence of a plant which can turn out nearly three million books a year, but, after all, even the gigantic totals just quoted do not adequately picture the extent of Federal printing.
>
> Wonderful is the government print-shop, with its 14,423,213 undistributed publications, its 5,000 printers, binders, and general workers, its 9,500,000 pounds of waste paper a year.
>
> But is the total of waste-paper merely that so designated because it is thrown in the waste pile in the shop?
>
> There are not a few persons who think the bulk of the stuff that comes from this giant print-shop is waste—waste of paper, waste of ink, waste of labor, waste of postal carriage, waste of effort and of time.
>
> But surely "Food Habits of the Mallard Ducks," and "Canaries, Their Care and Management," and "Popcorn in the Home," and such absorbingly interesting books or booklets would not be classed as waste. Far from it.
>
> Those three immortal works are worth all of the $12,000,000 or more a year it costs to run the Government Printing Office and the $86,000,000 additional that should be charged for postage but is not.

If you do not believe it, read them.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN SAYS LAUGHS ARE PRODUCED BY RULES

Making people laugh is no laughing matter. It's a rather serious business with rules governing it just as there are rules for doing almost anything else in this world—unless it's falling in love, which, according to the authorities, can always be most thrillingly accomplished when no regard is had for either rules or reason. But coming back to the laugh-makers, time and again persons who have devoted themselves more or less successfully to the business of furnishing fun for their fellow humans have come out and told how it is done or how it should be done. Thus, Eli Perkins held that anything to be funny must have somewhere about its make-up something unnatural or deformed, unrelieved, of course, by any other element which might neutralize the amusement created by the deformity. As an illustration, he said that one thing which contributed largely to the humor in the writings of Artemus Ward was his deformed spelling. The mirth-provoking deformity, according to Perkins, need not necessarily be confined to an object, animate or otherwise, but may be found in attending circumstances or conditions. Thus, an automobile tire is not particularly funny, even tho somewhat deformed, especially if one has to pay for it. But a tire which gets detached from an automobile in motion, and meanders wobblingly on of its own accord for several rods along the road after the car has come to a dead halt is a funny sight to the beholder, altho possibly not to the driver. Here the deformity lies in the tire's performing a feat not usually indulged in by a normal tire. Much along the same line of reasoning is the explanation of Charlie Chaplin as to how he makes people laugh, given in *The Strand Magazine*. "The one point of human nature that I play upon more than anything else is that it strikes people as funny when they see some one else placed in an undignified and embarrassing situation," he says. There is the deformity again in the "undignified and embarrassing situation." He continues:

> It isn't the mere fact of a hat blowing off that is funny. It is the ludicrous sight presented by a man chasing up the street with his hat blowing and his coat-tails flying that makes people laugh. When a man walks quietly along a street he is not funny. Placed in an embarrassing and ridiculous situation, however, the human being provokes other humans to laughter.
>
> All comedy of situation is based upon this fact. Comedy moving pictures were an instant success because most of them showed policemen falling down coal-holes, slipping into buckets of whitewash, falling off patrol-wagons, and getting into all sorts of trouble. Here were men representing



“Can you guess who I am ?”

How World-encircling Steamship Companies make sure of Scientific Lubrication ~ ~ ~

“CAN you guess who I am?” The visitor was the first man to come over the side of a tramp steamer which recently stopped at Buenos Aires.

The engineer replied, “I haven't met you before. But if I were to make a guess from my experience in the world's principal ports I should say you are a Vacuum Oil Company representative.”

He was right.

Steamship companies lay great stress upon securing correct lubricants of guaranteed uniformity at all ports of call.

To meet this world need, the Vacuum Oil Company maintains stocks of Gargoyle Lubricants at every port of importance on the globe. The steamship owner knows that Gargoyle Lubricants he secures at Delagoa Bay, Bilbao, Hong-Kong or Dundee will be identical with those he started out with from his home port.

Gargoyle Lubricants for marine use include all lubricants for gas and steam engines, Diesel engines, dynamos, turbines, propeller shafts, bearings and other lubricating needs. To these are added such specialties as Gargoyle Storm Oil to quiet stormy waves and Gargoyle Vaclite, a solid fuel which gives a smokeless and odorless white flame in the ship's bunker lamps.

The world-wide supremacy of these Gargoyle Lubricants and specialties is absolute. And—The work must go on.

GARGOYLE

Lubricants

A grade for each type of service

Correct
AUTOMOBILE LUBRICATION

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil “A”
Gargoyle Mobiloil “B”
Gargoyle Mobiloil “E”
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

The Chart below indicates the grade recommended by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted. If your car is not listed in this partial Chart, send for booklet “Correct Lubrication” which lists the correct grade for all cars.

117 AUTOMOBILES	1919 Models		1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Auburn (4 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Auburn (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Auburn (6-38)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
“ (6-39B)(Teetor-H)	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Briscoe	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ (8 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Case	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	....	....	A	A	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (6-40)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....
“ (6-30)	A	A	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
“ (F.A.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Cole	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
“ (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Dart	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (Model C)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ (2 and 3½ ton)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E
Dort	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Federal	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (Mod. S-X)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Federal (special)	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Fiat	....	....	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
“ “ (Model 12)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Hudson	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ Super Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
“ (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
“ Commercial	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ “ (Model 48)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
“ “ (12 cyl.)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Lexington	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lippard Stewart	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ “ (Mod. M)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
“ “ (Mod. MW)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
McFarlan	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
Madison	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ (8 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
“ (22-70)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ (8 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....
Moline-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Monroe	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E	A	Arc.
“ (Mod. M4)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
“ (Mod. S)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Moon	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
“ (Mod. 671)	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
“ (Quad)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
National	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Oakland	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (8 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....
Oldsmobile (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
“ (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
“ (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
“ Commercial	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (4 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
“ (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (6-36)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ (6-38-39)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
“ (6-40)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Paige (Com'l)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Paterson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
“ “ Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Regal	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (8 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Renault (French)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Riker	A	E	A	E	E	E	....	....	....	....
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (¾ ton)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Simplex Crane	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
“ (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (2 & 3½ ton)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
“ (¾ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
“ (Sixteen Valve)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
White (3 ton)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Willys Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world* **NEW YORK, U.S.A.**

Advertisers, heed the lesson of the war!

Concentration

1-Concentration of power won victory

2-Concentration of thought on mail advertising wins with a selected list

3-Concentration on Strathmore Quality Papers makes the selective list successful

Strathmore Papers

STRATHMORE QUALITY

The Strathmore Paper Co., of Mittineague, Mass., will be glad to send a helpful booklet, "Selective Mailings," upon your request

the dignity of the law, often very pompous themselves, being made ridiculous and undignified. The sight of their misfortunes at once struck the public funny-bone twice as hard as if private citizens were going through the experience.

Even funnier than the man who has been made ridiculous, however, is the man who, having had something funny happen to him, refuses to admit that anything out of the way has happened and attempts to maintain his dignity. Perhaps the best example is the intoxicated man who, tho his tongue and walk give him away, attempts in a dignified manner to convince you that he is quite sober.

He is much funnier than the man who wildly hilarious, is frankly drunk and doesn't care a whoop who knows it. Intoxicated characters on the stage are almost always "slightly tipsy," with an attempt at dignity; because theatrical manager have learned that this attempt at dignit is funny.

For that reason all my pictures are built around the idea of getting me into trouble and so giving me the chance to be desperately serious in my attempt to appear as normal little gentleman. That is why, no matter how desperate the predicament is I am always very much in earnest about clutching my cane, straightening my derby hat, and fixing my tie, even tho I have just landed on my head.

In addition to these situations which depend for their laugh-producing qualities mainly upon some phase of the element of deformity, the man with the funny walk and the baggy trousers mentions others which he says are based on contrast and surprize, as follows:

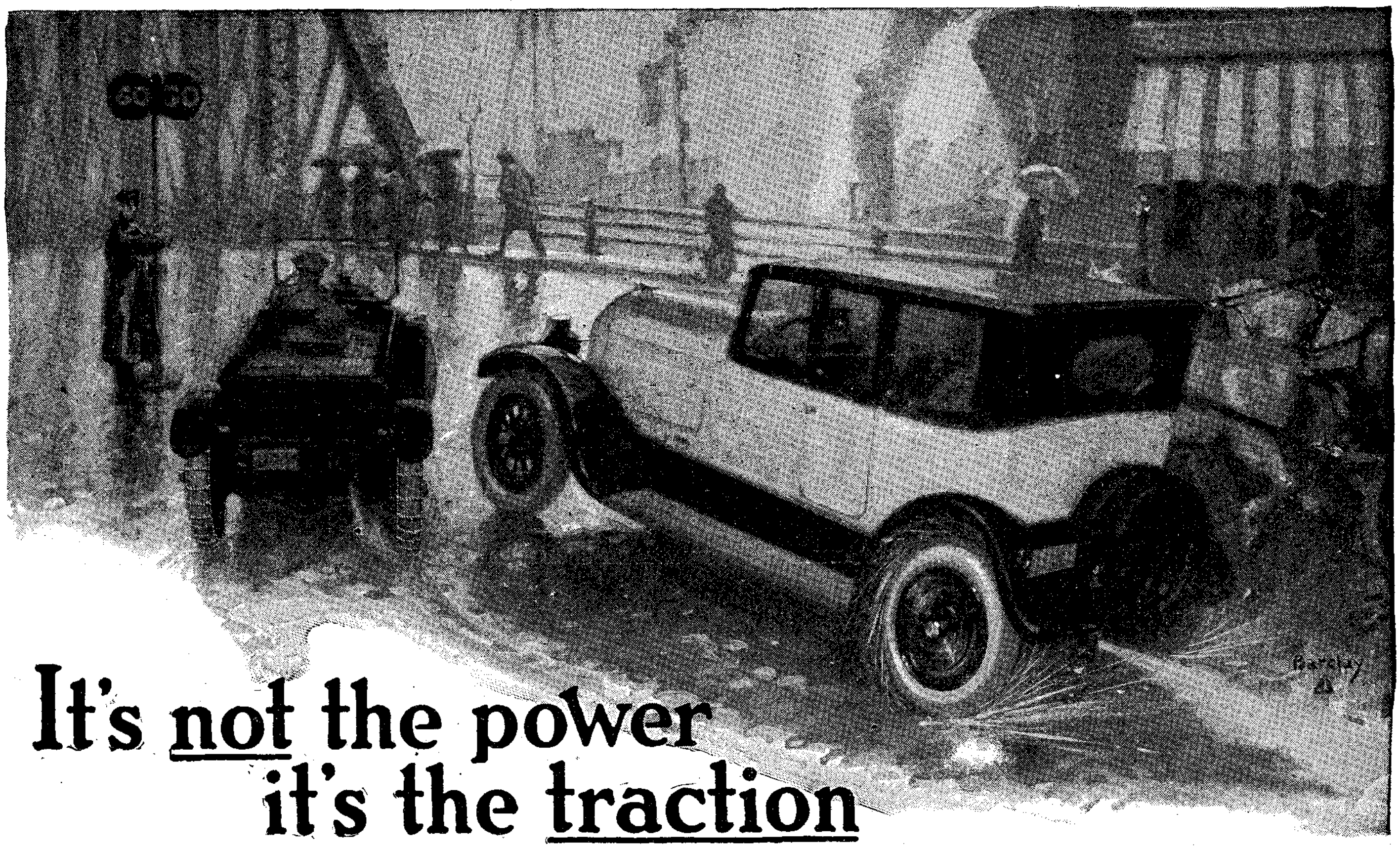
Another point about the human being that I use a great deal is the liking of the average person for contrast and surprize in his entertainment. It is a matter of simple knowledge, of course, that the human likes to see the struggle between the good and the bad, the rich and the poor, the successful and the unsuccessful. He likes to cry and he likes to laugh, all within the space of a very few moments. To the average person contrast spells interest, and because it does I am constantly making use of it in my pictures.

If I am being chased by a policeman I always make the policeman seem heavy and clumsy, while, by crawling through his legs, I appear light and acrobatic. If I am being treated harshly it is always a big man who is doing it; so that, by the contrast between big and little, I get the sympathy of the audience, and always I try to contrast my seriousness of manner with the ridiculousness of the incident.

It is my luck, of course, that I am short, and so am able to make these contrasts without much difficulty. Every one knows that the little fellow in trouble always gets the sympathy of the mob. Knowing that it is part of human nature to sympathize with the "under dog," I always accentuate my helplessness by drawing my shoulders in, drooping my lip pathetically and looking frightened. It is all part of the art of pantomime, of course. But if I were three inches taller it would be much mor difficult to get the sympathy of the audience. I should then look big enough to take care of myself. As it is, the audience even while laughing at me, is inclined to sympathize with me. As some one once said, it feels like "mothering me."

On almost a par with contrast I would put surprize.

Figuring out what the audience expects



It's not the power it's the traction

The above illustration was suggested by a well known business man who was standing on the curb at the foot of a sharp incline leading to a bridge spanning a river.

The scene made such an impression upon him that he described it to us in detail and urged us to picture it in an ad so that all motorists might learn the lesson he got from it—***"to always put on Weed Tire Chains*** when the roads are wet and slippery"

Here's the Story—

"The bridge had just swung closed and the policeman had given the 'Go' signal. All the motor cars, motor trucks and wagons, a long line of them, started ahead, but right in front of me stood a big car—a beauty—which seemed to me to have as much power as a locomotive, but she didn't move a foot. *Stood like she was anchored,* and I judged the 'clutch was slipping' until I realized that all this time the rear wheels were 'spinning' on the cobble stones like a windmill.

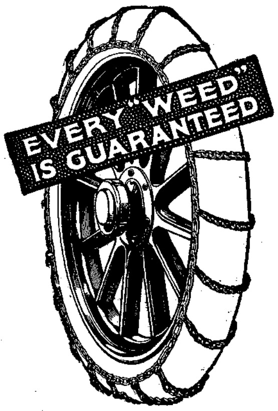
"It surprised me to see a small-power delivery truck with a heavy load turn out and go by the big car and up the grade without any trouble. Then I noticed that the cars that were moving were equipped with Weed Chains while *the big car had nothing but slippery, bare tires.*

"Here was the driver of the big car, with all its tremendous power, standing still, wasting time and *wearing out his tires* spinning on a rough, uneven road. And when I thought of what those big 36 x 5 tires cost and how they were being ruined, *it taught me a lesson* I will never forget.

"In the past few years I have read over and over again how Weed Chains gave positive traction and *prevented slipping and skidding,* but I never saw it so vividly portrayed.

"If every motorist could see it in the same way, *not a single one would attempt to drive* on slippery streets or pavements without Weed Tire Chains."

We are glad to put our friend's story into print and hope the lesson will "strike home" to a lot of drivers who have been either careless or indifferent about using Weed Chains—one of the most important factors in sane motoring



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Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

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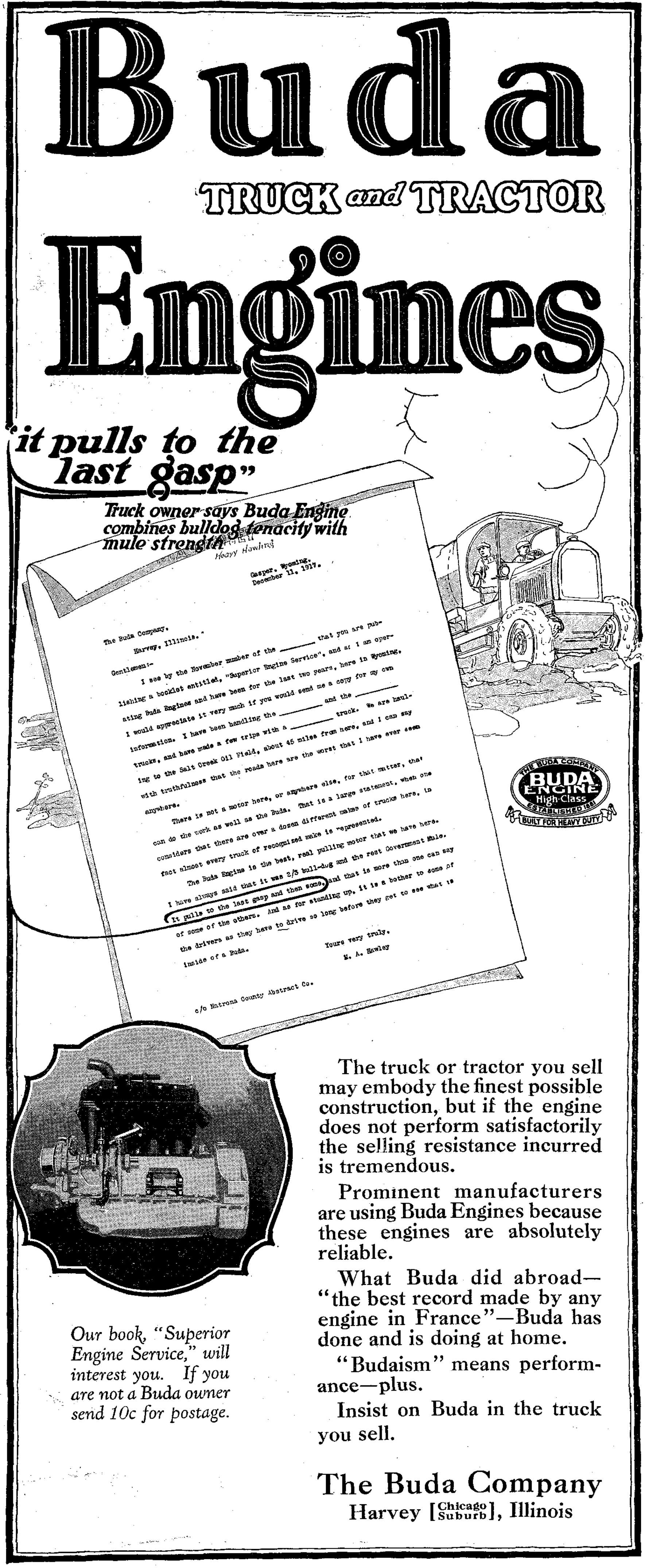

Buda
TRUCK *and* TRACTOR
Engines

"it pulls to the last gasp"

Truck owner says Buda Engine combines bulldog tenacity with mule strength

Heavy Hauling

Gasper, Wyoming.
December 11, 1917.

The Buda Company,
Harvey, Illinois.

Gentlemen:-

I see by the November number of the ________ that you are publishing a booklet entitled, "Superior Engine Service", and as I am operating Buda Engines and have been for the last two years, here in Wyoming, I would appreciate it very much if you would send me a copy for my own information. I have been handling the ________ and the ________ trucks, and have made a few trips with a ________ truck. We are hauling to the Salt Creek Oil Field, about 45 miles from here, and I can say with truthfulness that the roads here are the worst that I have ever seen anywhere.

There is not a motor here, or anywhere else, for that matter, that can do the work as well as the Buda. That is a large statement, when one considers that there are over a dozen different makes of trucks here, in fact almost every truck of recognized make is represented.

The Buda Engine is the best, real pulling motor that we have here. I have always said that it was 2/3 bull-dog and the rest Government Mule. It pulls to the last gasp and then some, and that is more than one can say of some of the others. And as for standing up, it is a bother to some of the drivers as they have to drive so long before they get to see what is inside of a Buda.

Yours very truly,
N. A. Hawley

c/o Natrona County Abstract Co.

THE BUDA COMPANY
BUDA ENGINE
High-Class
ESTABLISHED 1881
BUILT FOR HEAVY DUTY

Our book, "Superior Engine Service," will interest you. If you are not a Buda owner send 10c for postage.

The truck or tractor you sell may embody the finest possible construction, but if the engine does not perform satisfactorily the selling resistance incurred is tremendous.

Prominent manufacturers are using Buda Engines because these engines are absolutely reliable.

What Buda did abroad—"the best record made by any engine in France"—Buda has done and is doing at home.

"Budaism" means performance—plus.

Insist on Buda in the truck you sell.

The Buda Company
Harvey [Chicago Suburb], Illinois

and then doing something different is great fun to me. In one of my pictures, "The Immigrant," the opening scene showed me leaning far over the side of a ship. Only my back could be seen, and from the convulsive shudders of my shoulders it looked as tho I was seasick. If I had been it would have been a terrible mistake to show it in the picture. What I was doing was deliberately misleading the audience. Because, when I straightened up, I pulled a fish on the end of a line into view, and the audience saw that instead of being seasick I had been leaning over the side to catch the fish. It came as a total surprize, and got a roar of laughter.

NEWSPAPER MAN ADMITS BEING SCARED ON FIRST AIR TRIP

EVERYBODY is scared the first time he flies, confess veteran airmen. But the confession isn't made right after the first flight. Upon safely reaching the ground it appears that the only proper thing for the amateur flier is to aver stoutly in response to inquiries from solicitous friends that nothing during his aerial voyage was further from his mind than fear. But after he has become a seasoned aviator and his fear that he will be thought fearful has subsided he will be quite frank and admit that his first trip aloft "had him scared stiff." A representative of the New York *Sun* recently "was flown," as he puts it, thereby perpetrating an expression which sharks in English would do well to look into, from a Mineola flying-field, near New York City, to Ithaca, a distance of two hundred miles. It was his first flying trip, but being, as he says in his account in *The Sun*, on the inside as to how an old airman will admit to being scared, this amateur comes out frankly and tells of various fears that beset him during his initial trip through the air. Among other things he says that the body feels the shock of leaving *terra firma* more than does the mind, which has already pictured out the whole thing beforehand. The chief fear of the mind is that something will break and permit the aviators to fall on the bosom of a hard, unfeeling earth with a sickening thud. And the combined feeling of body and mind, he explains, "resembles an intensification of the emotions of a small boy who is enjoying himself playing hookey, but knows he doesn't belong where he is." Two small planes built for civilian use were to make the flight, each carrying a pilot and a passenger. Some time was spent in getting ready for the trip. The preliminaries are described as follows:

> Long before the start pilots, ground officers, and mechanics, of Hazelhurst Field, Mineola, where military men are so *blasé* they do not tilt their chins a fraction of an inch to watch a loop, tail-spin, or roll, gathered about the two little planes, and, hearing that a couple of tyro newspaper men were going up, became very solemn and polite. They inspected the planes with an air of mournful interest unequaled by the most ambitious undertaker's assistant, they shook their heads

CHANDLER SIX $1795

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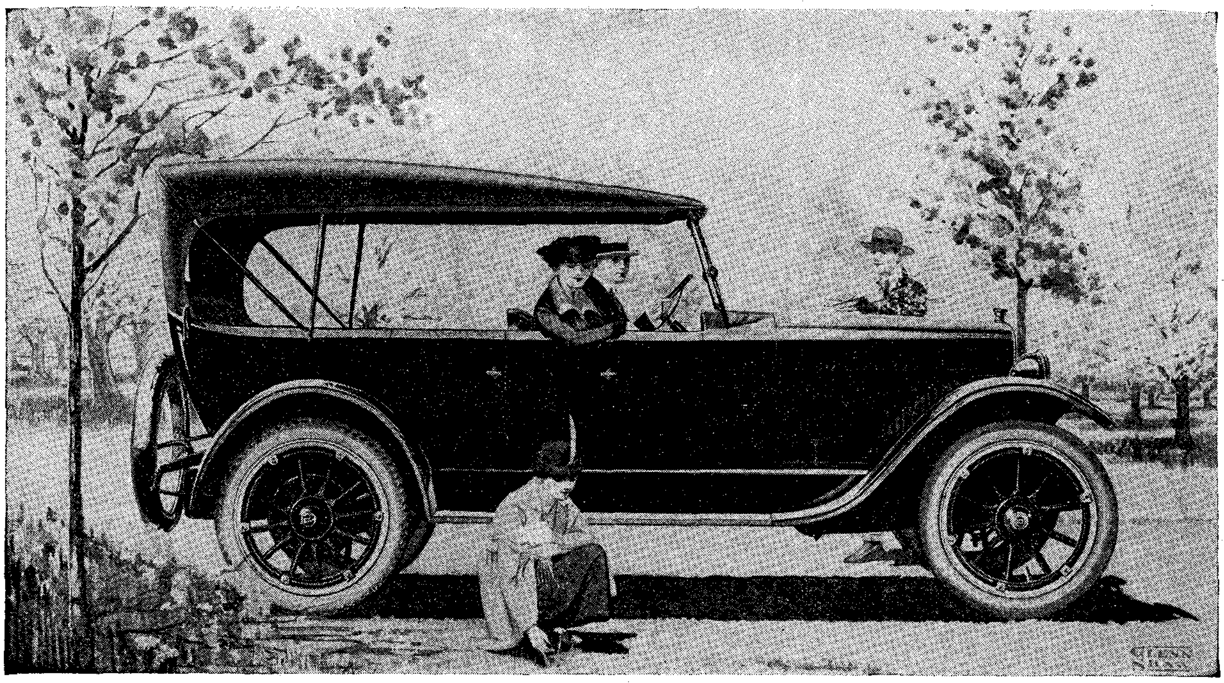

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THE new Chandler touring car is the high note of the year in beauty of line, in bigness, in the comfort of its cushioning, in the nicety of its custom-like workmanship and in its lustrous finish. Its high hood and radiator, its broad cowl, its wide and deep doors give it distinctive style.

Nothing has been cut out to permit the delivery of this fine big touring car at the Chandler price. Indeed, much has been added. The back curtain window is beveled plate glass. The clear-vision side curtains fit snugly and open with the doors. There are detachable rear quarter-bow curtains. There are outside door handles. The deep cushions are upholstered in heavy, genuine, hand-buffed leather, in the bright finish.

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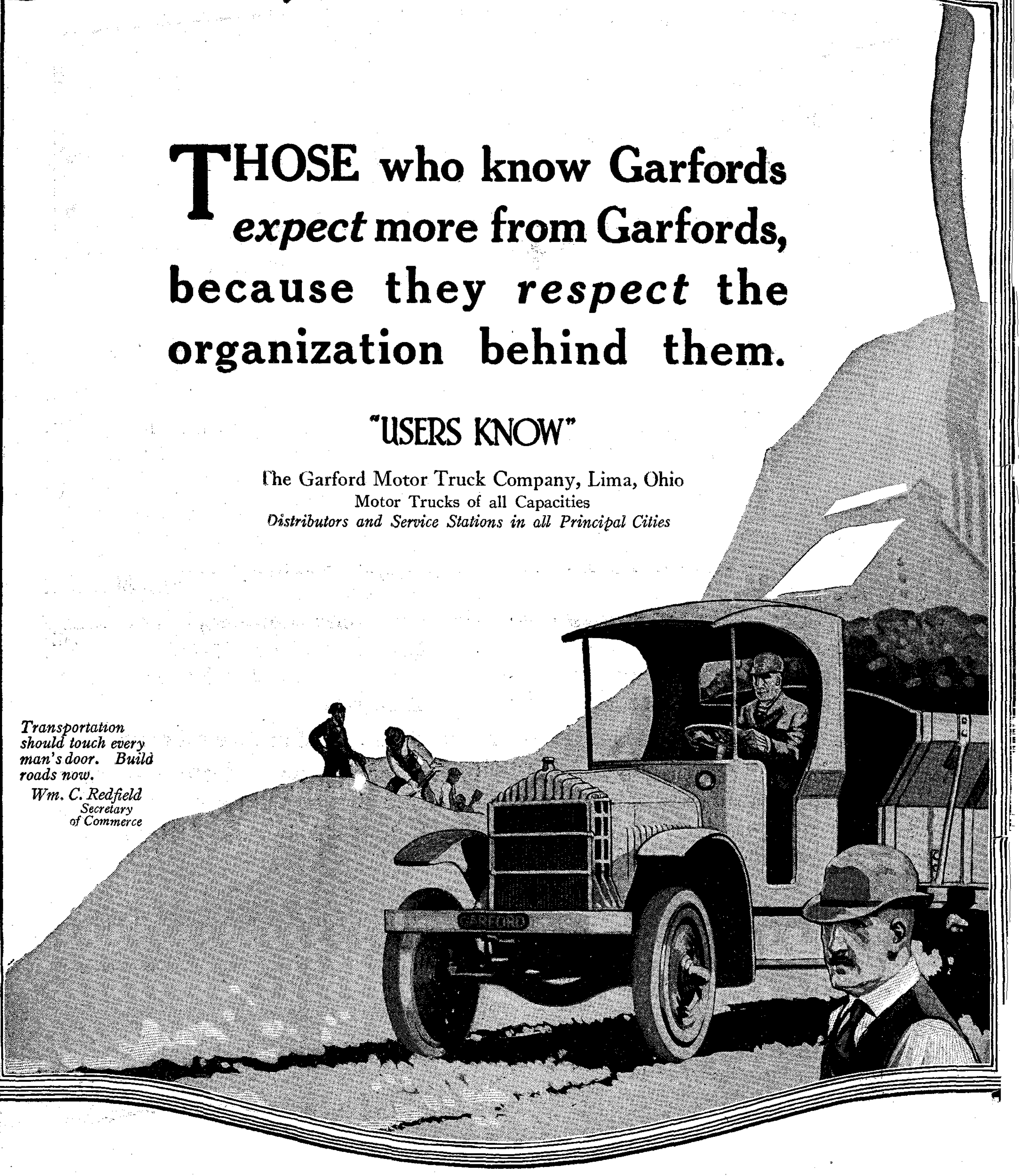


Transportation should touch every man's door. Build roads now.
Wm. C. Redfield
Secretary of Commerce

over the easterly gale which was blowing, and muttered solemnly to themselves.

"You can have it," said Capt. L. E. Gehris, aerial photographer, meaning the air in general. "It's a good deal too gusty for me. Say, I wouldn't go up to day for ——"

At this moment the captain's eyes lighted on a machine which was standing in the air several thousand feet up with its nose poking into the stiff wind. His voice ceased and his jaw dropt, so just what the captain wouldn't go up for will never be known. Nothing happened to the nachine above, altho it was plain to see hat Captain Gehris expected to see it ome writhing down any moment. The usiness of flying to Ithaca became more nd more hazardous.

"Tex" Marshall, pilot of the *Sun* nan's plane, whose initials used to be l. C. before he was rechristened after his irthplace, and Paul Wilson, pilot of the ther plane, who wore glasses and looked ore like a budding minister than a sky-ider, took their planes up to look over the ir, for a trip of two hundred miles is a atter in which the wind velocity and irection must be considered. Much o the astonishment of Captain Gehris nd his friends they came down again ight side up and reported that altho the ind was blowing a little to the south of est, the trip, which was to the north-est, could probably be attempted. They alculated its velocity as forty or fifty iles an hour.

Then, after a meal which struck the *Sun* nan as highly unnecessary in view of the xprest opinion of the captain, "Tex" roduced a strip map of the route.

"I've never flown over this mess to Ithaca before," he said, order line between New Jersey and Pennsylvania and New York. "Neither has nybody else. It's real mean country: ills, forests, rocks, mountains, and bumpy ountry. No place to land in 130 miles—rom Jersey near the Hudson to Binghamton. But don't worry. Nothing will appen, and when it does we'll land in a ake—plenty of lakes and rivers—that's he one redeeming feature. Even if nothing goes wrong we may get lost in this wind and wander around the bad country until our gas is gone. Then we'll have to come down."

"How can we get lost if we've got a map and a compass?" asked the *Sun* man, glancing at the well-defined States and counties in unmistakable pinks, greens, blues, and yellows. "Tex" also glanced at the map.

"Wait a while," he said with a grin, and handed both the map and a spare compass to his passenger. "You've got to hang on to these and help me figure out the way. We'll make it all right, ut if we don't pick up Greenwood Lake, n the Jersey-New York border forty-five iles northwest of here in thirty minutes, e're coming back, because we'll know this ind isn't helping us any, and that we'd se up our gas fighting it before we hit haca. Are you ready?"

The *Sun* man was ready—moderately ady—so he climbed into the little cock-t between the wings and very carefully nched up his safety-belt, feeling all the hile that Columbus took a very small ance indeed when he sailed out into an unknown ocean in a real, floating, solid oat. Captain Gehris solemnly took everal pictures and another officer adised "Tex" in low—but not too low—voice to take along an iron bar in case his passenger got "lively."

Then they started, and a few moments later found themselves passing over cottages and farmhouses, brown fields and green ones. The account continues:

The *Sun* man found himself facing a circular indicator—an altimeter, which read 1,000 feet. The whirring propeller in front of him flung back at his head solid masses of air which struggled hard to wrest his helmet from its fastenings.

There was no doubt about its being gusty, for the machine pitched and swayed. The *Sun* man took a sudden interest in the hand of "Tex" Marshall, firmly gripping the "joy-stick." Did the machine roll to the right? "Tex" shoved the stick gently to the left, and back to an even keel she came. When her nose pointed too abruptly to the heavens he shoved the stick forward. It seemed a silly sort of thing to the *Sun* man to trust two men's lives to the movements of an unimpressive black stick. He saw that the pilot's feet rested on another control, the rudder he knew it was—which turned the plane's head right and left.

Then he felt the shoulder of the pilot nudging his own. Through his leather helmet he strained to catch the words of the man under the roar of the motor.

"Two-o-o-o-o — thous' — 'eet," shouted "Tex" Marshall. "No-w-w-w-w—leav'—'ield Greeeeenwoooood Lake—thirty—or—ba-a-a-ack. Co-o-o-m-pass, 'atch, an' ma-a-a-ap."

The landsman realized then that the plane had merely been circling for altitude, and that now the journey was to commence. With one hand he pinned the map to his knees and with the other produced the extra compass. His watch showed 3:15 P.M. The pilot hitched about and looked over his shoulder. The *Sun* man peered nervously ahead until it suddenly occurred to him they were not likely to run into anything at two thousand feet. A little below and some hundreds of feet behind the other plane hung in space, its propeller invisible, and the noise of its engine unheard.

The Sound was picked up ahead, a gray body of water not as large as is generally supposed, and confined by two brown, irregular shores. The country below was becoming less and less distinctly marked by hedges and roads. It was fading and contracting slowly into a large-scale map. A tiny steamship was far below. It probably was moving, for behind it were two trails, a trail of white water and a trail of black smoke. Then there was brown ground below again and then dirty brown houses separated into neat little groups by lighter colored boundary-lines—streets and avenues. It took a mental argument for the *Sun* man to convince himself that what he saw was the Bronx.

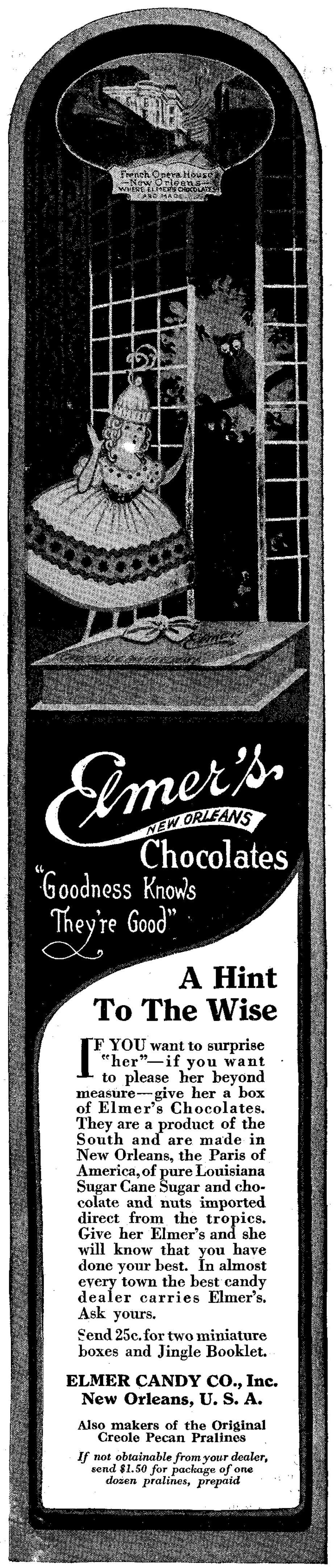
For a moment shifting his gaze to the interior of the cockpit, he saw that "Tex" Marshall's hand was still on the stick, that the altimeter needle was between three and four thousand feet, and that the air speed registered was about eighty miles an hour. Then the narrow upper end of Manhattan glided into view, a neat little silver boundary separating it from the Bronx. An instant later the Hudson was below and after another minute gap of time it was not.

"Ma-a-a-a-p," bawled "Tex" Marshall, as the river was passed.

The *Sun* man patted it tentatively and smiled reassuringly at the pilot. The wind had not blown it away.

"Ri-i-i-i-ight he-e-e-e-ere," he bawled back.

"Pla-a-a-a-a-a-ace us," yelled the pilot. The *Sun* man glanced around at the



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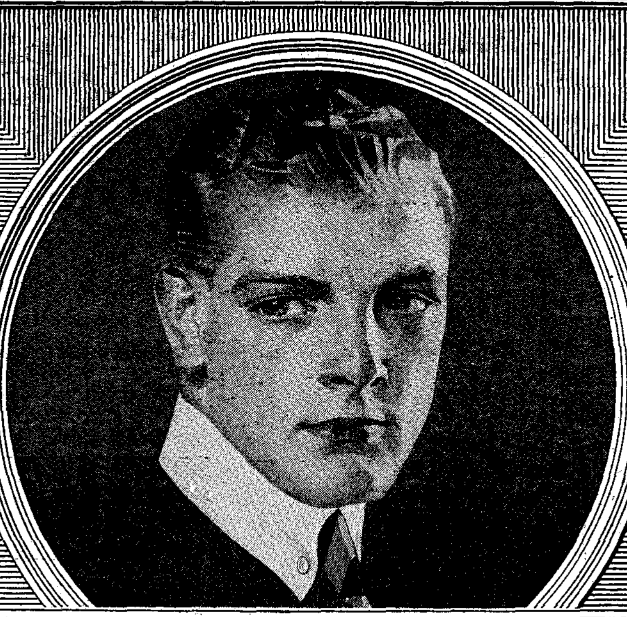

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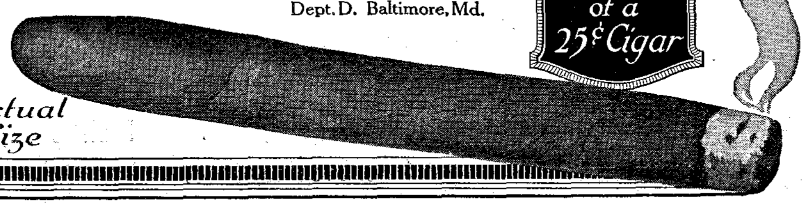

world below. Ahead was the flat, "improved" Jersey, with a suggestion of hills far ahead; over his right shoulder was the Hudson, broadening out in the distance, behind him was New York and to his left was the pilot. Then he glanced ahead again and saw the flat green and brown country with here and there a glittering promise of water. He turned to the map and realized instantly just why "Tex" Marshall had grinned when he had asked how it was possible to get lost with a map and a compass.

There was absolutely no resemblance between the brilliantly colored pink, green, blue, and yellow paper with its indicated lakes, towns, railroad-lines, and rivers and the brown, even land ahead. But if the map had deserted them there remained the compass. He glanced at it and saw they were headed due north. He looked over the side and saw that instead of going north like the fast-disappearing Hudson they were drifting chiefly westward under the force of the driving gale.

Neither compass nor map could be relied upon then. It occurred to him that if the ground were labeled with arrows pointing here and there an airman might be able to find his way about in broad daylight. He remembered then that he had read that in England there are now such landmarks as well as public landing-fields. He decided that something must be done about it in America immediately—preferably before he got down to land again. He understood the wails of aviators in newspapers and in conversation for something to guide them on their flights.

The plane roared on, the *Sun* man being thoroughly lost most of the time. Presently they reached the Delaware River, and a little while thereafter the Susquehanna. Rough country was beneath them, and the pilot found it wise to keep well toward the "ceiling," permitting the machine to rise to a height of 8,000 feet. As the writer explains:

From that great height he could select and reach a landing-place nearly eight miles from him, for a plane will glide five feet for every one it descends. But the engine hummed on without a single miss.

Pennsylvania's corner was now below and appeared as inhospitably rough as New York's mountainous counties. The sun was creeping nearer and nearer the horizon and every moment the slanting rays were revealing more and more the fact that flat as the land looked from above, the map was right at least in indicating hills and deep valleys. The shadows cast were most impressive warnings that the land below was as irregular as New York City's jagged line of sky-scrapers, and just as dangerous. Wooded sections prevailed, and even in the small meadows rocks peeped out. Lakes were also to be seen, but their yellow-white surface indicated that they were full of rotten ice.

Farther ahead the green-covered hills were turning black under the dropping sun. The hollows between them were filled with mist. The hilltops looked like crests of dark waves in the motionless ocean. Among them the Susquehanna curled its way. The *Sun* man began to wonder whether the plane could possibly beat the sun in its race toward the cloud-encircled western horizon.

Suddenly he remembered the other plane and looked about for it. It could not be seen. He shouted a question to the pilot, who had turned at intervals during all the path-finding, but "Tex" Marshall could not tell him.

"Lost him at Jervis," was the only answer, and just what that "lost" meant was something over which the *Sun* man pondered deeply. "Tex" Marshall's lips were grimly set, but so they had been since the start. His helmet and goggles shrouded the rest of his face from view, so he furnished no clue to the possible fate of their fellow voyagers and advanced no theories. The *Sun* man hoped if they had been forced to land they had found a lake instead of "crashing" on some mountainside.

Lanesboro, a railroad town at the big bend of the Susquehanna, crept beneath them. The time was 4:55, and Ithaca, even on the map, seemed a long distance away. Which bend in the river to follow to reach Binghamton seemed a matter of doubt to the observer, for the two presented a puzzle of which the map gave no warning. The compass solved the difficulty, however, for the pilot pointed the machine a few degrees to the west of north and drifted by. A few minutes more and then the pilot pointed ahead, dipping the nose of the plane so that the ground could be seen.

"Bi-i-i-i-ng'mto-o-o-on!" he shouted, and added in a triumphant roar that they would be only thirty-six miles from Ithaca when the city was passed. The plane was rapidly dropping from its high altitude. Over Binghamton it was less than a mile high. The country became so dark and misty that the reporter could see no landmarks—nothing but the tops of rolling hills. This, however, was home territory—or rather air—to "Tex." He shouted that the flight would soon be over—that they were as good as landed now.

The *Sun* man thought the announcement premature, since the plane was a mile above and thirty-six miles from the destination, but kept his sentiments to himself and watched the sun fall rapidly into the bed of clouds ahead.

The plane continued to drop; houses became noticeable features of the ground beneath, occasional cars or horses could be seen on the roads; the earth, from being an inhospitable, silent desert, became a pleasant hilly country obviously inhabited by people. Then Lake Cayuga came into view among the hills, and then Ithaca itself, tinted red by the glow of the sun.

Just before reaching the city "Tex" Marshall speeded the engine to its limit, the air speed-indicator showed ninety miles an hour, and then as he dipt the nose down sharply it rapidly jumped to 100, 110, 120. The pressure of the wind on the reporter's head became oppressive. It seemed that the plane was going to crash into the streets of the city. The dive shot the plane suddenly from a region of sunlight into the shadow of a big ridge. A railroad sprang into view, and the plane, still diving sharply, came into sight of a long, green field. The city had been crossed. Abruptly the plane's nose tilted up, her motor continued to roar, something hit her a jarring blow—another jolt—then a succession of jolts. She was running bumpily along solid ground.

"What happened to Wilson?" demanded Marshall in the first unearthly stillness that followed the stopping of the motor. A little crowd had surrounded the machine.

"Landed safely at Binghamton," came the answer in a small, feeble voice which barely penetrated the ringing, buzzing ears of the reporter. "Short of gas."

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DID THESE SAVAGES REALLY TURN INTO HYENAS?

OUT of Africa comes a wild tale unlike anything heard of since the last witch was burned two or three centuries ago. It deals with nothing less than human beings who apparently possess the power, anciently believed in, of changing into animals. Of course, the man who tells the story isn't relating his own experiences. In that respect the yarn runs true to form. No man who beholds a ghost or a delicate bit of witchcraft was ever known to tell of it himself. Who ever heard of such a thing? The prime essential of a first-class account of the supernatural is that the evidence must be hearsay, always. So the author of this tale, which appears in *The Cornhill Magazine* (London), explains that the alleged facts were furnished him by a friend of his, an English officer holding an important government post in northern Nigeria. This officer, apparently having a vague impression that doubts might arise in the mind of his friend, assured him solemnly that he was free from mental disorders of any kind, and averred that the astounding things he related were nothing but the plain, unvarnished truth. Of course, you never can tell. Africa is full of tsetse flies and such whose bite is said to play havoc with the mental processes of even British officers in important government jobs, who are supposed to be habitually sober. Then, again, even army officers have been known to "string" their friends with weird yarns. The story, told for the most part in the words of the officer-friend, begins by saying that for many months the latter had been quartered alone near a native village several days distant from the nearest white settlement. Of these natives, who are constantly referred to by the officer as Pagans, he relates that sundry tales are current to the effect that they can change themselves into alligators, leopards, and hyenas—at night, naturally. Such things are always done in a poor light. The officer relates further that he lived in a hut with a compound back of it in which, among other things, he kept two goats and two sheep. One night one of the goats was made "the goat" by being carried away. The next night it was the other goat's turn, and it curled up and died, presumably from snake-bite. The third night a sheep was taken, and in the morning hyena-tracks were found about a trap baited with the dead goat and set near the hut. To save the remaining sheep it was placed in a hut with the native boys. The account continues in the words of the officer:

I was roused about 1 A.M. by rustling grass. I crept out silently with my gun, but nothing was to be seen or heard. I walked round the compound, but found nothing unusual, so thinking that all was well, I went to bed. I was just dozing off when the "boy" whose house I had put the sheep into came and woke me up. He was very frightened, and it was some time before I could make him speak. At last he spluttered out that a hyena had come into the house and killed the sheep. I at once went out, but heard and saw nothing. But on entering the house a horrible sight presented itself. The poor sheep was standing up, but the whole of its head was gone. The lower jaw only was whole, and stuck out in a horrible manner. The wound was so clearly cut that it looked as if it had been done with a knife. I carefully examined the house, but found no marks of a struggle inside, but outside, at a join of the grass mat, there were the well-marked traces of a hyena.

Next night I tied up a goat which I had bought for the purpose and waited over it, sitting in a chair, quite close, but in the shadow. About twelve o'clock I heard a noise in my cook-house, but nothing more happened until about 1 A.M., when I saw a moving object coming swiftly toward the goat. It was a hyena! It came with a rush, and stopt suddenly within two feet of the goat, spurting the gravel and sand up almost into my face. I raised my rifle and fired. The brute fell head over heels, but rose at once and made off. I let drive my second barrel, but failed to stop him. My orderly, who was close by, immediately came out with a lamp, and we examined the ground. Blood there was in plenty, but it was too dark to follow the trail, so there was nothing left but to wait till dawn. After my two shots were fired all was quiet for about twenty-five minutes, when drums began to beat in the Pagan town, and the death-call rang through the air.

As soon as it was light I went out on the trail, easily followed by the blood alone. In the first two hundred yards it led us straight toward the Pagan town, but then turned sharply toward the water. Here the animal had evidently drunk, and had then passed up the stream and lain down on a patch of white sandy gravel thrown up by ants. Up to this point the footprints were unmistakably those of a hyena. On this patch the brute had lain down, as a large pool of blood indicated, and also a bit of bone and torn flesh testified to the severity of the wound. From this point all trace of hyena was lost; but immediately leading off the gravel patch on to a bush path was the clear imprint of a naked human foot.

Rain had fallen during the night, so tracking was easy, and we were able to track these human footprints right up to the Pagan town, losing them only when just inside it. I had the whole bush searched for a mile round but no trace of hyena could be found. At about noon that day news was brought to me that an influential man in the Pagan town had died very early that morning. They could not account for his death, but said that he had a large hole in his body, caused they knew not how. I tried to see the body, but was not allowed to do so; I also sent a man from the Hausa settlement near by to try to get a view of it, but he was told to go away.

This experience was weird and thrilling enough to make anybody sit up and take at least casual notice, but more was to follow. Presently a donkey died, and the Englishman had it taken into the bush and placed near a tree in which he stationed himself at night to shoot anything that might be attracted by the dead animal.

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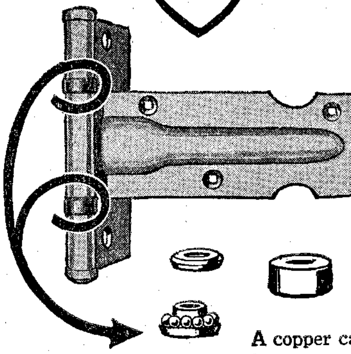

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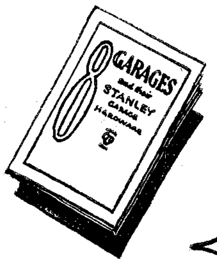

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Nothing happened for two or three nights, and then, tiring of this tame sport, he placed a gun-trap near the carcass. At midnight he was aroused by the discharge of this gun and went out to see what could be seen and heard. Sure enough, in a short time the death-chant broke out in the nearest native village. The next morning the officer instituted an investigation concerning which he writes:

> As soon as it was light I went again to the spot, and found a blood trail and hyena-tracks leading straight away from the mouth of the carbine toward the native village. These tracks I followed until within three hundred yards of the nearest house, when all blood and hyena-tracks vanished abruptly, and only human footprints could be seen. I inquired at the village if any one had died during the night, and was told that the Pagan chief's mother had died mysteriously, and that none knew what she had died of, as she was perfectly well the evening before. I kept my gun-trap set for three consecutive nights following, but nothing disturbed the gun or the remains of the donkey, the latter being eventually picked clean by vultures. A boy who had entered the Pagan village just before I got to my gun-trap on the morning after the one and only shot, reported that he had seen Pagans hastily clearing the road from their houses out toward the main road. On showing me the path on which they had been working, I found that it was the same as that along which I had followed the blood trail and the hyena-tracks. The men had evidently stopt clearing it when they saw me coming up, and this would account for the abrupt cessation of the trail and footprints.

After that nothing happened for a month to direct attention toward nocturnal visitors, men or beasts. Then a horse died and the officer had the body dragged out, a zareba, or enclosure, built about it, and a gun-trap set to destroy whatever might molest the carcass. The usual results followed, set out thus:

> About 11:30 P.M. I was awakened by a shot, and went out to listen. For fully half an hour nothing more was to be heard, when suddenly the drumming started, and the cries of mourning for one just dead. At daylight I went out to see what had happened to the gun. I found it, of course, discharged, and altho I had been most careful to leave the grass in the doorway to the zareba in front of the gun undisturbed, it was now rolled down quite flat—the trigger of the gun was broken, but there was no blood near it.
>
> About ten yards from the opening, however, was another patch of grass quite flattened down, with a large pool of blood about the middle of it. The blood was still liquid, and the grass all round was splattered with it. From this point onward tracking was easy, for the blood had flowed freely, and in a distance of a hundred yards the brute had lain down three times, each time losing a quantity of blood. I tracked on for three hundred yards, until we reached a bush path leading to the Pagan town, but here, on the now familiar patch of sandy gravel, all traces of hyena-tracks ceased, and there were only human footprints. The path was well used, and already some dozen Pagans had used it that morning on their way to work. That night I again set my trap, but nothing happened. The next, however, was practically a reproduction of the night before. About 1 A.M. I was awakened by my "boy," who said the gun had just gone off. I went out, and knew by this time what to expect. Sure enough, in about twenty minutes the drumming and wailing started again, but this time in a different Pagan village. At daylight I went to the trap. This time the gun was sprung from the inside. The hyena had evidently entered through a weak place in the zareba, and had tried to go out through the proper doorway. Here blood started from the very first, for the shot had apparently taken him far back and had temporarily paralyzed his hind-quarters, as was shown by the tracks. The parallel lines showed where he had dragged his legs through the grass, like a rabbit shot in the back going along on his front legs. We followed the tracks until close to the Pagan town, with the usual results. On each of the two occasions over the body of this horse a man was reported to have died mysteriously, altho each was in the prime of youth. There was nothing whatever to account for their deaths, but the Pagans would on no account allow their bodies to be seen. After the second occasion nothing more visited the body of the horse, and the vultures cleared all of it except the bones.

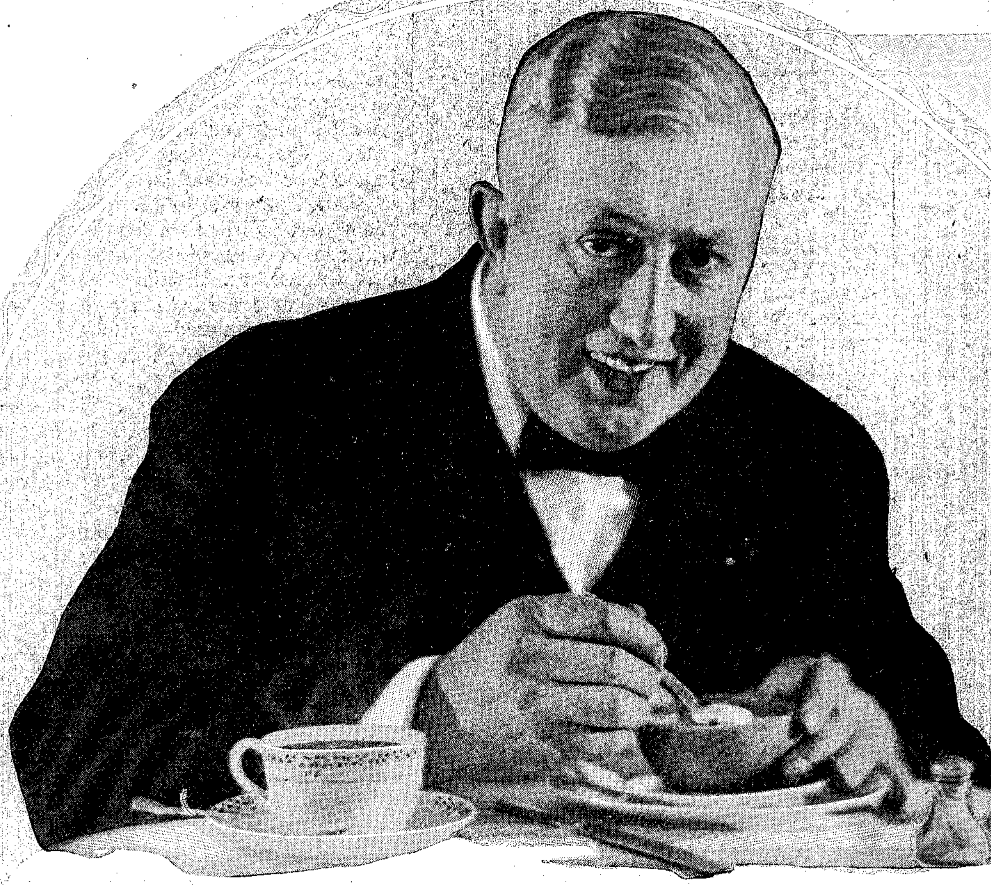
MILLERAND, IMPLACABLE FOE OF PRUSSIA, IS PUT OVER REGAINED FRENCH PROVINCES

THE "lost provinces" of Alsace-Lorraine are a part of France again, even tho the peace treaty that is to make them officially French has not been signed. By way of showing her attitude in the matter, France has put one of her strongest men, who is also one of her most sincere haters of all things Prussian, at the head of the reconquered territory. He is Alexandre Millerand, former French Minister of War, and a man with many of the characteristics, according to report, of old Premier Clemenceau. His personality is described as "forceful," and he has a "fighting jaw" which somewhat resembles that of the old "Tiger." Already, under his direction, the Germanized industries of the provinces are being converted into a part of the French system. "Millerand never backs up" has long been a common saying in France, notes the Kansas City *Times*, in which we find the following account of the man and his work:

> He was a lawyer and a newspaper publisher at various times, and he was one of the leading French Socialists for many years. But he has grown conservative and, like Clemenceau, bears few of the markings of the Socialist. And, like Clemenceau, he has weathered many of the storms of French politics. The two used to be friends, then became antagonized, and it was not until Clemenceau recently was wounded by an anarchist that they became wholly reconciled.
>
> A stocky, thick-set man, with regular, swarthy features, heavy white mustache, and thick, white hair, he is the personification of strength. It has long been a saying in France that "Millerand never backs up." He fought a duel with a Paris deputy once because he would not yield a disputed point. He was wounded and so lost the duel, but he later triumphed in the issue over which they fought. It was Millerand's refusal to "back up" that caused him to resign as Minister of War in 1913, when a crisis arose over his restoration of Colonel Paty du Clam to the Army. Paty du Clam, because of his part in the disgraceful Dreyfus affair, was in disrepute. When Millerand entered the war ministry he found a promise left by his predecessor to give Paty du Clam a commission in the French colonial force. Millerand regarded it as a promise he was compelled to respect.
>
> When the appointment was made a great uproar resulted, and the whole cabinet was threatened with overthrow. Millerand saved the situation by resigning, but in his letter of resignation he declared he would follow the same course again were the same circumstances to arise.
>
> He was Minister of Commerce under Waldeck-Rousseau, being at that time the first Socialist ever appointed to a ministerial post by the French Government. Later he was Minister of Public Works and twice was Minister of War. His return to the latter post came after the Great War had broken upon Europe. The need of a strong man was immediate then, and he was the man to whom France turned.
>
> It has long been said that had Millerand not been forced to resign early in 1913 France would have been better prepared when war came, for Millerand was a believer in preparedness. He always had maintained that preparation for war was the aim that a war minister must hold ceaselessly before his eyes. "We must foresee the worst," was his watchword.

The problem Millerand faces, according to Harry Hanson, of the Chicago *Daily News*, who is now in Alsace-Lorraine, is how to turn the Germanized industries of the provinces into an integral part of the French system. As we read:

> Alsace-Lorraine was one of Germany's most important industrial adjuncts. The iron deposits of Lorraine represented 75 per cent. of Germany's entire iron output.
>
> Strasbourg, where Millerand will have his headquarters, is a great city of trade. In 1913 it had a water traffic of nearly two million tons. It does not stand on the Rhine but is near the waterway, and is connected with it by a little river. Two fine harbors have been developed on an island in the Rhine itself. By a system of canals Strasbourg is connected with Basel and Mülhausen and will be in time with Marseilles. Already it is possible to reach far into the interior of France and Germany from Strasbourg, making the city an excellent distributing center.
>
> The first great task France will attempt is the development of the Rhine-Rhône Canal to give the industries in southern France cheap coal and likewise give them an outlet to the North Sea by way of Strasbourg and Rotterdam. This will also help make up for the loss in trade should the Germans, piqued at the loss of the provinces, attempt to divert their commerce elsewhere. Strasbourg has great mills, built largely by the Germans, but now taken over by the French. The municipal warehouse has room for storing 160,000 sacks of grain. Another municipal warehouse, before the war leased to Mannheim interests, has a capacity of 180,000 sacks, and the Alsatian mills have a capacity of from 1,200 to 2,000 sacks of flour daily.
>
> Alsace and Lorraine, according to



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Hanson, are really French. German signs are disappearing rapidly, to be replaced by signs in French. The streets are being renamed. Every vestige of German occupation is being removed.

SCRUBBING FLOORS ONE REWARD OF OUR MEN IN FRANCE

A FORMER dough-boy, now acting as special Paris correspondent for the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, in a recent article says many American soldiers are now cleaning cuspidors and performing other similar stunts for the members of the Peace Conference. He explains that this doubtful honor has been thrust upon them as an alleged reward for their heroic conduct on the field of battle. The article in question is said to have no political significance, being written by the correspondent—a Democrat, by the way—merely as a part of his day's work in furnishing his paper information as to what is taking place where the struggle to establish peace is going on. The story follows:

Pursuing my back-stairs studies of the Peace Conference last night, I sneaked into the alley entrance of the Hôtel Crillon, which is the headquarters of the American peace delegation, and, turning a dark corner in the kitchen section of the great hostelry, was about to climb into a dumb-waiter in which I could elude the plain-clothes forces and get to the third floor garbage-chute, where they empty the waste-basket from Colonel House's office. In this way I would have acquired material with which to thrill many Seattle readers, but just as all seemed to be going well with my plan I stumbled over the half-prostrate form of a soldier.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded harshly, hoping he would mistake me for an officer in the semidarkness.

"Scrubbing the floor, sir," he responded, coming to attention and saluting. His sleeves were rolled up and I detected a long red scar on his arm.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"Wounded, sir, in the Argonne," he replied respectfully, still failing to penetrate my disguise.

"Are there many soldiers from the fighting divisions on duty here?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," said he; "we were selected for duty with the Peace Conference as a reward for our work in the lines."

"What do you do when not scrubbing floors?" I inquired.

"Oh, lots of things, sir," said the hero of the Argonne forest. "All sorts of janitor-work and kitchen-work, and sometimes guard duty and messenger duty and whatever's to be done. Some of the lucky ones are chauffeurs."

"Damn funny reward for valor!" I remarked.

Right away he knew I was no officer and changed his tone.

"Blankety blanked funny," said he. "Anybody would think it was an honor for an American citizen to empty cuspidors for this gang of officers and office-holders. Whyinell don't we go home? Ain't the war over?" And more to the same effect until a plain-clothes man came past and threw me out.

This episode of the soldier scrubbing the floor diverted the correspondent from the path he had mapped out for himself for that night, and he determined to go out on a new line of investigation. He says:

I started out to find something about armies and soldiers and what is going to become of them in the future. It has always struck me as curious that while we read everywhere about the glorious and victorious armies of the Allies and the returning heroes who have made the world safe, etc., it is quite impossible to find one of the individual members of these armies who has any thought except to get out of his particular army and stay out of it and all other armies for ever and ever. Over in London recently there was quite a riot, staged by soldiers on leave, who refused to go back to Germany to watch the Rhine. English statesmen have freely admitted in the Peace Conference that they would not dare to order more English soldiers to Russia, because very probably the soldiers would refuse to go. And meanwhile England has adopted a bonus system which doubles the pay of her soldiers, in order to keep an army of occupation in Germany.

France is having a lot of the same sort of trouble, and her domestic troubles are mostly hinging on the slowness of demobilization. Everybody wants to get out of the Army, and nobody wants to get in, even tho the fighting is over, and this ought to be a nice quiet time to be in an army.

When it was announced recently that Germany might be allowed to keep an army of 300,000, the howl that went up around France resounded like a Seattle shipyard-worker claiming exemption from the draft. If Germany has 300,000 soldiers France has got to have 600,000, or something like that. And nobody wants to be a soldier. French editors explained that their idea of a League of Nations was something that would let France do without any soldiers at all, and Germany with half that many.

I had just finished reading some of these French ideas about disarmament when I read in *The Herald* that America is to have a standing army of 500,000, and that Eddie Rickenbacker is back home and everybody banqueted him in New York, and he said that America must be able to mobilize 10,000 trained aviators with five battle-planes for each of them in twenty-four hours, so we would always have command of the air. And in the same paper was something about the naval appropriation bill, which looks a good deal like a new liberty loan.

Out of all these ideas the notion finally struck me that perhaps the reason so many soldiers don't like to be in an army, and so many statesmen want big armies, is summed up in the fact that heroes of Château-Thierry and the Argonne are to-day scrubbing the back-stairs of the Peace Conference in Paris. It is summed up in the lines of Mr. Kipling:

> "It's Tommy this and Tommy that
> And Tommy what you may;
> But it's 'Howdy, Mr. Atkins,'
> When the band begins to play."

The band has quit playing, and soldiering in peace times is something else again.

The matter of soldiers and soldiering is quite an important feature of the Peace Conference just now. It is involved in almost every one of the national and international questions which are being thrashed out from day to day. It even creeps into the League of Nations plan. If the League becomes a fact, with some of us in it and some not—especially Germany and Russia—those that are in must have enough soldiers to keep the peace with and between those that are not.

Then again there are all sorts of nations in more or less trouble these days, and all of them have got to have soldiers to get them out. Either that or the Bolsheviki will use wooden clubs and run things to suit themselves. Spain is constantly on the edge of trouble, Italy and the Jugo-Slavs have severed speaking relations, Germany is disturbed internally, the Poles are disturbed on all sides, and goodness knows what shape the Lithuanians and Ruthenians and Ukrainians may be in to-morrow. These and other people just naturally can't see their way clear to get along without soldiers. And if one country has an army the next must have one. So on *ad infinitum.* Even a peace conference has to have a lot of soldiers.

I'm afraid my efforts to get at Colonel House's waste-basket didn't help much in furnishing you with news about peace, but I am still on the job, trying hard, and will hope not to get thrown off the track next time by any unhappy incident like encountering the victorious heroes on the back-stairs.

THE STRANGE THINGS MEN THINK AND TALK ABOUT IN BATTLE

THE Fifth Marines were resting for a few minutes in trenches just captured from the enemy before completing their final rush over the top. Shells were screaming overhead and the area over which they had passed was strewn with their dead and dying comrades. Jim and Bill, pals, were lying side by side, their nerves keyed almost to the breaking-point, engaged in conversation, according to Bill, who tells the story in *The Marines' Magazine* (New York), and this is what they said, Jim speaking first:

"Did you notice how the little brunette in the café took to me when we were in Châlons?"

Then as I offered no reply, he added reminiscently: "I've never been able to understand why I was such a hit with the ladies, but—"

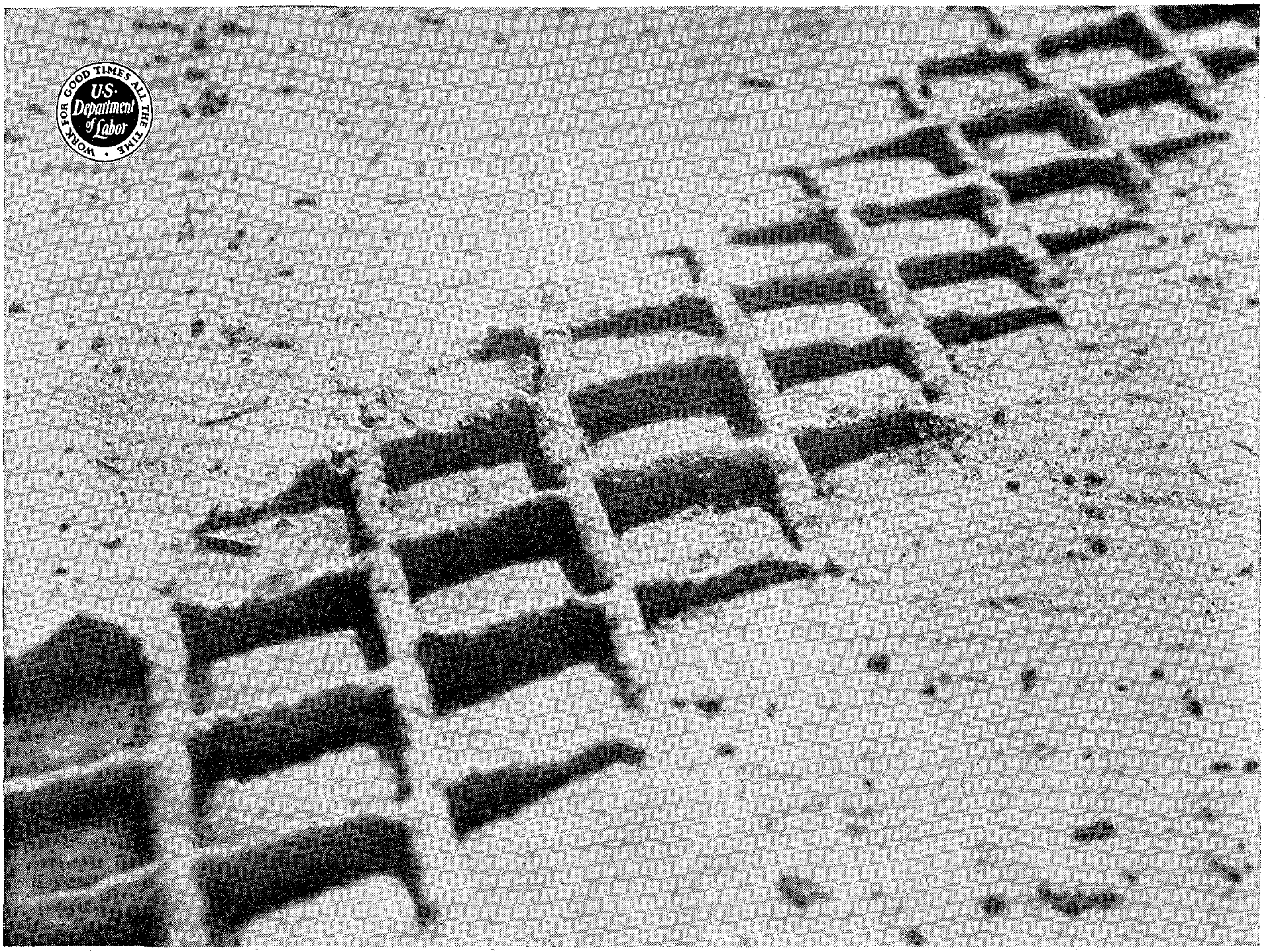
"Neither do I—if you are. Which you ain't!" I answered ungrammatically, but with vigor.

"Tut! tut! Bill," he said in a condescending tone which was maddening, and which was assumed for my particular benefit, "now you probably thought that the *mademoiselle* we saw in Somme-Suippes yesterday was smiling at you!"

"She was, you know," I answered, hotly.

"Now, isn't that strange?" he ruminated. "I distinctly remember her saying to me later, '*tres bien pomme de terre, des oerfsè?*—which is French for 'Who was that awful-looking goof-bird with you?' And, by the way, Bill," he added, "why don't you take up French? I don't suppose that you could learn it—but you might try."

The occasion for the fray in the midst of which the pals found themselves when these pleasantries were exchanged was an attempt late last September to dislodge the Huns from Blanc Mont Ridge, a



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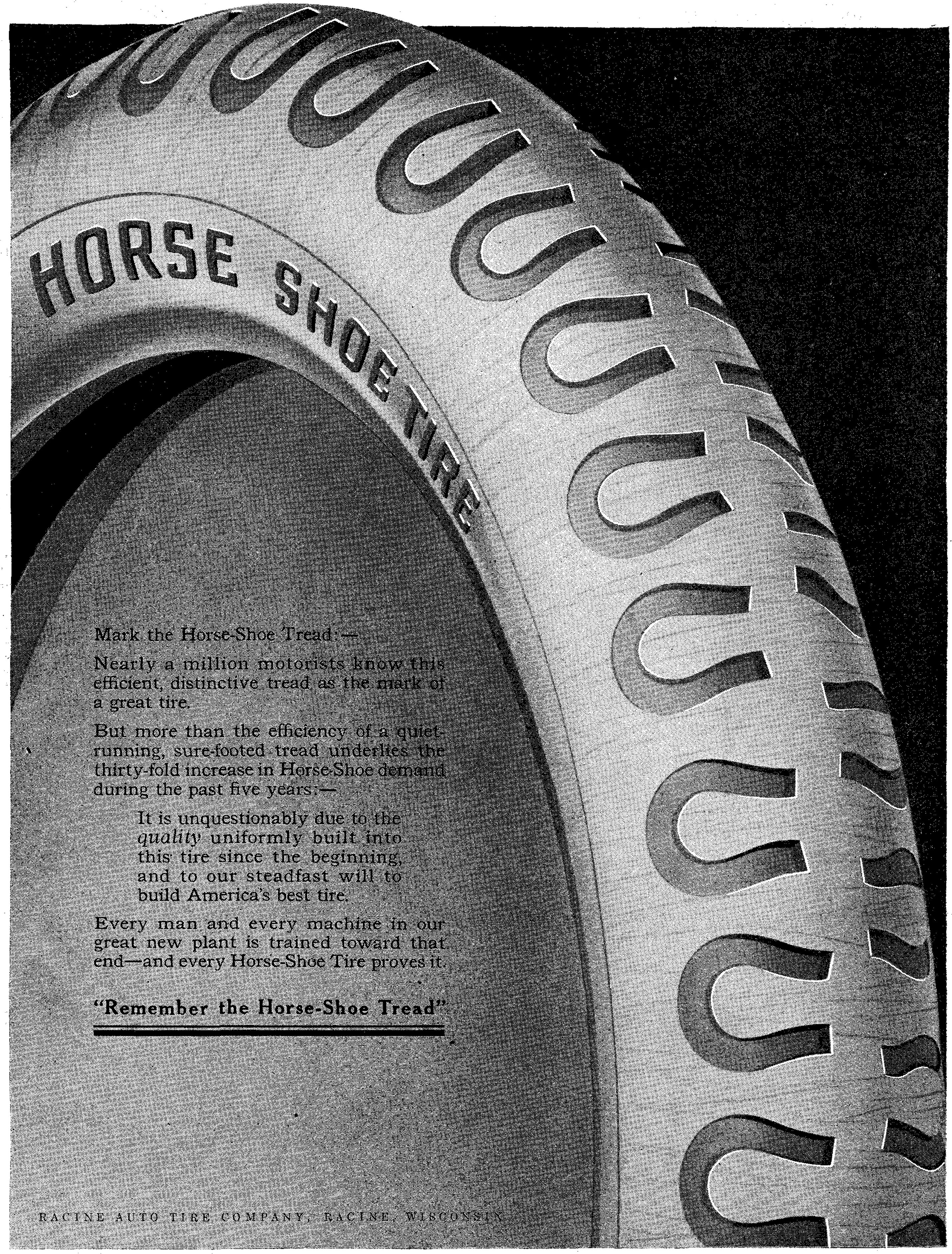

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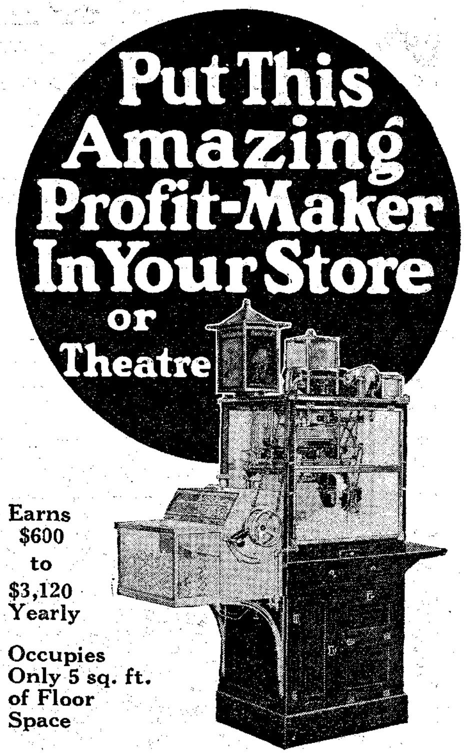
position of great military importance. The French had been fighting for several days, but had not been able to gain the objective. Then Marshal Foch sent for the Marines. The Fifth responded and took up their position. Soon came the order for them to get ready to advance, and the ensuing events are thus chronicled by Bill:

> I had almost warmed up the mud puddle in which I was lying. The anemic, wistful sort of rain that was falling meant nothing at all in my young life. It always was raining; nobody seemed to be able to do anything about it. *Ergo*, rain it might, for all I cared!
>
> With my head propt against my entrenching shovel and my helmet over my face, I had just sunk into a deliciously semiconscious state. I was back in Brooklyn at McCann's, telling Herman, "The Handsome Waiter," to just double that order of cakes, and that he might bring some apple pie—providing it was extra good, when I became electrically conscious that someone was trying to drive the hobs in my shoes into my feet. Herman dropt the hot cakes with a crash. The long shelves of pies vanished.
>
> "For the luvva Mike, Bill, where do you think you're at? Do you think you're at the Green Room in the Biltmore?"
>
> I looked into the pained eyes of my Gunnery Sergeant.
>
> "Run along, 'Pollyanna,' like a good child," I yawningly replied. "I'm not playing the 'Glad Game' this evening." Then, as an afterthought, I answered in polite but censorable terms to the effect that I hardly thought I was stopping at the Biltmore.
>
> This seemed to clinch the argument and close the conversation, so I flexed my cramped muscles for an instant and closed my eyes again.
>
> His next remark brought me to my feet instantly. "Well, we're going over—'toot-sweet.'"
>
> Now that I was fully awake I could distinguish our barrage just commencing; could feel the difference in the atmosphere and attitude of the men. We were, in a few minutes, to start on another lap of our journey; to pit our bodies against the artillery and machine guns of the enemy; to make any sacrifice; to do anything required; to go the limit.
>
> Altho we had been over the top numerous times in the past and it was to us no novelty; altho killing and being killed was regarded as a matter of course and something to be expected as part of the day's work, the anticipatory thrill that precedes the actual attack has never lost its potency.
>
> Probably no two men in the company were affected in exactly the same manner. Some were peevish at being aroused; some had a bovine expression of "the sooner we do it—the sooner it's done"; some were infinitely bored—comparing the present barrage, which was now whistling overhead in quite a lively manner, unfavorably with the gigantic Soissons and St. Mihiel spectacles. Some, with tensed muscles and shining eyes, regarded what was to become a fact in a few minutes as just another instalment of the greatest adventure—taking a chance when the cards were stacked against you. A few were in a nervous sweat, frankly frightened, and inwardly praying that none of the fellows could notice it.
>
> And then, just as the French day with its usual pep was doing its best to break, the expected and inevitable "Up ye come—43d Forward!" was given. Over we went, taking advantage of what protection the terrane afforded, but advancing, always advancing, and paying little attention to the artillery and machine-gun barrage that they were throwing on us.
>
> Restraint is the most important thing that we have been taught. Every man present would have preferred a desperate charge while we were keyed up to the required pitch, which would have, of course, gained us nothing and would have caused the annihilation of our company by our own artillery. Great battles are not won by enthusiasm or dash and contempt for personal danger.
>
> At irregular intervals I could catch the faint sound of some one playing a harmonica. I knew then that Davy Bernstein was still in the game. He has always gone over playing the nonsensical songs that we sing. I could now distinguish the irresistible notes of what he solemnly calls "The Yiddish National Anthem, as sung at the Hohokus Clothing Convention." The song itself is mostly a repetition of the admonition, "Kill another Dutchman, kill another Dutchman—Oi Yoi, Yoi, Oi Yoi, Yoi, Yoi," but its effect on us can not be measured.

The pals, Jim and Bill, were able to keep together during the inferno of the morning when the Fifth, moving forward slowly but relentlessly, gained the first objective. It was noon when they rested in the captured trench where they had their little controversy in regard to which was the more attractive to the French *mademoiselles*. Bill was just thinking up a crushing reply to Jim's last observation. Then came the order to go forward to gain the final objective. The narrative continues:

> I knew that Jim was on my right, itching for a chance to continue the conversation, but when he glanced in my direction I was busily looking somewhere else.
>
> Then a shell burst directly overhead. I flinched involuntarily as I heard the red-hot shrapnel go whining past my head; I heard the unforgettable sound that is made only when jagged steel is driven into soft flesh. Covered with blood and lying face downward was my pal—the man who meant more to me than any one else in the corps. I jerked out my first aid, but it was too late for that. Jim was done for. I pressed his bleeding, mutilated face to my breast and registered a vow.
>
> His eyes opened for an instant and he said: "I was kidding you, Bill. It was you she was smiling at!"
>
> I had to leave his body there. I have always remembered him that way.
>
> The advance continued. We were getting to the most difficult part of our work now, the part which meant close contact with the enemy and necessitated the use of our bayonet. Heinie was making his last desperate stand. We came on, our Chauchats "put-putting" languidly and our Springfields cracking out their messages of death, each man busy with his own thoughts, and the thoughts of no two men alike.
>
> And then, at last, the Ridge was ours. Reims was freed. The slow falling back of the Germans had changed to a general retreat. Exhausted, we reached our position and dug in, in preparation for the counter-attack, should it come.
>
> We had finished our job. We were not holding troops. In a few days we would be


Put This Amazing Profit-Maker In Your Store or Theatre
Earns $600 to $3,120 Yearly
Occupies Only 5 sq. ft. of Floor Space

THERE isn't a day that the mails don't bring us letters and sales records which show that retailers regard the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine as the quickest, easiest and biggest paying addition they can make to their business.

Many locations that never were profitable by themselves have become real money-makers since installing this machine. Let us send you actual records from various sized towns. Let us estimate how much your location will make.

Pays 4 Ways

1—*Motion makes people stop and look.*
2—*Coaxing fragrance makes them buy.*
3—*Toasty flavor brings trade for blocks.*
4—*Stimulates all store sales or theatre attendance.*

Just 90 nickel bags a day means about $1,000.00 new-found profits a year.

BUTTER-KIST
Pop Corn and Peanut Machine

Our easy payment plan makes it easy to own. Magical motion makes people stop and look—coaxing fragrance makes them buy—toasty Butter-Kist flavor brings trade from blocks around. Advertises any place of business—attracts new faces. Runs itself, beautifies surroundings.

Increases General Sales

"Not only made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist Pop Corn the first year," writes W. O. Hopkins, a storekeeper in Evansville, Ind., "but my magazine sales increased 97 per cent through additional patrons brought in."

Send For the Proof

See scores of similarly wonderful statements, proof of profits, photos, terms, and full details in our valuable Butter-Kist book. Sent free to business men only. Mail the coupon today and learn of the big profits that men in your line—in towns like yours even on side streets—are making with the Butter-Kist machine. Let us estimate the money you can get. It doesn't cost you anything but a postage stamp—send the coupon at once.

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160 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO. (405)
160 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Send a free copy of your Butter-Kist profit book containing signed sales records, photos and full details.

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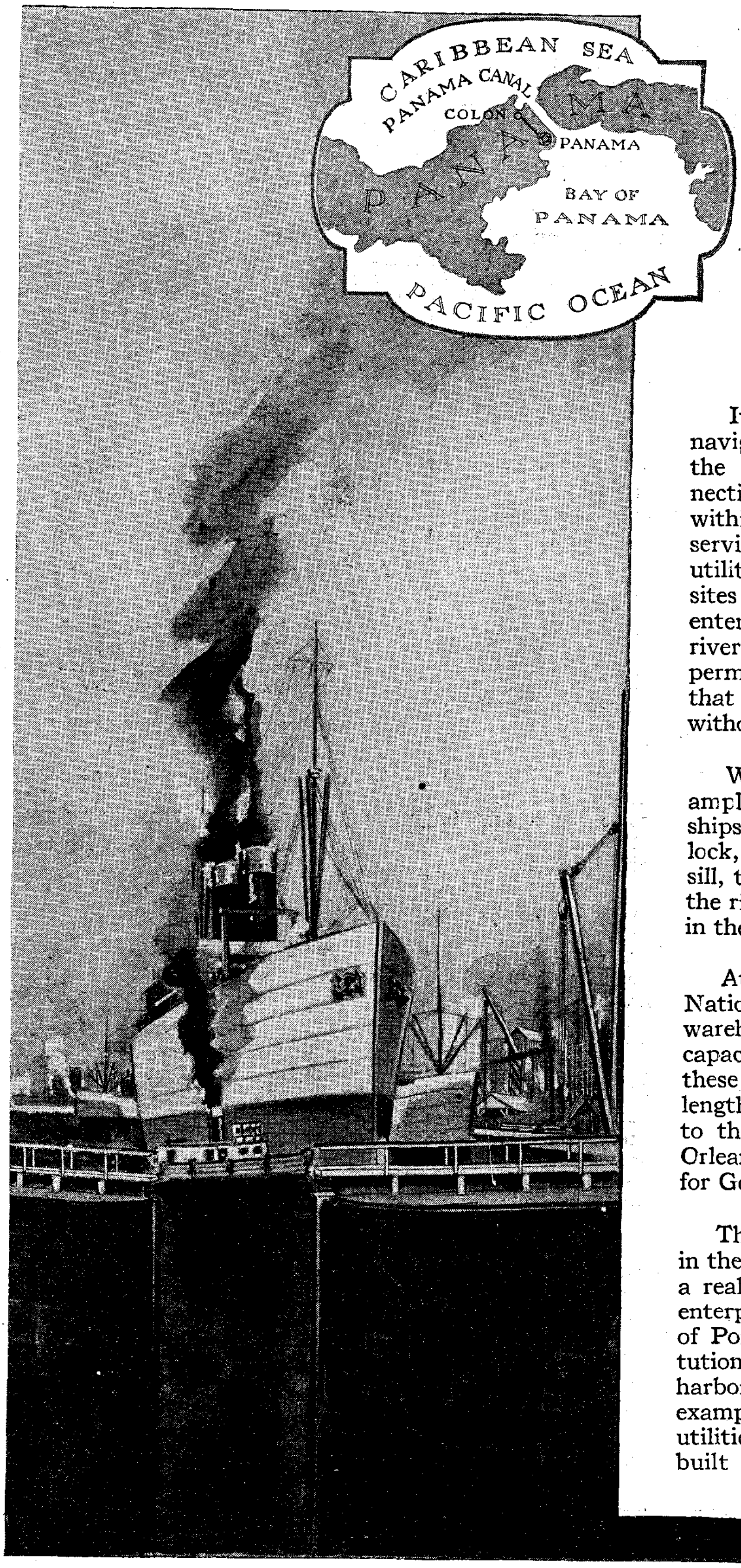
Business ....
Address ....

NEW ORLEANS

AMERICAN industries are invited to consider the advantages offered by the New Orleans Inner Harbor, or Industrial Canal, one of the really great engineering triumphs of national development.



This new Inner Harbor, now well on its way to completion, will rank with the half dozen greatest world canals, with a depth of water equaled only by those of Panama, Suez and Kiel.

It will provide a direct outlet to the sea for the largest ships from the Harbor of New Orleans via Lake Pontchartrain, reducing by approximately one-half the distance from the port to the Gulf via the Mississippi River.

It will provide miles of ideal factory sites, on a fixed navigable water level, and served on the land side by the New Orleans Public Belt Railway, directly connecting with all trunk lines entering the city; all this within the city limits of New Orleans, with trolley service to all parts of the city, and with all other public utilities immediately at hand. These miles of factory sites may be acquired on long-time leases by private enterprises—something that is impossible on the city's river front, for the reason that that frontage has been permanently reserved for public development of facilities that shall be open to all commodity handlers alike and without preference or favor.

Within the Inner Harbor will be a turning basin, ample in size to permit the free movement of the largest ships. At the River end of the Harbor will be a great lock, with a minimum depth of water of 30 feet over the sill, to facilitate the passage of ships at whatever stage the river may be and to maintain the fixed water level in the Industrial Canal proper.

At the River entrance of the Inner Harbor the National Government is completing three great depot warehouses, six stories in height and with a combined capacity of 178,500 tons of miscellaneous goods. Serving these is a wharf and wharfhouse nearly half a mile in length. Two of these warehouses will be turned over to the Board of Commissioners of the Port of New Orleans for public use, and the third will be retained for Government use.

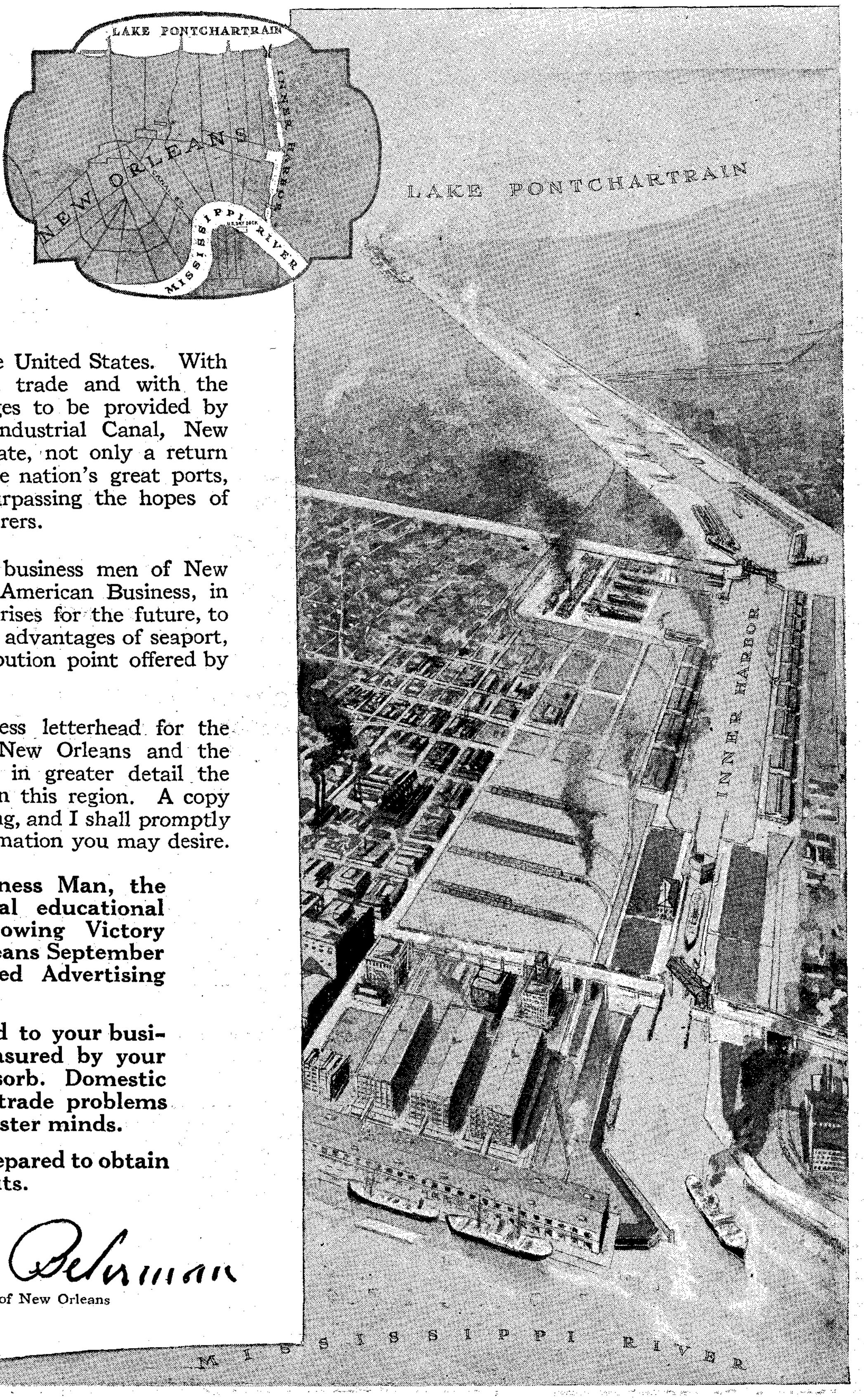
The construction work on the new Inner Harbor is in the hands of the genius that made the Panama Canal a reality — the Goethals Engineering Company. The enterprise is under the direct supervision of the Board of Port Commissioners, or Dock Board, a state institution. In this connection it may be said that the harbor of New Orleans as a whole furnishes a striking example of successful ownership and operation of public utilities. Sixty per cent of the port facilities have been built or developed by the Dock Board, and in the

(This is the Third of a Series of Advertisements)

INNER HARBOR

seventeen years this Board has had charge more than $15,000,000 has been expended on wharves, steel sheds, elevators and warehouses on the east bank of the Mississippi. These, with terminals built by the railroads, give New Orleans almost eight miles of docks, capable of accommodating at one time eighty vessels each 500 feet in length. All are served by the Public Belt Railroad, another triumph of public ownership and the only one of its kind in the country.

The Port of New Orleans is one of the safest harbors in the world, and provides practically unlimited anchorage space. The depth of water on the anchorage grounds is from 60 to 80 feet at low stage, and the River depth on the harbor front is as much as 190 feet at some points.



In normal times prior to the European war New Orleans had taken rank as the second greatest seaport in the United States. With the certain expansion of world trade and with the tremendous additional advantages to be provided by the new Inner Harbor and Industrial Canal, New Orleans may confidently anticipate, not only a return to her former position among the nation's great ports, but a new industrial growth surpassing the hopes of the most optimistic of her admirers.

Through me the progressive business men of New Orleans and of the South ask American Business, in planning new and greater enterprises for the future, to weigh carefully the extraordinary advantages of seaport, manufacturing center and distribution point offered by the Port of New Orleans.

Write today on your business letterhead for the 64-page book, "The Book of New Orleans and the Industrial South," which gives in greater detail the facts concerning developments in this region. A copy will be sent you free for the asking, and I shall promptly furnish any further specific information you may desire.

Mr. American Business Man, the first great international educational business congress following Victory will be held in New Orleans September 21-26 — The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

Its worth to you and to your business may only be measured by your ability to adapt and absorb. Domestic business and foreign trade problems will be discussed by master minds.

Come—and come prepared to obtain your share of the benefits.

Martin Behrman

Mayor of New Orleans

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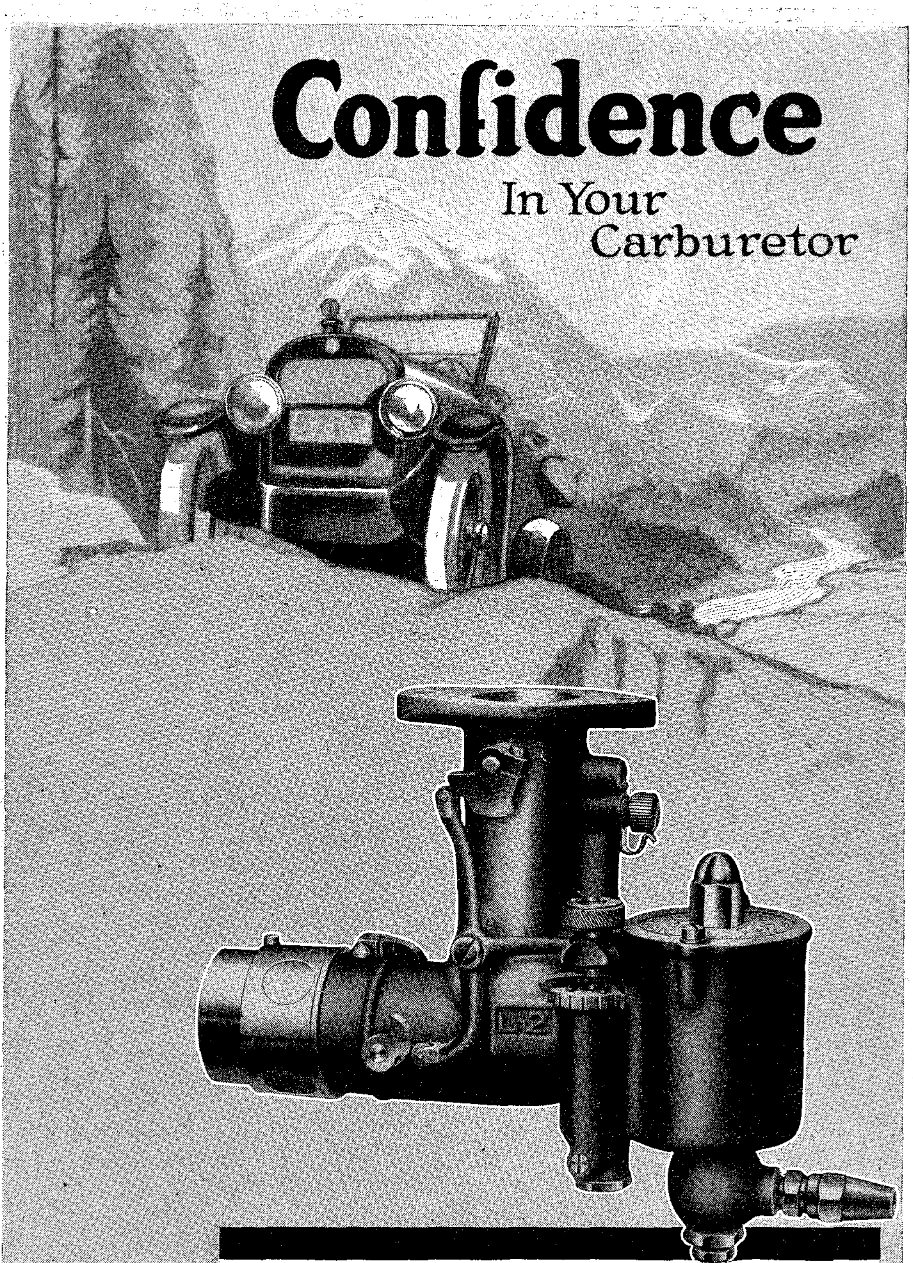

THE more you associate with a new Stromberg Carburetor the firmer your confidence in its efficiency.

Your trust grows with contact with motoring trials. Anywhere—in any weather—rain or shine—blistering hot or freezing cold—boulevard or heavy mud—with any car the New Stromberg guarantees a quick start—then development of power that *gets* you there. And *this* at the greatest of mileage economy.

The utmost of engine energy at least of travel expense and trouble.

Write for descriptive matter. State name, year and model of your machine.

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New STROMBERG Does it!
CARBURETOR

relieved and sent to the rear that we might reorganize. If we were lucky we would receive a few days of blissful idleness.

The next time there would be still fewer of the original company present, and, of necessity, more replacements.

And so it goes—"*C'est la guerre!*"

THE MOST ELECTRICAL PEACEMAKER IS PRESIDENT WILSON

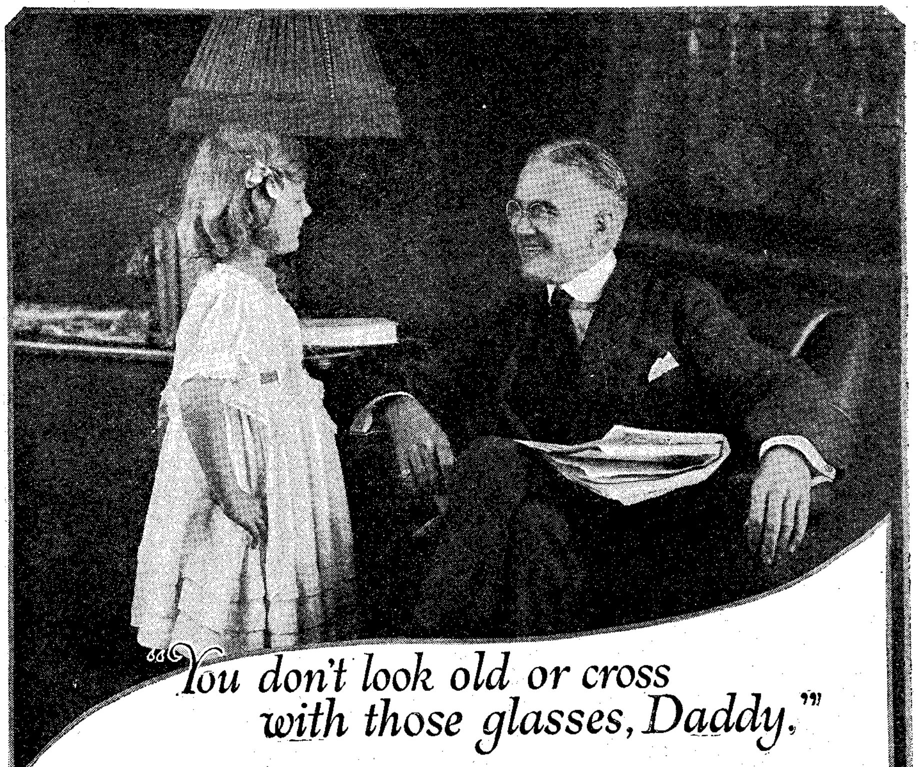
WHO is the best fighter among the peacemakers? That seems to be the chief qualification at a peace conference, for the really peaceful man would never do at all as a delegate. The Conference began as a kind of free-for-all in the big Clock Room of the French Foreign Office, but it didn't take long to discover who the big fighters were, so they were dubbed the "Big Four" and were shut up in a room to battle it out among themselves. This battle of the giants has not been in the open for public delectation, but the earlier ones in the Clock Room were, and their "Big Four" were in action there, so we can get a slant on their style of play. A diverting picture of this assembly of seventy at the big horseshoe table is drawn by Simeon Strunsky, in *The Atlantic Monthly*. It takes one's mind back, he says, "to the categories of Class-day election at college," thus:

> Handsomest man—Hymans, of Belgium, who, this afternoon of January 25, leads the revolt of the little nations against the Big Five; tall, slim, thoroughbred, with a fighting face and the most eloquent hands imaginable. Livest man—tie between Clemenceau, with body, muscles, arms, and tongue always in play, and Lloyd George, who reveals himself in the jump of ironic eyes under heavy brows, and frequent half-mischievous smiles and whisperings to Balfour at his left. Most worried man—Sonnino, of Italy. Most bored man—tie between Foch and Balfour. Best poised man—the chief Japanese representative, of course. Most patient and far-seeing man—Venizelos, I am inclined to believe. Most picturesque figure—if you dismiss the outward trappings of the delegates from Hejaz and native India, then, by all odds, Louis Botha, a massive, silent hulk, with eyes burning out of a short, thick jungle of whisker, mustache, and eyebrows. Hardest worker—Clemenceau. Most dignified—Woodrow Wilson. Best all-round athlete—Lloyd George, probably. Best student—House. Best poet—Smuts. Best orator—Woodrow Wilson. Done most for his class—?
>
> There seems to be virtual unanimity among the seventy on this last point. Assume that the proprieties demand constant reference by every one of the speakers to the President's rôle in war and now in peace, and it is still evident that to Woodrow Wilson belongs the distinction of cutting the pattern for the work of the Conference.

As might be expected of a real American, President Wilson is found by this writer to be the most electric member of the Peace Council. It is said of him that nobody has his power to surcharge the atmosphere with a "tingling, emotional current, from the moment he rises to his feet and slowly embraces the audience with his grave smile." In regard to Clemenceau the observation is made that altho he is seventy-seven years of age and the oldest member of the assembly, he is nevertheless the most vital of them all. Comparing him with other men of high executive position in the Allied Governments, the writer finds some curious contrasts and resemblances. President Wilson has less in common with the French leaders, it appears, than has—or had—our fighting ex-President who now sleeps at Oyster Bay. As we read:

> But the more galvanic our Clemenceau unquestionably is. He shifts in the presidential chair now right and now left, throwing bits of his own interpretation to Wilson or Lloyd George in advance of the official translator. He corrects, he emphasizes, he underlines the interpreter with emphatic nod, or takes exception with a flourish of his gray-gloved hands or a swift uplift of the white scythe of his mustache. His eyes scour the room to study effects. He is continually signaling to the secretaries behind him for orders, memoranda, messages to be delivered. The obvious parallel is with our own man of energy whom we have lost so recently, and without whom it is so hard, three thousand miles away, to think of America.
>
> On his feet Clemenceau is less dynamic in action than Roosevelt. The voice indicates his age, tho it does not quite reveal it. His utterance is softer than his words. His manner is colloquial, but his message bites. He does not thunder, he rends. And as we listen to his reply to the little nations, we first begin to understand why he is called the "Tiger." In itself his argument, tho frank, is not ferocious. He simply wants to say that big committees work more slowly than small committees, and that the great need before the Conference is speed. The message he succeeds in conveying is that, if you give the little nations the representation they demand, the Conference will degenerate into palaver. His enemies have spoken of his brutal speech. He himself, in referring to utterances of his past, has described them as perhaps "cruel." Easily that. Clemenceau is the only man of the seventy capable of saying aloud, as he does now, that it is for the great Powers to run the show, because it was they who had twelve million men in the field when the armistice came, and they who count their dead by the millions.

Passing on then to a discussion of the fighting qualities of the French Premier, the writer expresses doubt whether, in spite of his being called the "Tiger," the Frenchman ranks as the best fighter of the assembled peacemakers. It is suggested that there are many ways of fighting, with swift rapier-like thrusts, "as Clemenceau does, or with a splendid flourish of the club, as Roosevelt did, or with abstract terms and general formulas, as Woodrow Wilson so often does." In this connection it is suggested that those who feared that President Wilson might not be a match for his supposed astute and hard-headed opponents, further assuming those opponents to be Lloyd George and Clemenceau, need not have had any worry on that score. It is said that the President "is not prostrate under the foot of Lloyd George nor yet lasht captive to Clemenceau's chariot. He



"You don't look old or cross with those glasses, Daddy."

At last Daddy has found the perfect glasses for near and far vision.

No longer does he have to remove his reading glasses—or peer over them awkwardly—every time he wants to see distant objects. No longer does he fuss with two pairs of glasses or wear old-fashioned bifocals with their unsightly seam or hump that made him look old and cross.

KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

If *you* need glasses for near and far vision, you, too, will find, just as Daddy did, that KRYPTOKS (***pronounced Crip-tocks***) are a revelation in comfort and convenience. Your eyes will be constantly in focus with everything within your range of vision.

Through the lower part of KRYPTOK Glasses, you can read the smallest type clearly; through the upper part, you can see distant objects with equal clearness. KRYPTOKS give to the eyes the natural eyesight of youth—enable you to adjust your vision instantly from near to far.

No one can tell that you are wearing near-and-far vision glasses because KRYPTOKS are entirely free from seam or hump; their surfaces are clear, smooth and even. In appearance they are just like single-vision glasses. That is why they are universally known as "the invisible bifocals."

Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses.

Write for Booklet — "The Eyeglass Experiences of Benjamin Franklin Brown." Everyone who needs glasses for near and far vision (bifocals) will be interested in the information it contains. Write for your copy; please give, if possible, the name of your oculist, optometrist or optician.

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The old Bifocal
With the disfiguring seam or hump
The KRYPTOK Bifocal
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Safe!

Wherever you find men whose safety depends upon their sure-footedness you'll find Cat's Paw Rubber Heels.

Cat's Paws are the *different* heels — and the difference is due to a little device called the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping and makes them wear longer.

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Ask your dealer to attach a pair of Cat's Paws to your shoes. You'll like them — not only because of their safety — but because they are so springy, they cushion the pavements to your tread, absorb the jar of walking, and leave you fresh at the end of a hard day.

That Cat's Paw Heels have no holes to track mud or dirt is an added good feature.

Be sure you ask for and see that you get Cat's Paws.

Black, white or tan. For men, women and children. *All dealers.*

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

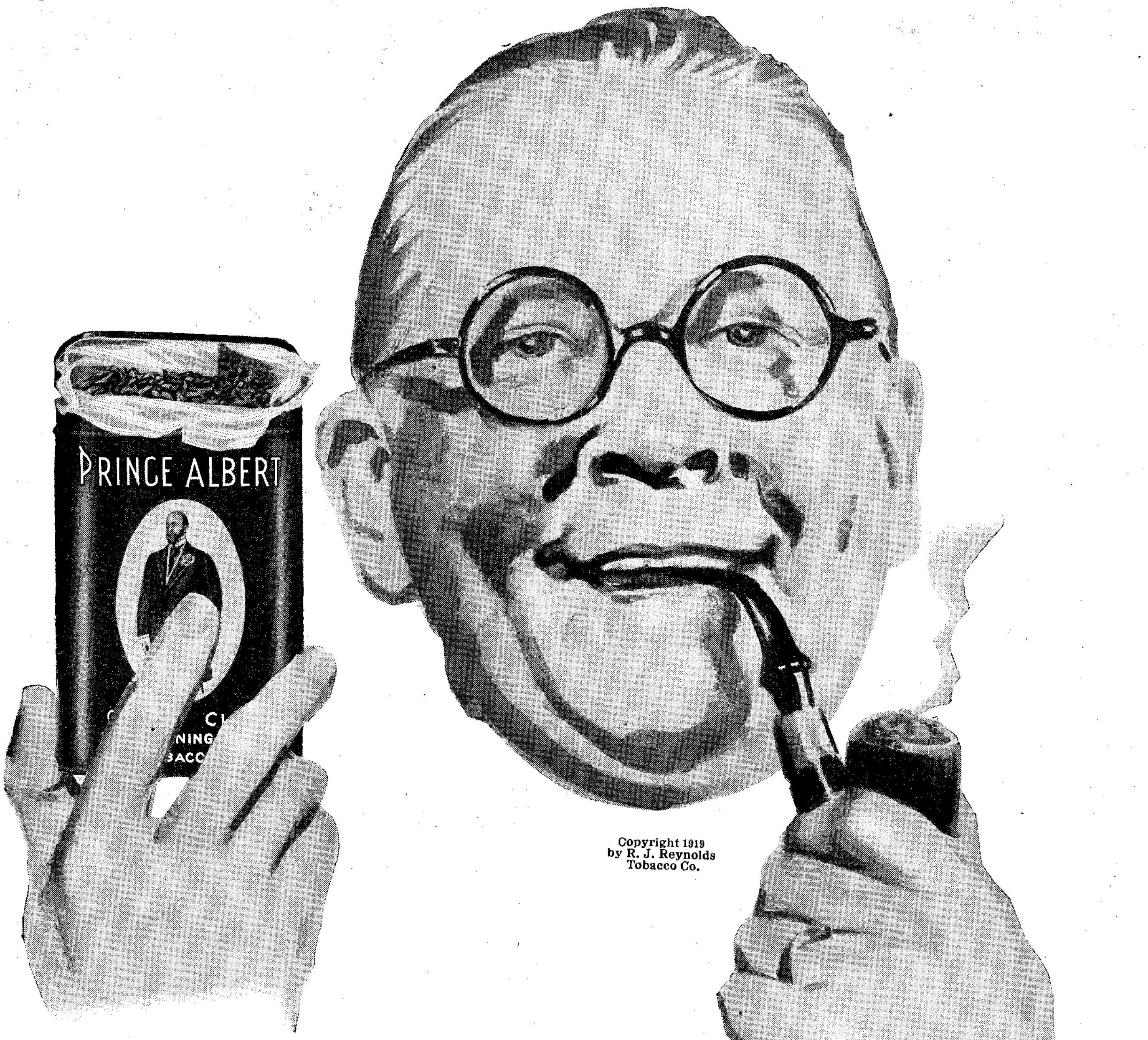
Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

has fought, and in his own way." To continue the quotation:

> Just what that way is, it is impossible to miss in the speech with which he opened the debate on the League of Nations. In the corridors I heard one veteran journalist describe it as the sermon of a Congregational minister. That veteran has a poor ear to have missed the swell of passion behind the solemn utterance, the challenge behind the pleading. It is a speech of summons and exhortation, but it is essentially a fighting speech. When the President says, "It is a solemn obligation on our part, therefore, to make permanent arrangements that justice shall be rendered and peace maintained," it is Wilson's way of saying, "We can not go away from this place before we have made permanent arrangements that justice shall be rendered and peace maintained." Nor is the President indulging in psychological analysis when he declares that the United States "would feel that it could not take part in guaranteeing those European settlements unless that guaranty involved the continuous superintendence of the peace of the world by the associated nations of the world." He is uttering a threat. If it had been Clemenceau speaking, he would have said, "Either you will give us the guaranties that we, the United States, think proper, or else you must run your Continent as you did before, and much good will it do you."
>
> To one, at least, of the President's listeners, there is the ring of an absolute ultimatum in the apparently plaintive reflection, "If we return to the United States without having made every effort in our power to realize this program, we shall return to meet the merited scorn of our fellow citizens." What the President really says is this: "Do you imagine that I am going back to the United States with empty hands, to meet the scorn of my fellow citizens? I am here until you give me the League of Nations I want."

The article concludes by comparing briefly, one with another, the three leading figures at the Paris Conference, Clemenceau in the presiding officer's chair, Wilson on his right and Lloyd George on his left, attention being called to the dramatic fact that these three men are all of a type heretofore regarded as lacking in the qualities essential for the governing of mankind. It says:

> Wilson is the college professor, the doctrinaire, the coiner of "vague" formulas, and at home the representative of a political party which, on the record of fifty years of American history, had been written down as incapable of producing out of itself the highest statecraft. Clemenceau is the "Tiger," the wrecker of ministries and reputations, the Ishmael of politics and journalism, the man of bitter passions and venomous tongue—here surely was no preparation for the greatest constructive task in a century. Lloyd George is perhaps nearest, by force of his record as social legislator before the war and administrator of war-effort under Asquith, to the type of constructive statesmanship. But Lloyd George, too, is not so far away, in time, from the Limehouse days, but that his former friends can fling at him the epithet of demagog which his present friends used so busily nine years ago; and now the demagog is to rebuild the Empire on broader and deeper foundations.



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by R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

"I'll say it is!"

Bet your potato patch against a hill of beans that Prince Albert certainly will put a fork-full-of-frolic into that pet pipe of yours! Why, to listen to a P. A. talk is enough to get you spading deep for a tidy red tin, but to pack that joy'us old jimmy brimful and hit 'er up a notch or two is just going right over the top with your eyes wide open!

Man, man! What P. A. will do for your taste and tongue *you sure ought to know!* Like the gentleman from Sparrow's Point you'll call P. A. a good egg! You'll smoke a pipe full and talk a bucket full—Prince Albert is such a great, big bunch of smokesunshine!

You'll put the spurs to every puff of Prince Albert to tempt it to burn your tongue! And, then you'll catch the P. A. cue that it can't bite or parch; that Prince Albert's exclusive patented process *frees it from bite and parch!* And makes the sky the smoke limit!

Now, talk tricks! Chum it with Prince Albert in your party parlor or your cucumber conservatory; give it high pressure for flavor and fragrance! Put P. A. through your little old taste-test-mill—*and*—just let that *q-u-a-l-i-t-y* percolate into your smokesystem!

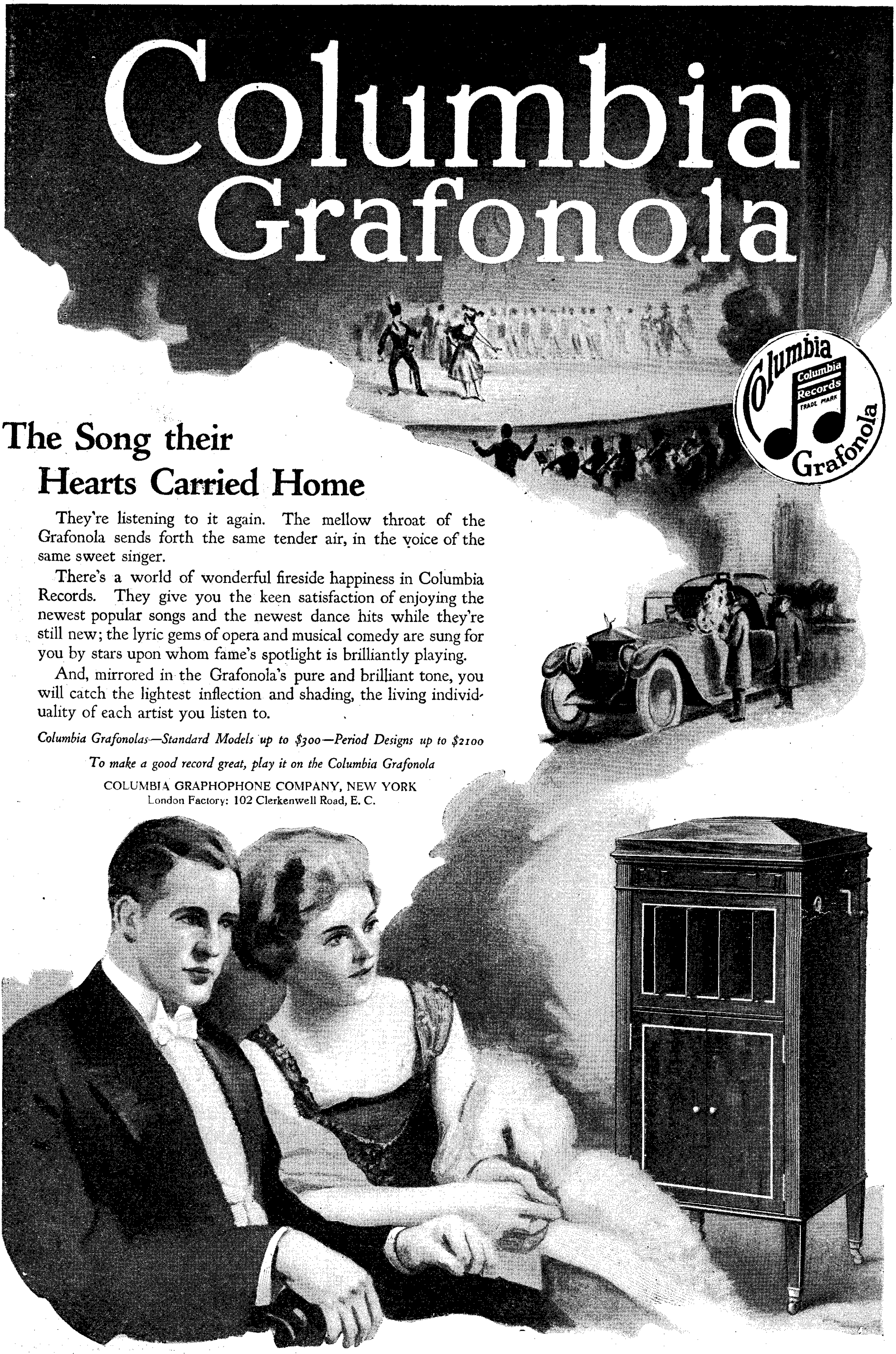
You'll say it is, too!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Just how soon you'll get under P. A.-way depends how fast you can beat it to the nearest place that sells tobacco. There, they'll hand you the toppy red bag, the tidy red tin; the handsome pound or half pound tin humidors—or—that clever pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps Prince Albert in such perfect condition, as fits your fancy!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.



The Song their Hearts Carried Home

They're listening to it again. The mellow throat of the Grafonola sends forth the same tender air, in the voice of the same sweet singer.

There's a world of wonderful fireside happiness in Columbia Records. They give you the keen satisfaction of enjoying the newest popular songs and the newest dance hits while they're still new; the lyric gems of opera and musical comedy are sung for you by stars upon whom fame's spotlight is brilliantly playing.

And, mirrored in the Grafonola's pure and brilliant tone, you will catch the lightest inflection and shading, the living individuality of each artist you listen to.

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COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK
London Factory: 102 Clerkenwell Road, E. C.

LIFE ON A GERMAN SUBMARINE OUT FOR PREY

ONLY one regular line officer of the United States Navy was captured by Germans in the course of the war—and he escaped. But between the time of his capture and the time, five months later, when he swam the Rhine to freedom in Switzerland he had the unusual and valuable experience of a trip on a fighting German *U*-boat, which took him through the famous Kattegat mine-fields by a route concerning which the Allies were anxious to have information. Being a trained observer, he found out a good many points of interest about the habits of the German submarine, and his little book about his adventures carries a complimentary introduction by Secretary Daniels. "The Prisoner of the *U*-90," as Lieut. Evouard Victor Isaacs calls the story of his adventures, lately published by Houghton-Mifflin, is a good adventure narrative, with its plain truth more strange than is most fiction along similar lines. Even if the writer escaped from Germany only just before the signing of the armistice, too late to make his information valuable to the Allied naval service, he brings back perhaps the best story of the actual operation of those German under-water boats that so nearly turned the balance of the war in favor of Germany. Beginning with the very thorough triple torpedoing of the old Hamburg-American liner, *President Lincoln*, then serving as an American transport, on May 31, 1918, Lieutenant Isaacs' story runs:

For fifteen minutes after the *Lincoln* went down we busied ourselves tying together rafts and boats in order that they would not be scattered over the ocean and so that the survivors could be easily and quickly picked up by the rescuing vessels when they should arrive on the scene.

Débris of all kinds was floating about—immense timbers, broken topmasts, and other gear were being propelled out of the water in all directions. There was great danger of some of these striking us, but fortunately none found a mark. Finally, after being in the water on the raft for three-quarters of an hour, a half-filled boat happened along and picked me up.

About this time, the other three ships (of the convoy to which the *Lincoln* had belonged) having disappeared in the distance, the submarine came to the surface and approached the boat. In answer to the entreaties of the men in my boat, I lay back in the stern sheets and covered the gold stripes on my sleeves with my body. I could not bring myself to the humiliation of hiding in the bottom of the boat and leaving them to face alone the displeasure of the pirates, altho they begged me to do so, or at least to remove my uniform. I saw later, however, that there was no use in trying to deceive the captain, for the submarine approached to within fifty yards, and he could at that short distance readily distinguish every detail of uniform. I had lost my cap, but had on an old blouse under my life-jacket. Recognizing this, the commanding officer of the *U*-boat put a megaphone to his lips and sang out, "Come aboard." We pulled alongside, and as I rose to step out of the life-boat, the men, realizing that I was about to leave them, perhaps never to return, raised their voices in protest and tried to restrain me. I turned to calm them, telling them not to worry, that it was only the fortunes of war, and, stepping on the gunwale I grasped the hands of those nearest me in a heartfelt good-by and jumped on the deck of the submarine. I had endeavored to wear as pleasant an expression on my face as I could muster in that trying time, altho, as I released the fingers of my little gunner Cochrane, I felt I was bidding farewell to a real friend for perhaps the last time.

As I walked along the deck a German sailor came behind me and took my pistol. I then gave him the whole belt. Going up to the conning-tower I saluted the officer whom I took to be the captain. He addrest me in rather fair English as follows:

"Are you the captain of the *President Lincoln?*"

"No, sir," I replied. "I believe the captain went down with the ship, for I have not seen him since. I am the First Lieutenant."

"I am Captain Remy," he said. "My orders are to take the senior officer prisoner whenever I sink a man-o'-war. You will remain aboard and point out your captain to me."

At that time Captain Foote, of the *Lincoln*, was pulling stroke oar in one of the life-boats. It was his duty to remain with his men, and so be in a position to look after their safety until aided by rescuing vessels. The manner in which he performed this duty is one of the most striking incidents of the Great War. Of the seven hundred souls aboard the *President Lincoln* only twenty-three men and three officers were lost, and that a great loss of life did not result must be attributed to the grand discipline which prevailed, for which he alone was responsible, and to his coolness and skill in the long trying hours which elapsed before destroyers arrived at eleven o'clock that night.

When Captain Remy finished speaking he offered me a glass of sherry, which I took with thanks, for the water had been rather cold, and I was numb from my waist down. We then cruised slowly among the boats and rafts. I sang out to two or three boats and asked if they had seen the captain. Receiving negative replies, I turned to Captain Remy and told him I was sure my captain had gone down with the ship. Thereupon he sent me below and gave me warm clothing.

The following morning a radio message from an American destroyer was intercepted, and Captain Remy, of the submarine, whose general conduct was above that which the world had reason to expect from German officers, gave it to Lieutenant Isaacs to read. The message said: "*President Lincoln* sunk. Survivors saved. A few missing."

For the next two days the submarine, having left the scene of the sinking, cruised up and down on the surface. The writer comments:

In cruising in that vicinity we were merely following out what appeared to be Remy's routine schedule. He called those waters his cruising ground. We remained constantly on the surface, submerging only when it became necessary to avoid ships, and once a day to get the proper trim. I was up on deck most of the time standing on the conning-platform behind the officer of the deck. The weather was

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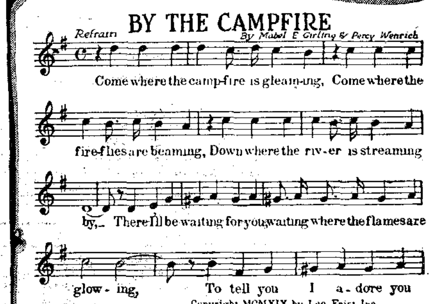
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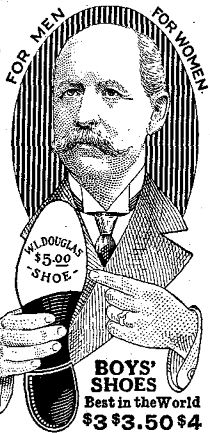

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moderate, and altho we rolled slightly it was dry and comfortable there. I had plenty of time to look at the sea and the sky and review my novel situation.

When I was ordered to the *President Lincoln* from the fleet and realized that I would actually have an opportunity to do my share in the winning of the war, I was pleased beyond description. I rather expected to be wounded or killed or even drowned, for I conjectured that if the "game" went on long enough it was only natural that, by the laws of choice and chance, the *Lincoln* would finally be torpedoed; and with her torpedoed and sunk, it was to be expected that some would be wounded, some killed outright, some drowned, and the remainder rescued little the worse for the experience. But never once had the thought of being taken prisoner entered my mind; I dare say it is or was the same with the most of us. And so I had food for thought during those first few days, and the more I thought about it the less I liked it. The only one taken among the seven hundred souls on the *President Lincoln!* Worse still, the only United States Navy officer captured by the Germans during the war! I decided it could not be.

The afternoon of June 1, about five o'clock, as we were sitting in the tiny wardroom sipping our "Kaffee," the officer who had the watch on deck sent word to the captain that two ships had been sighted. They were two American destroyers, apparently the ones who had picked up the survivors of the *President Lincoln*, and were on their way to Brest. Remy went on deck, took the conn, and, turning away from the destroyers, went full speed ahead. Just at this time the submarine was sighted by the destroyers, who gave chase. When Remy found he was seen, he quickly submerged and zigzagged while making about eight knots speed. We ran at a depth of two hundred feet. All officers and men were at their stations. I was alone in the ward-room with no companions but hope and fear: hope that they would "get" the submarine, and fear of that very eventuality.

We were submerged but a few minutes when a dull concussion slightly rocked the boat. It was the first depth bomb! Others followed in quite rapid succession until a total of twenty-two were counted. Inside the submarine it was as quiet as the grave—the only sounds that broke the stillness were the frequent reports from the petty officer at the microphones to the captain telling him when the sounds of the destroyers' propellers showed they were approaching or receding, and in which direction.

Five of the depth bombs exploded so close that the boat was shaken from stem to stern, and I fully expected to see the seams open and the water rush in. At that time I did not know which side I was cheering for. But she stood the shocks well, and soon the sound of the propellers grew fainter and fainter, and finally could be heard no more. We remained submerged an hour longer and then came to the surface finding all serene and calm again.

During the "show" I looked into the control-room to see how officers and men were taking their medicine. There was one cool person among the five officers and forty-two men, and he was the captain. I saw two of the officers shaking their heads over the affair, and the blanched faces of the crew told better than words what their feelings were. Remy afterward told me there was one part of his business he

The Effect of By-Products On Food and Livestock Prices

IF a thousand pound steer could be used for nothing but its food parts, its meat, sold at regular prices, would not bring what the steer cost. If its three hundred and fifty pounds of inedible parts were thrown away, ***either producers would have to take lower prices for animals or consumers would have to pay more for food.***

Hence, Armour and Company must find a way to use and sell every ounce of all livestock.

One of the fundamental benefits of big business is that it has the resources to make scientific investigations in developing new products and the organization to sell them when they have been developed.

There is more imposed upon us than merely the marketing of meat. The beef animal referred to above affords an instance—35% of our efforts in manufacturing and selling have to do with parts that are not food at all. Multiply this one steer by millions. Think of the problem of finding markets for glue, curled hair, hides and pelts, wool, lubricating oils, soaps, banjo strings, pharmaceutical preparations, sand-paper and many other by-products in almost unending quantities. This would be difficult for a concern with lesser facilities; no large organization, even, could accomplish the task without years of endeavor in up-building many kinds of markets.

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And you are definitely securing for yourself utmost value in the food you eat.

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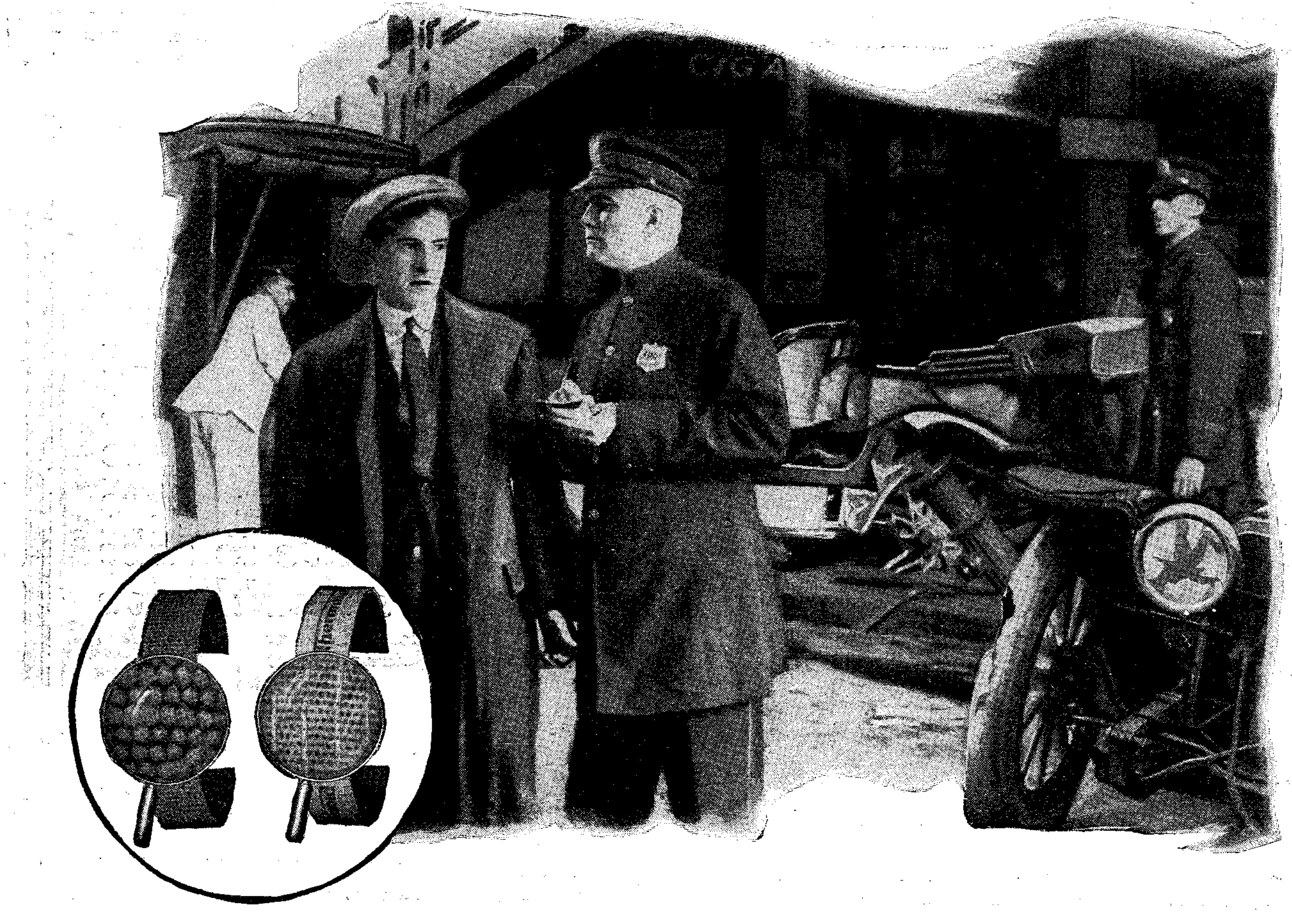

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Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining

Notice the compact texture.

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Gives uniform gripping surface until wafer thin.

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IN a single day in New York City alone it is estimated that there are 33 automobile accidents serious enough to report—accidents which caused injury or death.

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At least 10 per cent of these accidents could have been avoided if the brakes had been in good condition, and properly applied. That is the judgment of New Jersey state authorities.

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It is so simple to be on the safe side. Go to your garage man today, and have your brakes inspected. Thousands of motorists are making this a regular precaution at sixty day intervals. Possibly a simple tightening of the brake rods, or an adjustment of the equalizer, is all that is needed to give you safety instead of ever-present danger.

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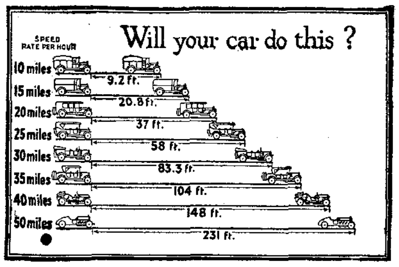
In each square inch of Thermoid brake lining there is *40 per cent more material* than in ordinary woven lining. This additional body gives a closer texture which is made tight and compact by *hydraulic compression* under 2000 lbs. pressure. In addition to this, Thermoid is *Grapnalized*, an exclusive process in manufacture which enables it to resist moisture, oil and gasoline.



This chart shows the distances in which a car should stop at any given speed if the brakes are efficient

The close, compact texture of Thermoid, so processed, causes it to wear down more slowly than ordinary brake lining, and *evenly* so that it maintains its gripping power even when worn to wafer thinness.

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Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Casings" dreaded more than what I had just witnessed—and that was the passing through unknown mine-fields.

The following morning, June 2, another American destroyer was sighted. Remy had had his lesson. He took no chances of being seen, but submerged immediately. Lieutenant Isaacs continues with an account of the submarine and of the daily life of the men aboard her:

The *U*-90 was built in 1916, and was commissioned in 1917. She was about two hundred feet long and mounted a four-inch gun forward and another aft of the conning-tower. The guns were rigidly fixt to the deck, and so were in the water whenever the ship submerged; but all the more delicate parts were covered with a thick coat of tallow, and as far as I could tell the salt water did little damage to the guns. Extending up through the top of the conning-tower were two periscopes about twenty feet long which were housed inside, but could be extended at will; so the submarine could cruise along submerged to a depth of fifteen feet, and at the same time, by running up a periscope, see everything that happened on the surface. The submerged speed was eight or nine knots, but on the surface it was fully sixteen knots. She carried folding radio masts, which were hoisted every night, until one night they were damaged in a storm, and from then on dependence had to be placed in the aerial stretched between the heavy cables running from stem to stern over the conning-tower. These cables passed above guns and conning-tower in such a way that all projections on the submarine were protected from nets and the like. At the stem the cables were made fast to saw-edged steel bars, which were expected to cut the strands of wire whenever a net was encountered. Right below the conning-tower was the control-room where there were always two men on watch and where were controlled all devices for submerging.

In good weather all the navigating was done from the top of the conning-tower while the steersman was inside the tower; but in very rough weather the officer of the deck went inside and the hatch was closed. With the hatch closed the *U*-boat could submerge immediately by simply tilting the horizontal rudder. The descent was very gradual and the submarine, instead of dropping like a heavy weight, was forced through the water by the propellers at a very slight incline. With the hatch open it took about ninety seconds to shift from the internal combustion or Diesel engines to the storage batteries, close the hatch, and submerge.

Just forward of the control-room were two very small compartments, one to starboard and one to port, with a passage between. The starboard compartment was used as a cabin by the two youngest officers. It was probably seven feet long by four feet wide. The port compartment was somewhat smaller and was used as the radio-room. Forward of these two compartments was the ward-room, about seven feet long and six feet wide, on one side of which were two bunks, one over the other, used by two of the officers, and on the other side wash-stand and some lockers built against the bulkhead in which was kept the ward-room food. A collapsible table occupied the center of the room and on this our food was placed. In the evening after the food was put away a hammock was swung in the center of the room, and in this I slept every night I was aboard.

Forward of the ward-room was the captain's cabin, a room of about the same size as the former. He had a bunk, a desk, and a chair, and no place for anything else. Two other compartments were forward of the cabin; the large sleeping compartment for the crew (in one corner of which was the officers' toilet), and the forward torpedo-room.

At the stern was the after torpedo-room, but these two compartments I was never allowed to enter. However, I learned that the *U*-90 carried eight torpedoes. She had sunk two twenty-five-hundred-ton ships before she torpedoed the *President Lincoln.* Three torpedoes were expended on us and one each on the others, so she still had three left. It was to get an opportunity to fire these remaining three that Captain Remy stayed two days longer on his cruising-ground after sinking the *Lincoln.*

Abaft the control-room was another large sleeping compartment for the crew, and here also was the galley where all the food for both officers and men was prepared. Between this compartment and the after torpedo-room was the engine-room with its two Diesel engines.

Altho the quarters were cramped and there were many inconveniences to be put up with, life aboard was not so unpleasant as people are likely to imagine. We had only sufficient water for washing our hands and faces once a day, and the crew had hardly that much. The submarine rolled considerably in a heavy sea, but when submerged there was absolutely no sensation of being in motion. The air in the boat was very good and seldom did it become disagreeable.

Besides "*Kapitän-Leutnant*" Remy, the commanding officer, who was a "regular," and who had entered the German Naval Academy in 1905, there was a young engineer lieutenant who had graduated from their Engineering School and who was responsible for the efficient condition of the machinery; a young lieutenant who had entered the Naval Academy in 1913; and a reserve lieutenant who had been in the merchant fleet before the war. Then there was another officer of the same rank as Remy, who was making the cruise preparatory to taking command of one of the new submarines Germany was building.

The crew was composed of young men, happy and in good physical condition. They seemed to like the duty aboard, but I found out that the reasons why it was so popular were: first, after about three round trips they were given the Iron Cross; secondly, they had the best food in Germany; thirdly, half the crew were given leave of absence every time they were in port; and, fourthly, they received the highest rate of pay in the Navy, and this was further increased by a certain sum for each day they submerged. So for all these reasons the Germans were able to keep their submarines manned by voluntary enlistments, at least until the last months of the war.

Captain Remy treated me with extreme consideration and politeness. He tried to make things as pleasant for me as possible and his officers took their cue from him. I messed with them at their little table and took part in the conversation which, for my sake, was often in English—for nearly all the officers could speak English fairly well, the "regulars" being required to study it at the Naval Academy.

We had many sociable evenings, and they helped me to forget for a few hours at least the trying position in which I found myself. I had played bridge in English, French, and Spanish, but it was

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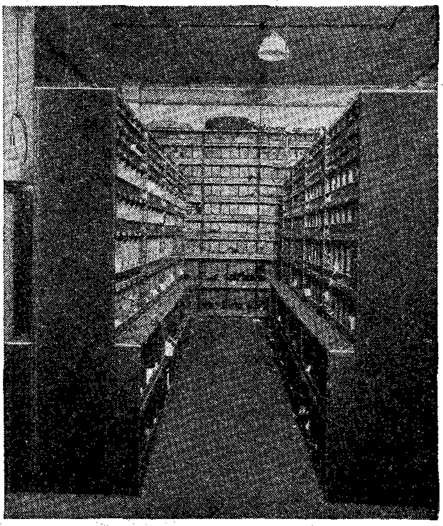

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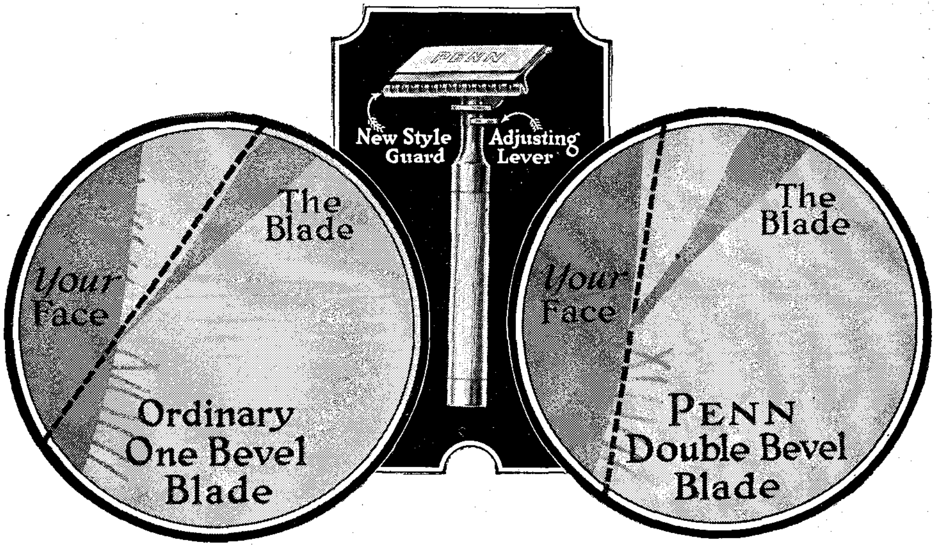

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not until my sojourn on the *U*-90 that learned to play it in German. Ever evening when the remnants of the l meal were cleared away we gathered aroun the little table in the ward-room and playe cards. I was agreeably surprized when on evening after I had learned how to play real German game, Captain Remy suggested that we play bridge. And a ver interesting game they made of it.

We had four meals every day: breakfas at 8 A.M., which consisted usually c canned sausage ("vorst," as they calle it), canned jam, canned bread, canne lard, and coffee; dinner at twelve o'cloc noon, consisting of soup and the rest th same as at breakfast; "Kaffee" at 4 P.M which was coffee and bread with the lar (they called it marmalade) spread over it and supper at 8 P.M., when we had potat pancakes, or some such delicacy of th cook's, together with the same old standbys—sausage, bread, lard, and coffee.

Occasionally we had tea, and a few time cocoa. Twice we had eggs; but the usua menu was what I have just described This could hardly compare with the foo of the *President Lincoln*, nor with th navy ration; but as Remy warned me it was decidedly the best food in Germany and so very much better than I should b likely to see that he begged me to ea while I had the opportunity. God know he spoke the truth.

BILL DAVIDSON'S UNOFFICIAL WAY OF GETTING INTO THE BIG WAR

BILL DAVIDSON is home again, an everybody is glad to see him. Th local paper in his home town, Bisbee Ariz., has "written him up," and *Th Arizona Mining Journal* announces that i is anxious to publish a picture of him, "bu owing to the fact that Bill has alway steered shy of photographers, it was no possible to get a likeness." Bill was skilful not only at steering shy of photographers, but of United States Army regulations also, and that is why he is famous Probably few persons got into the Grea War in such a completely unofficial way a did Bill Davidson. The Bisbee *Review* comments and elucidates on the subjec to this effect:

Private Bill Davidson.

To that name may be added, "Orderly to Lieut.-Col. John C. Greenway, First Division, A. E. F.," and there stands the full designation of a member of the United States overseas forces who has a record which has no equal, perhaps, in any of the armies of the Allies. When the United States declared war and it became certain that we were to be engaged with an army opposing the *Boches*, Bill Davidson became possest of but one idea and one purpose That purpose he accomplished fully, and in the accomplishing of it he made the record that will here be set forth.

Bill Davidson knew that nothing could keep Jack Greenway away from the front, and where Jack Greenway went was the only place for Bill. How to get to the front with Greenway and get assigned to his particular regiment was something that any sensible person—that is, except Bill—would have thought impossible. With Bill it was the one thing above all others to be accomplished by him, and with this end in view he set about his affairs, confident that he would land in France with

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The Essex was announced with the statement that it was to be advertised by those who would ride in it. The car would not be advertised as other cars have been advertised.

No claims would be made for it. People were asked to go see it—take a ride and we would rely upon its quality to speak for itself.

You know how the Essex has won its place by what people are saying about it.

On the first day the Essex was shown—January 16th—close to five thousand people in all parts of the country responded to the invitation to ride in the Essex.

Had Been Expected Two Years

The response was large because the Essex had been expected for two years. But only the distributors and a few others had been permitted to ride in it up to that time.

Now it is known in every section.

It has awakened the interest of all who realize the value of low first cost, economical operation, combined with qualities of performance, riding ease, endurance and other attractions heretofore obtainable in only large and costly cars.

Users of big cars are enthusiastic over the Essex because they have found it to possess the very qualities most prized in the cars they operate and at a great saving in cost and expense of operation.

But users of good light weight cars are the most urgent supporters of the Essex.

They see in it all the advantages they know in their cars with the additional qualities of cars that cost two and three times as much as they have paid for their automobiles.

Essex Qualities Not Comparable to Any Car

No other one car is like the Essex in degree of beauty, comfort, performance or endurance. Other cars closely match it in some of these particulars. But those who attempt to describe the Essex use a dozen different well-known makes for comparison.

Its lightness and cost are compared to the cars best known for their class. Performance comparisons go into the high-priced car field. Essex speed, Essex acceleration and Essex hill climbing are almost invariably stated in terms of such performance as are made by cars best known in those particulars.

The finest and costliest closed cars are referred to as being the nearest to Essex in riding quality.

Cars that have proved their leadership in the field of endurance are the standard by which the long life of the Essex is measured.

And the appointment detail of the Essex is expressed in terms which describe the most desirable makes in that particular.

Note How People Agree on the Essex

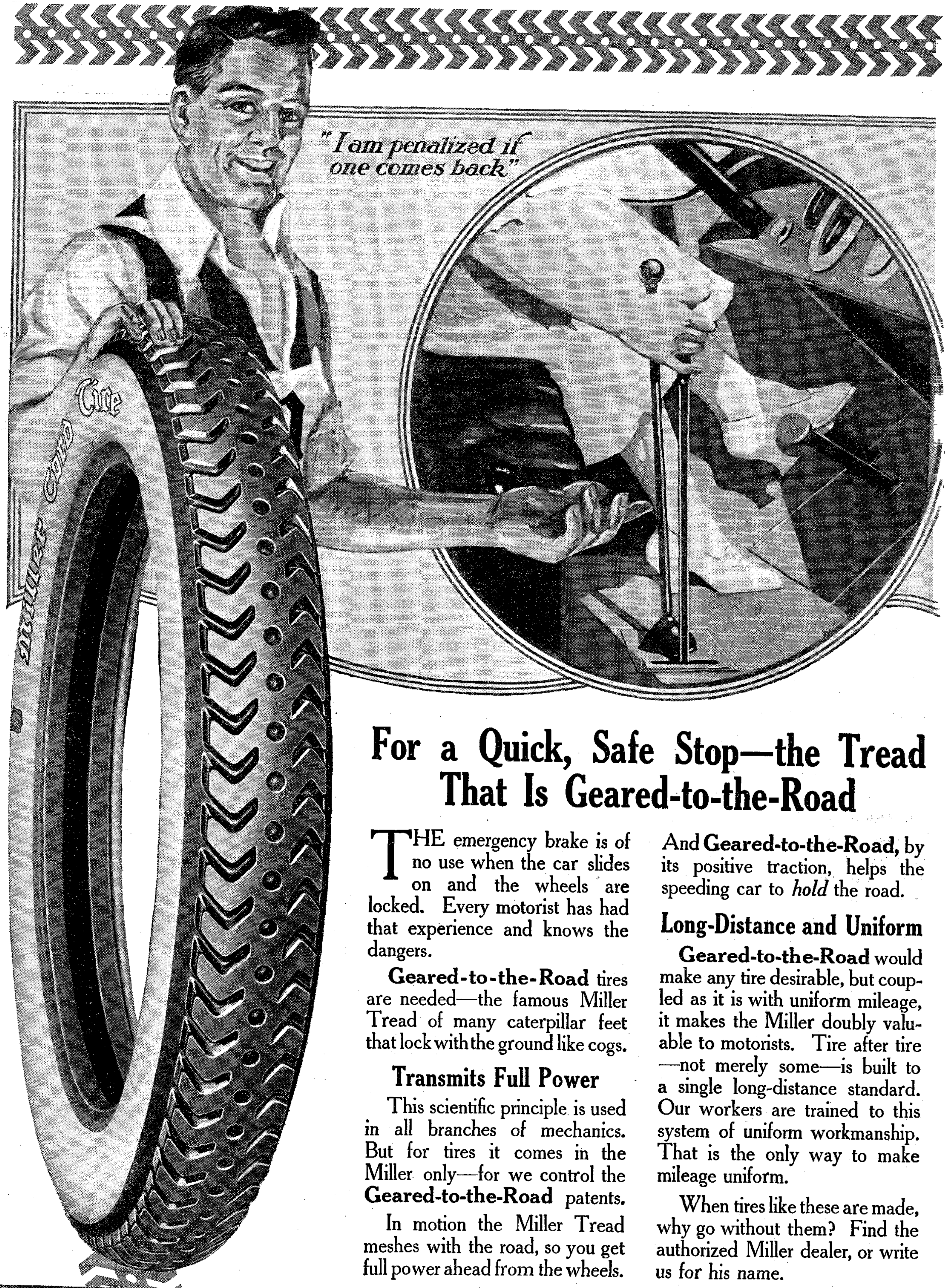
These facts are merely suggestive of the Essex.

People who know the Essex understand how completely it meets their idea of motor car value.

The interesting fact about what one hears among motorists is the practically universal approval everyone has for it.

There is no middle ground endorsement. It is nearest to being a unanimously accepted car than any we have ever known.

Get acquainted with the Essex. Its value will prompt you to say such nice things about it as will richly reward us for advertising to you to go see it.


"I am penalized if one comes back"
Miller Cord Tire

For a Quick, Safe Stop—the Tread That Is Geared-to-the-Road

THE emergency brake is of no use when the car slides on and the wheels are locked. Every motorist has had that experience and knows the dangers.

Geared-to-the-Road tires are needed—the famous Miller Tread of many caterpillar feet that lock with the ground like cogs.

Transmits Full Power

This scientific principle is used in all branches of mechanics. But for tires it comes in the Miller only—for we control the **Geared-to-the-Road** patents.

In motion the Miller Tread meshes with the road, so you get full power ahead from the wheels.

And **Geared-to-the-Road**, by its positive traction, helps the speeding car to *hold* the road.

Long-Distance and Uniform

Geared-to-the-Road would make any tire desirable, but coupled as it is with uniform mileage, it makes the Miller doubly valuable to motorists. Tire after tire—not merely some—is built to a single long-distance standard. Our workers are trained to this system of uniform workmanship. That is the only way to make mileage uniform.

When tires like these are made, why go without them? Find the authorized Miller dealer, or write us for his name.

Miller
GEARED-TO-THE ROAD
UNIFORM MILEAGE
Tires

The Miller Rubber Company, Dept. A-109, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes, the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires; also Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods, for Homes as well as Hospitals

DEALERS: Write for attractive tire agency proposition in open territory.

(252)

of the front line before Bill was finally held up. He had come 7,000 miles on his own responsibility, without one line of authority from any one, and was now actually at the front and in the face of the enemy, and was still a civilian. And it was there in the Toul sector that Bill enlisted and became officially what he had been at heart and in fact for many weeks—one of the American Expeditionary Force.

"From then on Bill and I were together without danger of being separated by army regulations. He became my orderly and remained so throughout. The only time we were separated was when Bill was in the hospital recovering from shell-wounds. We came back together and Bill went with me to Hot Springs, Ark., where we both took baths. We separated at Fort Worth, Bill going on to Ajo by another route, while I came on to Bisbee."

And that is the story of Bill Davidson, whose devotion to his chief is unlimited. It causes him to "do the impossible" and to override all of the regulations of the War Department. It is a story in the telling of which Colonel Greenway takes the greatest pride and in which a spirit of affection is dominant.

Bill quit his job to go to war with Jack Greenway, and he did.

JUDGE PRYOR, MR. POTTER, BOWIE-KNIVES, AND A DARK ROOM

THOSE lively days when American gentlemen occasionally decided differences of opinion by seeing who could kill the other first were recalled to many minds by the DIGEST'S mention of dueling incidents in the life of the late Judge Roger A. Pryor, of New York, who was a Confederate general during the Civil War. One of the Judge's duels was with Oswald B. Finney, a member of the Virginia legislature, who was so badly wounded in the course of the argument that it was thought he would die. Judge Pryor's most famous connection with dueling, however, came about through a difference of opinion between himself and John F. Potter, an abolitionist elected to Congress on the Republican ticket from Waukesha and Walworth counties, Wisconsin. According to one report, Judge Pryor, as the challenged party, had the choice of weapons; he named bowie-knives in a dark room, "whereupon the challenge was withdrawn." There is a slight mistake in this report, half a dozen correspondents inform us. According to these authorities, Judge Pryor, who was a good deal of a fire-eater even for a Southern gentleman in those days, challenged the abolitionist, whereupon Mr. Potter chose as the weapons to be used bowie-knives in a dark room. "Pryor backed out," reports Dr. C. S. Thompson, of Cedarville, Ill., "saying that no gentleman would so demean himself as to fight in such a coarse, vulgar fashion." Dr. Thompson continues:

> It was commonly believed and stated in the press of that time (1859 or 1860) that Pryor would not have retreated had Potter chosen pistols at the usual distance, for, with that weapon, Pryor would have had the advantage, he being a well-practised pistol-shot, while Potter was not, but who would probably have found it easy to do up his smaller antagonist with bowie-knives.

Charles M. Dey, an ex-captain in the United States Cavalry, 1861-1866, writes from Herndon, Virginia, that he is "77 years young this month," and remembers distinctly the circumstances of the near-duel. Congressman Potter chose bowie-knives in the face of the most violent protests from Pryor's seconds, who characterized such weapons as "inhuman and barbarous." Mr. Potter refused to yield his choice, however, even tho his friends told him that such weapons, used in a dark room, meant certain death. "Yes—and to the other fellow, too," comments Captain Dey. "Mr. Potter's constituents were so pleased with the outcome of the matter," writes A. W. Graham from Lockport, N. Y., "that they had made and presented to him a bowie-knife seven feet long, on the blade of which were engraved Mr. Potter's name, the date, and the motto: 'Always ready for a Pryor engagement.'"

From the Bonavie Ranch, White Salmon, Washington, E. E. Bentley writes concerning the direct cause and some humorous outgrowths of the near-duel:

> It grew out of a speech by the Honorable Potter, made after the attack on Sumner. Because of the language used, this speech was very offensive to the Southern members. The outcome was that Mr. Pryor challenged Potter and he, being the challenged party, chose "bowie-knives in a dark room." Mr. Pryor insisted that was barbarous and would not fight on those terms. Mr. Potter replied that he considered the custom of dueling a barbarous one, and that it might as well be done in a barbarous way. The result was the duel never was fought.
>
> In the House, at the time, was a little Irishman. Pending the outcome of the challenge, both Potter and Pryor were absent. At the roll-call when the clerk of the House called the name of Mr. Potter, the little Irishman arose and said, "Misther Spaker, Mr. Potter has a Pryor engagement." The roll went on until Mr. Pryor's name was called, when the little Irishman again arose and said: "Misther Spaker, Mr. Pryor is as clay in the hands of the Potter."

Three Out, All Out.—"Might I ask how my three-act drama is coming on, sir? Has it been accepted?" questioned the the young dramatist eagerly.

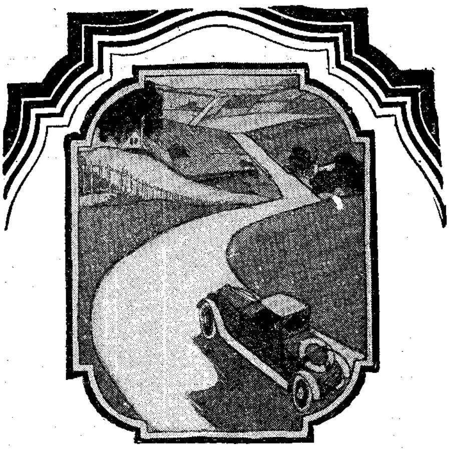
"The three members of the reading committee have read it," replied the manager, "and I think it will do with one act cut out."

"I am glad to hear it is no worse, sir," said its author, breathing a sigh of relief.

"But," continued the manager, "unfortunately each one wants to strike out a different act."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Ultimate in Gloom.—HOOK—"Old-boy is the most melancholy fellow I know."

CROOK—"You're right. He proposed to a girl once by asking her how she would like to become his widow."—*London Tit-Bits.*



Any Road—Anywhere

ANY motor route in the United States becomes as familiar to you as the street on which you live, if you use

THE AUTOMOBILE BLUE BOOK

The Standard Road Guide of America

Drop in at the next bookstore, supply store, garage, or news-stand and examine a copy. Price $3.00, or sent postpaid on receipt of $3.15.

The Automobile Blue Book Publishing Company
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Ingram's

Therapeutic

Shaving Cream

This new shaving cream, which is prepared with particular thought for the needs of the safety razor, possesses medicinal qualities that keep the skin healthful. The rich, creamy lather it forms does not gum up between the guard and blade, helps the blade cut easily and evenly, prevents irritation of the skin, and is a healing agent to small abrasions or scrapes. It is cooling and soothing to the skin.

Buy a jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream from your druggist for 50c. Mail us the carton, with his name, and receive free a 25c package of Ingram's Zodenta, for the teeth. If your druggist is not supplied, mail the 50c to us and receive the jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream with the Zodenta.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
77 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.
Windsor, Ontario (121)

To convince yourself of its merits write for free sample

This powder keeps my gums firm and healthy

My gums are no longer tender—they do not bleed easily—they have stopped receding. I am no longer threatened with pyorrhea!

THE danger of unchecked pyorrhea (also called Riggs' Disease) to general health is now fully recognized by the medical and dental professions. Pyorrhea starts with inflammation and is followed by tender, bleeding gums which causes them to recede and expose the root structure of the teeth.

Unless checked by prompt effective measures, points of infection develop underneath the gum margin and permit bacteria to enter the system. The delicate peridental membrane which holds the teeth firmly in their sockets —and the bony structure of the sockets themselves— are gradually destroyed. The teeth loosen and eventually fall out or must be extracted.

Pyorrhocide Powder is a safeguard against pyorrhetic conditions —is an effective check to pyorrhea's progress. Pyorrhocide Powder is endorsed by dentists as an effective means of correcting pyorrhetic conditions; as a home treatment that co-operates with their skill.

Pyorrhocide Powder soothes and heals; tends to check infection; restores normal circulation and tone to the gum tissues. It removes the mucoid deposits and daily accretions before they become irritating tartar deposits, which are usually the cause of pyorrhea's start.

For nine years, The Pyorrhocide Clinic (devoted exclusively to pyorrhea treatment and oral prophylaxis) made exhaustive experiments with Pyorrhocide Powder. The results of this research and analysis have proved to the dental profession its value in the treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.

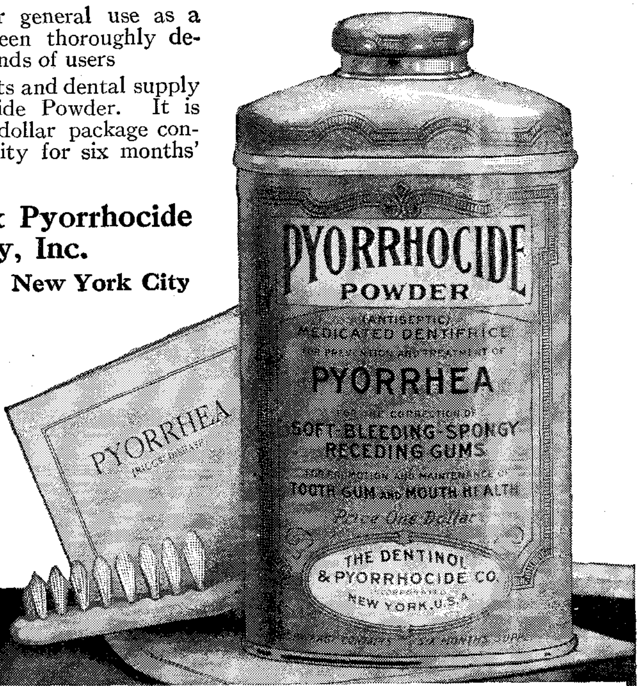
Its superiority for general use as a dentifrice has also been thoroughly demonstrated by thousands of users

All leading druggists and dental supply houses sell Pyorrhocide Powder. It is economical because a dollar package contains sufficient quantity for six months' use—twice daily.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Company, Inc.
1476 Broadway New York City

FREE SAMPLE
and Booklet

Upon request we will send you a liberal sample of Pyorrhocide Powder, with our educational booklet on causes, effects, treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.



We shall continue to produce through exhaustive scientific research, and by unlimited clinical facilities, only such a dentifrice as is proved most effective for promoting tooth, gum and mouth health.

President

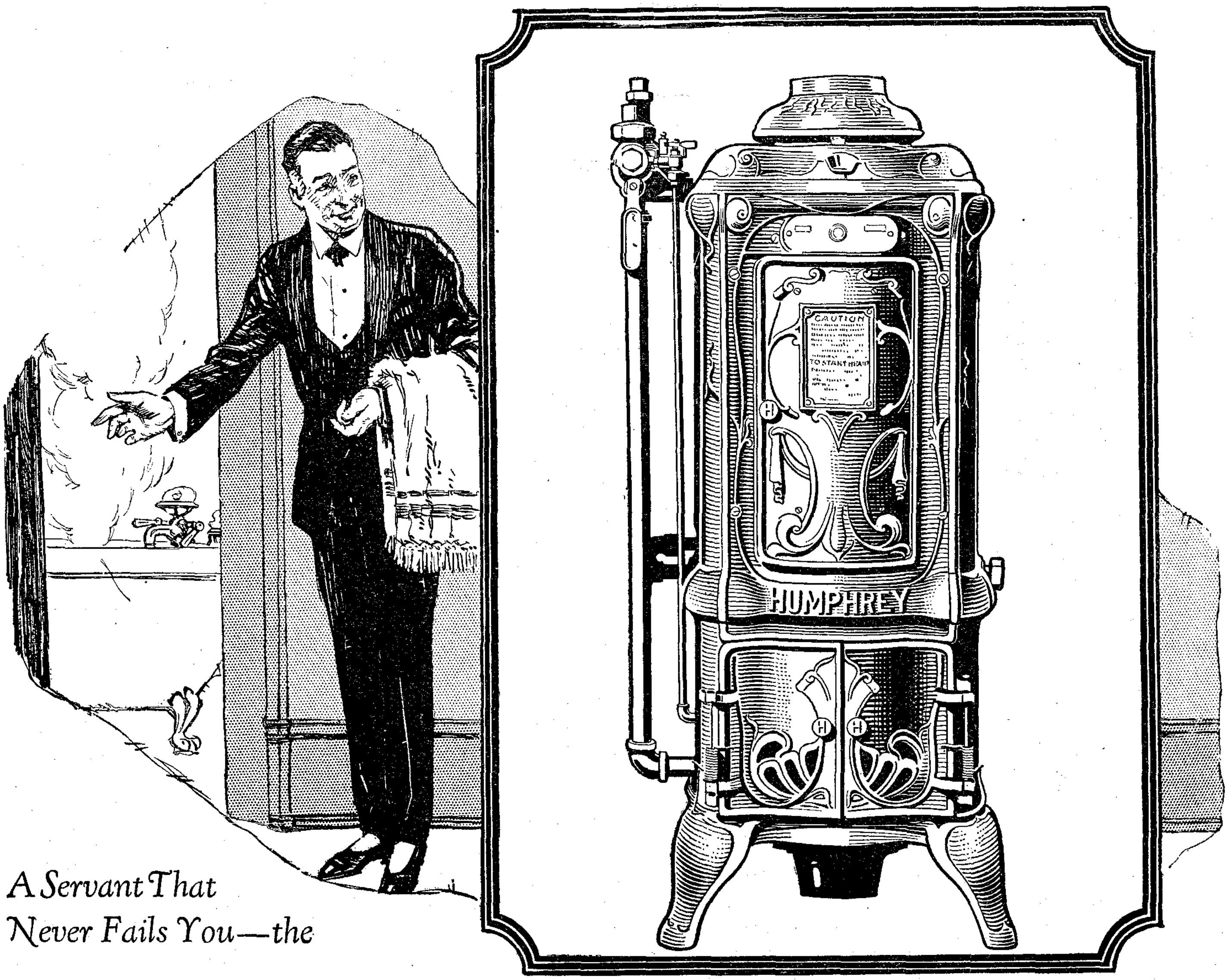
SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF STARS

THAT celestial bodies may be young or old, may appear, wax, wane, and die, has long been recognized by astronomers The accepted theory of star-formation has been that stars are condensed from nebulous masses of gas or "star-dust," such as we know to exist in many parts of the heavens. That there is a second and more important way is the belief of William Duncan MacMillan, of Chicago University, whose paper on "Stellar Evolution," first printed in *The Astrophysical Journal*, has just appeared in pamphlet form. Dr. MacMillan begins with the formation of the atom itself, whose mass and weight he believes to be due to energies locked up in it in some way yet unexplained. If these are dissipated, the mass and weight of the atom disappear—in other words, there is no atom left. Space is filled with wandering energies, and whenever these become imprisoned in such a way as to form an atom, the birth of a star has begun. Around some material nucleus these atoms gather until the star is formed. Every star is a "singular point" in an infinite field of energy. Through it the waves of energy ebb and flow. When the flow exceeds the ebb the star grows; when the ebb is greater, it dwindles and perhaps dies. Dr. MacMillan's theory evidently depends very largely on his conception of the birth of an atom. There must be something, he says, to account for the blackness of the sky. Why does it not blaze with the light of the stars that must exist in infinite space? Some of it may be absorbed by opaque bodies, as suggested recently in these columns, but this does not suit Dr. MacMillan. To summarize his argument:

"It may, indeed, be true that such dark material exists in space, but nevertheless it can not account for the blackness of the sky, because the energy which it intercepts is either retained or radiated. If it is radiated, then there is no change in the total amount of radiation. If the energy is retained, then the dark material would eventually become hot and would itself be brought.

"The accepted notion that radiant energy suffers no loss in transmission through a dust-free ether is not analogous to other physical processes, for in the physical world 'perfection' does not seem to be attained. It may be quite accurate enough to assume that there is no loss in such distances as are encountered in the solar system, but appreciably wrong when the distances encountered are of interstellar dimensions. If dark material seems inadequate to diminish the total amount of radiation, we may have recourse to the absorption of energy in the ether. But the energy can not be absorbed without doing work, and in casting about for some sort of work which this lost energy might do there occurs the possibility that it is here that the foundations of the atoms



A Servant That
Never Fails You—the

HUMPHREY

AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

WHEN a bath is wanted—when you must shave in a hurry—at dish washing time—on laundry day—or in the middle of night, hot water in abundance—freshly heated—is one of the great comforts and joys of home. Its influence is felt in a score of ways in the daily health and happiness of your family.

The Humphrey Automatic Gas Water Heater is the modern way of having this service. It is the prompt, dependable "servant" that ministers to your hot water needs.

Merely Turn the Faucet

When you need hot water, turn the faucet. The Humphrey *down in the cellar,* instantly and automatically heats fresh water and delivers it to you promptly in bath room, kitchen or laundry. It never keeps you waiting—never fails. Just as you press the electric light button without the slightest doubt that light will result, you turn the faucet and *know* that hot water will come. The quantity is endless. There's always enough for all—the whole year around.

This is modern service—for the modern man and his family. It makes home life worth living. It affects every member and every operation of the home, and it costs so little that any home can afford it—actually *less* per gallon of hot water than any other system—in fact about one-tenth cent per gallon.

The Humphrey's distinctive appearance is suggestive of its scientific and mechanical perfection throughout. Many thousands of these heaters are now in use—in homes of all sizes—in stores and offices and public buildings. It is the acknowledged leader. Made by a company of 34 years' manufacturing experience. Guaranteed unqualifiedly to give satisfaction, or money back. Easily installed in any building.

Sold by Gas Companies and
Leading Plumbers Everywhere

Take the first step toward securing this wonderful hot water service for your home. Write for interesting booklet, *"Hot Water Like Magic;"* also, for name of concern in your town that sells the Humphrey Automatic Gas Water Heater.

HUMPHREY COMPANY (Div. of Ruud Mfg. Co. Dept. A) **Kalamazoo, Michigan**

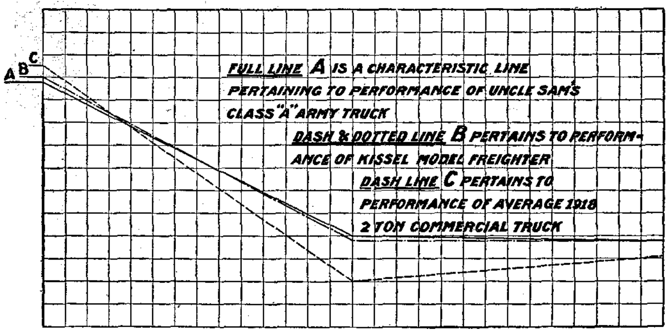
8460

How Uninterrupted Transportation Came To Industrial America

By George A. Kissel

What Uncle Sam Taught Us

"Saw a Kissel-built truck at the front and it's a bear," wrote a Kissel soldier boy with the American E. F. last Fall, and we here at the factory breathed a sigh of relief for up to that time we had wondered if the 24 hour pace we had maintained was giving results "Over There." For over a year we were a part of the most highly specialized and "efficiency-ized" manufacturing organization that human ingenuity and money could perfect. Every man in our organization went through a most gruelling training course in his particular work—building to U. S. War Specifications—the most minute, strict and accurate measurements in the World. This 'toeing the mark' under a veritable military regime made different men of us—we became experts—a highly specialized organization trained to the minute—



Performance chart shows how a Kissel "Freighter" truck compares with new type "A" U. S. Army truck after comparison of sizes, gear ratios end other units, was made.

And then November 11th dawned—the armistice was signed—the war was over!

Since that day we have been gradually getting back to peace-time work—and it is with the same spirit of enthusiasm, knowledge and co-operation that characterized our "Building to U. S. War Specifications" that we now are "Building to U. S. Re-adjustment Specifications."

Building to Business Specifications

The business men of the United States have before them one of the greatest and gravest problems of the age—the herculean task of not only feeding and clothing at least one-half the population of Europe, but producing and delivering an endless variety of supplies, materials and equipment necessary to build up the millions of acres of devastated land and the thousands of destroyed towns.

In short—while in war time Production was the question of the day—in peace time Distribution is the problem of the day—with the motor truck as the logical solution.

Transportation delays must be eliminated—shipping efficiency must be increased—an endless chain must connect the source of demand with the source of supply.

This situation which has been apparent to careful observers since the dark days of August, 1914, calls for something more that the ordinary truck—it calls for a truck built to U. S. Business and Industrial Specifications—at least so we thought when we brought our eleven years of motor truck designing and construction experience to bear, to produce the kind of motor trucks the experienced truck owner would build were he designing the trucks to solve the new transportation problems.

Determining Factors

Every business man who understands what a motor truck should do under varying conditions knows that first—to produce a well performing truck, it is of the greatest importance to properly select and combine the factors which govern the design properly; second—that with the capacity of the vehicle determined, the most important factors to be considered are the total weight of the truck, motor size, motor speed, rear axle ratio, tire size, speed of the vehicle and low gear ratio in the transmission; third—that only the proper selection and combination of these factors in any size truck and for any line of business will give the owner the results he looks for and which are—well balanced power transmission from motor to rear tires—good performance ability on levels and grades and low fuel consumption. These are the determining factors that have always guided Kissel in producing Kissel motor trucks.

Analyzing the Results

On account of its adaptability to practically every transportation requirement, the two-ton truck is the popular capacity. When Uncle Sam was designing his type "A" Army truck he mobilized the Nation's greatest engineers to design a trouble proof two-ton truck of unusual ability for military service. At the same time the Kissel engineers had been developing a highly perfected truck of the same capacity and qualification for commercial use.

When the motor sizes, gear ratios—in fact the whole power transmission from motor to rear tires—were compared, it was found that these factors were almost identical in both jobs, resulting in the Kissel Freighter more closely equaling the power economy, hill-climbing and heavy road-pulling ability of Uncle Sam's truck than any other truck of like capacity.

Thus by carefully studying conditions at a time when truck performance was a vital necessity to the business world, the Kissel "Freighter" was so designed that it is a truck satisfactory in fuel consumption, showing great ability on level roads and grades, and well performing in every line of haulage work This ability to properly select and combine the governing factors in design has been applied to the entire line of Kisse truck models.

The "General Utility" has a chassis capacity including body o 4000 lbs.—the "Heavy Duty" with a chassis capacity including body of 8600 lbs.—the "Goliath," a giant in strength and power, with a chassis capacity including body of 11,800 lbs. In addition, by June 1st Kissel will produce the new "Genera Delivery" truck, designed to meet the many urgent requests o present Kissel owners for a ¾ to 1-ton delivery truck to sell a a price that is moderate, but consistent with highest quality.

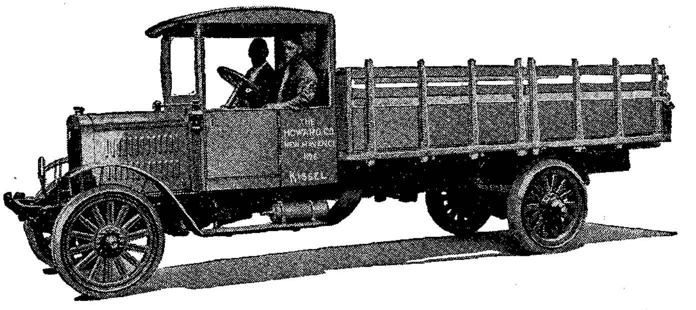
Among the many structural and mechanical Kissel truck features are—the powerful Kissel-built engine, designed and built at the Kissel factories for motor truck power purposes; amidship transmission on the "Freighter," "Heavy Duty" and "Goliath," eliminating a long propeller shaft and the possibility of whipping; rear axles of the most perfected type o worm-drive construction; frame of pressed steel, subjected to special tests and counter-tests for enduring strength and rigidity of construction; radiators of cast iron, rigidly constructed with ample cooling capacity. And so on—

Result—perfectly balanced trucks—weight, size, dimensions power, all related to one another in exact harmony—giving a incomparable chassis of perfectly balanced moving and fixed units, headlined by the powerful Kissel-built engine—trucks in which the haulage and delivery requirements of over 200 different lines of business are built-in at the beginning—that maintain schedules because they are built to overcome obstacles unsurmountable with trucks of less development and experience

The All-Year Cab

The necessity for uninterrupted transportation throughout the winter months prompted Kissel to originate the ALL-YEAR Cab—that protects truck drivers in wet and stormy weather—increases efficiency of the driver—and keeps trucks in operation the year round. In winter it is entirely closed. In summer, by removing the winter attachments, it becomes a cool, open housing—

Never before have the dependability, adaptability and economy of motor truck transportation become such a national business necessity as today. The unusual days ahead make it imperative for every business man—every manufacturing and industrial executive—to realize the vital importance of choosing the right make of trucks—which is the moral of this story Such men should have the 1919 Kissel Truck Catalogue, showing how Kissel Trucks will fit their individual requirements by supplying them with the Three-way Kissel Truck Performance Range—over-supply of power, unusual ability for continuous service, and low operating cost.



Kissel Trucks are sold in all principal cities, where specifications and catalogue may be received, or direct from factory. KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.—*Adv.*

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

are laid, and perhaps also the completed structure.

"It is not necessary to dwell upon the details of such a process. Through the agency of chlorophyll it is known that the radiant energy of the sun is absorbed and locked up in the organized systems of the vegetable world, tho the mechanical details of the process are quite unknown. In a manner analogous to the organic molecule, and by a process the details of which are quite unknown, we may suppose that the ordinary atom comes into being and that the familiar properties of inertia and gravitation are due to the energies locked up within. Disrupt the atom and set its energies completely free and the properties of mass and gravitation at once disappear.

"Important consequences follow the admission that atoms are built up in this manner. It would follow that space contains much material of atomic or even molecular dimensions, and that regions long undisturbed by stellar objects would tend to become more or less crowded with atoms and molecules on account of the ceaseless passage of radiant energy through it. In this manner we see the genesis of a nebula with its enormous gravitational and subatomic energies. A sufficiently large mass in its journey through space would gather in this atomic and molecular material and feed upon its substance and energies. It would be a nucleus around which material would gather. If this nucleus were relatively small and dark, such as the earth, its growth would be slow; the subatomic energies would persist as subatomic energies, and the mass would increase. In the course of time the internal pressure, density, and temperature would increase, and one can imagine that a critical situation would eventually be reached in which the subatomic energies can no longer wholly persist as subatomic. The atoms begin to break down and give up their stores of energy. In the event of a complete dissolution of the atom we would expect the complete disappearance of its mass and a complete restitution of the energy by which it was organized."

If the dissolution were partial we would have the familiar phenomena exhibited by radium and its related substances. Thus Dr. MacMillan's hypothesis serves to explain terrestrial happenings as well as celestial. Space forbids our following his description of the growth and decay of stars. One interesting feature of it is his suggestion that below a definite size a star can not emit light, and that above another definite size it ceases to be solid and passes into a nebula. We quote the concluding paragraph, in which he sums up this theory, as follows:

"Two processes are here recognized by which a star comes into existence. The first is a possible condensation from a nebula, tho this does not seem to be as inevitable a process as it has generally been regarded. The second is the growth of a nucleus—a fragment perhaps from some disrupted mass, a witness of some Titanic cataclysm—by the accretion of atoms and small particles to such a mass that the release of subatomic energies transforms it into a radiating star. By collision or very close approach only can we account for a star passing out of existence, in the first of which two masses are united into a single one, and in the second a single solid mass is disrupted into many fragments. But during the continuance of its existence a star is essentially a singular point in an infinite field of energy. Through these singular points the energy ebbs and flows. When the flow exceeds the ebb the star grows in mass and radiating power and character of spectrum. When the ebb exceeds the flow the star declines in mass and radiation, at times even to the point of extinction. But even during the period when its radiation fails, the singular point persists, and through it again flows the tide of energy when the conditions are suitable. Just as the atom and the molecule are permanent forms of physical existence, so also is the star a permanent form of physical existence, notwithstanding that the individual may pass from birth to its dissolution. There is no necessary limit to its age, and tho the star itself may rise and fall, the universe as a whole is not essentially altered. The singular points may change their positions and their brilliancy, but it is not necessary to suppose that the universe as a whole has ever been or ever will be essentially different from what it is to-day."

KEEP OUT OF EUROPE

EUROPE is a good place to avoid just at present, thinks *American Medicine* (New York, February). Bad transportation and the prevalence of disease are two of the many good reasons. And yet, we are told, the offices of the steamship companies have been besieged with applications for passage across the Atlantic. The moment the bars are let down there will be a rush of travelers to visit battle-scenes or to see how the capitals they knew in peace have altered under the strain of war. We read:

"No doubt the people of Europe look forward no less anxiously to this rush of foreign visitors, who promise an increase of revenue which will be welcome after the strain of expenditures which the war has entailed. But there are two good reasons why Americans should for the time being postpone their proposed invasion of Europe. One is that the officials of the Allied countries do not want them to come at this time, when the transportation facilities are strained to their utmost in the complicated task of demobilization and reconstruction. Italy has already officially announced that she would regard a postponement of any influx of American visitors for the present as a favor, and France has intimated as much through more than one of her spokesmen. But there is a second consideration of forbidding importance—forbidding to the traveler—and that is the danger such a traveler would expose himself to in visiting Europe at a time when contagious diseases are as prevalent as they are abroad just now. The vitality of the peoples of Europe, sapped by the burdens of so long and so trying a war, are at low ebb, and diseases such as typhus, pneumonia, smallpox, and others have found ready victims everywhere. Besides, many of the returning prisoners are coming back to France consumptive. These diseases are a distinct menace to any one exposing himself to them, and Americans would be exceedingly unwise to refuse to allay

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

SOMEBODY once said that when buying things "the eye is chairman of the finance committee." True, perhaps, in most everything—except luggage. You never can tell the worth of a piece of luggage by looking at it. Even an expert is often deceived by "doctored" leather.

Amid the mass of nameless luggage offered the public, one name stands out as a *certain guarantee of sound value.* That name is BELBER.

* * *

A BELBER COWHIDE BAG or Suitcase is *genuine heavy cowhide*—not "buffing" (a sheet of leather cut so thin that it can't stand wear) or "skiver" (a soft sheepskin that quickly shrivels and rots).

Belber Luggage is the result of 28 years' experience in the building of good luggage. Each piece is honestly built for wear; and has the individuality that only the finest craftsmen in the trade can produce.

No. 260, shown above, is a splendid leather-lined brown cowhide bag that will look well and give good service for many years. 18-inch size.

Price $25

THE BELBER
TRUNK & BAG CO.
The largest manufacturer of Wardrobe Trunks, Trunks, Bags and Suitcases in the world
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sales Offices:
New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Chicago Minneapolis San Francisco

Factories:
New York Philadelphia
Woodbury, N. J. Chicago
Oshkosh, Wis.

The "Consuming" Power *of* CANADA

CANADA buys from the United States—

More goods than all the countries of South America, from the Isthmus to Cape Horn—

Dollar for dollar with all the hordes of Asia—

More goods than half a dozen European countries of far greater population.

In a single phrase—

CANADA is the best and biggest market for American merchandise in the Western Hemisphere.

Are you ambitious for the future of your business? Then remember that immediately north of you is a country larger in area than the United States; with a civilization governed by Anglo-Saxon ethics and standards; speaking the same language; using the same currency; striding vigorously forward in lines of commercial and social progress; growing amazingly, and having the wealth and energy to buy lavishly.

If you want new markets—

CANADA is worth cultivating. Advertise your goods there through

THE DAILY NEWSPAPERS OF CANADA

THE people of Canada draw their news of world affairs and their knowledge of worthwhile merchandise from these newspapers.

The advertising they contain moulds to large degree the demand for the American commodities Canada buys in such great quantities.

Do you want a share of this valuable Canadian business? Or do you want to increase the Canadian business you now have?

Write these papers direct, or better still, ask your advertising agency for details, for you can advertise effectively in Canada with 10% of your advertising appropriation

Place	*Population*	*Paper*
Halifax, N. S.	53,000	HERALD & MAIL
St. John, N. B.	55,000	STANDARD TELEGRAPH & TIMES
Montreal, P. Q	750,000	GAZETTE STAR
Quebec, P. Q.	100,000	TELEGRAPH
Ottawa, Ont.	101,785	CITIZEN JOURNAL DAILIES
London, Ont.	60,000	ADVERTISER FREE PRESS
Toronto, Ont.	525,000	GLOBE WORLD (S. & D.) NEWS STAR
Winnipeg, Man.	225,000	FREE PRESS TELEGRAM TRIBUNE
Regina, Sask.	26,105	LEADER
Saskatoon, Sask.	21,054	PHOENIX STAR
Calgary, Alta.	56,302	ALBERTAN HERALD
Edmonton, Alta.	53,794	BULLETIN JOURNAL
Vancouver, B. C.	120,000	SUN
Victoria, B. C.	45,000	COLONIST

Prepared by SMITH, DENNE & MOORE, Advertising Agency, Toronto and Montreal heir curiosity when it can be satisfied only at the cost of such unnecessary exposure. It would be more sensible to postpone that projected trip to Europe until such time as conditions there are estored more nearly to normal and the danger to the health of the visitor is liminated."

ALCOHOL AND CRIME

OF 2,500 prisoners in the Indiana State Prison, 2,075 drink to excess, and only 175 are abstainers. This is one of the esults of a survey made in the psychopathic laboratory of the prison by Dr. Paul E. Bowers. The report of the survey, printed first in *The Journal of Delinquency* January), is now issued in separate form. t occupies some forty-five pages, of which only about three are devoted to the section elating to alcohol. Dr. Bowers is not so ure as some of our readers may be that his figures prove that alcohol drove these wo thousand men to commit crime. Criminals, he says, are almost always neurasthenic, and this condition also creates the alcoholic thirst. Possibly denial of alcohol, while it would have made them ober, would not have affected their riminal propensities. And yet the adoption of prohibition in a State has often been accompanied by a notable decrease in the prison population. Dr. Bowers says on this point:

"It will never be possible to say accurately just how much crime is due to drinking. Large numbers of prisoners are dipsomaniacs; they .possess neuropathic organizations; to them drinking is an expression of their defect, a contributing actor to their crimes rather than the immediate one. The disastrous effects of the narcotic, alcohol, on the brain and central nervous system are to be seen every day throughout the civilized world. Acute alcoholic intoxication or the ordinary form of drunkenness, from a psychological viewpoint, is but a transitory form of insanity. Both psychologists and jurists have properly, however, maintained a distinction between those mental disturbances produced by the direct imbibition of alcoholic liquids, and which cease in a few hours after the imbibition ceases, and those mental derangements and hallucinations that may continue for days, weeks, or months after all use of alcohol has ceased.'

"The exact relationship that alcohol bears to crime is problematical and can not with mathematical precision be deermined. Prison authorities, and especially prison surgeons, know that many prisoners, in order to excuse overt acts, readily attribute their crimes to tempoary states of drunkenness. Therefore, statistics on alcoholism from penal institutions and reformers are to be taken *cum grano salis*, for they are more or less inaccurate.

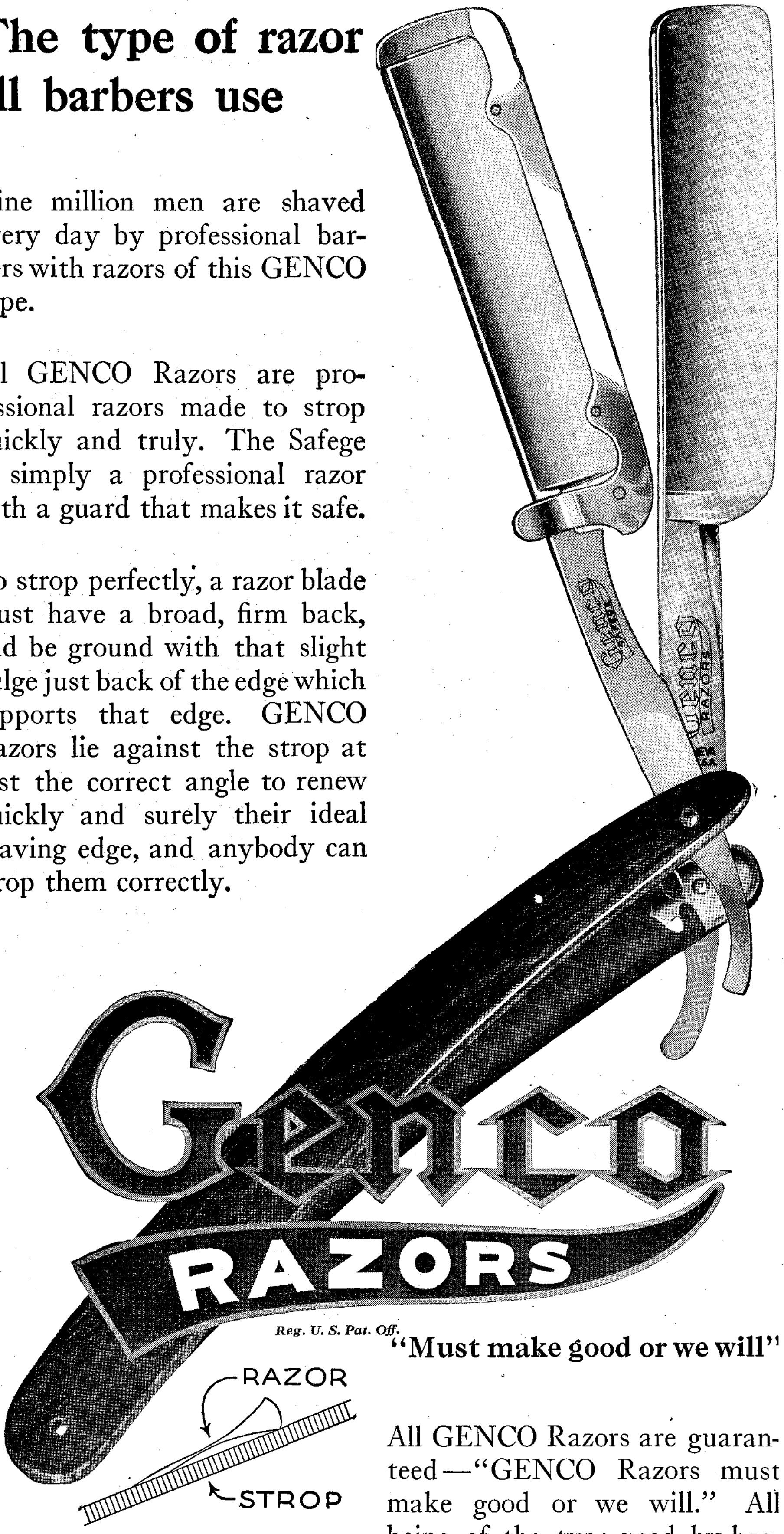
"The usual answer that I received from prisoners, during my examination of them, concerning the cause of their crimes, is generally one of this sort: 'I was drunk; I did not know what I was doing; I may, or may not, be guilty; I can not remember.'

The type of razor all barbers use

Nine million men are shaved every day by professional barbers with razors of this GENCO type.

All GENCO Razors are professional razors made to strop quickly and truly. The Safege is simply a professional razor with a guard that makes it safe.

To strop perfectly, a razor blade must have a broad, firm back, and be ground with that slight bulge just back of the edge which supports that edge. GENCO Razors lie against the strop at just the correct angle to renew quickly and surely their ideal shaving edge, and anybody can strop them correctly.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

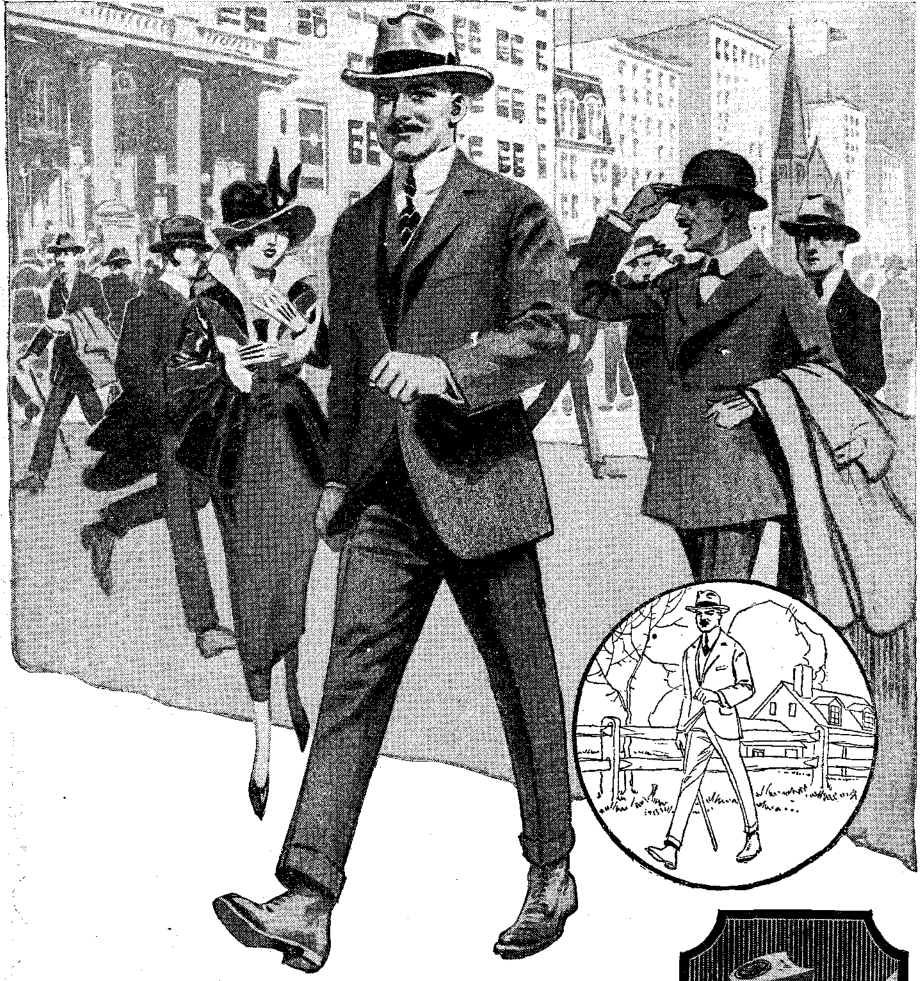
"Must make good or we will"

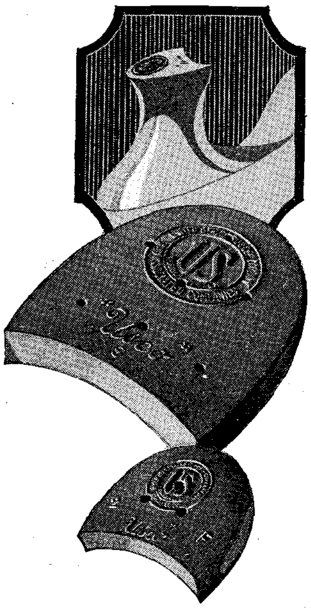
All GENCO Razors are guaranteed—"GENCO Razors must make good or we will." All being of the type used by barbers, any GENCO Razor will shave you quickly, smoothly and economically. And their blades will outlast their handles.

Visit a dealer and examine the GENCO Safege. It doesn't need to be sold or talked about. It tells its own simple story. When barbers cease using this one type of razor, they will have found some blade saving more time and money.

Geneva Cutlery Corporation
235 Gates Avenue Geneva, N. Y.

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High Grade Razors in the World





Like a ramble along country roads

USCO Rubber Heels put a pad of springy rubber between you and the unyielding surfaces over which you walk, giving to each step a buoyancy as free and easy as a ramble along country roads.

The lively, long-wearing rubber is a special quality produced by the world's largest rubber manufacturer—a guarantee in itself. And USCO Rubber Heels cost no more than ordinary rubber heels.

Made in black, white and tan of all kinds and sizes for men, women and children. You can tell the genuine by the name USCO and the U. S. seal.

United States Rubber Company

"Usco" Rubber Heels are Good Heels

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

These excuses for crime are so common a
so easily made that the courts are e
tremely reluctant to place any confiden
or value in them. In many instance
however, they are absolutely correct co
cerning the state of consciousness a
memory. . . . . . .

"'The best statistics show that fro
70 to 80 per cent. of persons who dri
spirits convulsively, and are called ineb
ates, have a defective heredity. All studi
of the steady drinker show a profou
and progressive impairment of all sens
functional activities of the body, and re
soning. The more accurate the measu
ments are made, the more positive t
deviation from the normal becomes.

"'There can be little doubt but th
much the larger number of those shocki
homicides which disgrace the crimin
annals of civilized countries, in whi
mothers or children, or both, have be
suddenly slaughtered in the midst of t
father's debauchery, have been the dire
results of true paroxysms of *mania a pot*
such as we have briefly described. T
medico-legal bearing of this class of cas
deserves more thorough investigation th
it has hitherto received. And as one atta
of this form of mania leaves the patie
more disposed to another whenever i
dulging in the use of alcoholic drink, th
constitute the most dangerous class
inebriates.'"

The attitudes that society has ente
tained concerning alcoholism and respons
bility have varied widely, according
Dr. Bowers. Lord Coke, of England, rul
in the seventeenth century that drunke
ness augmented a crime and called for a
increase of punishment. For many yea
moralistic speculation and theories hav
determined the attitude of society towa
drunkenness. The reformers and phila
thropists have ever held the inebriate mo
ally responsible. They have endeavore
fruitlessly to rehabilitate the dipsomani
by moral suasion, incriminations, insult
and punishments. The doctor goes on:

"It can not be denied that moral trea
ments do exercise some influence in cas
of inebriety, but they should always b
secondary to medical and hygienic me
sures. Dr. Crothers, America's leadin
authority on alcoholism, convincingl
states, relative to this phase of the subje
the following: 'It is a delusion to interpr
acts associated with premeditation an
reasoning in inebriates as evidences
sanity. It is a delusion to consider inebriet
and alcoholism as not impairing the sani
and integrity of the brain and body. It
a delusion to consider such persons as po
sessing free will and judgment with co
sciousness of their condition and ability
control. It is a delusion often repeate
and has become incorporated in jur
prudence, that alcohol may be used to giv
capacity to commit crime. In reality thi
is true, but in a very narrow limit.

"'The exciting stage following the us
of alcohol might be limited to ten minut
or an hour, but after that there is no ce
tainty that any act premeditated could b
carried out. The fact is sustained b
unmistakable evidence that all crime
committed by such persons are the act
of defective minds. All this signifies

Reasons why You Should use QUAKER Tires

Tires take the brunt of motoring.

All other parts of your car are protected. Lubricants, "housings", finishes and every other protection that mechanical knowledge and car-building experience show will prolong the life of a machine, are used, while the destructive effect of vibration is overcome, in great degree, by the tires.

But your tires are continually subjected to conditions which would quickly destroy metals or any other substance. The tires carry the weight of the car and its occupants, and come in direct contact with dirt, sand, the sharp edges of crushed stone and other abrasive materials. Likewise tires are exposed to all weather conditions.

Though the only unprotected parts of the machine, peculiarly tires are about the only parts of the car that are guaranteed.

In building QUAKER TIRES we aim to give you the last mile that rubber and fabric can be made to deliver.

The thought of mileage at the least possible cost is kept uppermost in every stage of the making oi QUAKER TIRES. This matter of mileage is foremost when the duck is woven and the rubber selected at the tropical plantations. Their duty to build mileage into QUAKER TIRES is impressed upon the tire makers during every step of construction of the tires. Nothing is left undone which will in any way contribute to QUAKER TIRES giving you not only 5000 miles, but a big excess of "bonus" mileage.

Put QUAKER TIRES on your car and get service and satisfaction in full measure.

QUAKER MULTI-TUBES are not to be judged by other tubes—MULTI-TUBES are different and better.

Adjustment Guarantee

5000 Miles

Built For Service
TEMPERED
QUAKER
RUBBER

Dealers in all large cities and most important towns. Applications for representation will be considered from leading dea'ers in certain territories where there are no QUAKER TIRE dealers.

QUAKER CITY RUBBER COMPANY

TIRE AND MECHANICAL RUBBER GOODS MANUFACTURERS

PHILADELPHIA 629 Market St.
CHICAGO 182 W. Lake St.
PITTSBURGH 211 Wood St.
NEW YORK 53 Murray St.

WASHING MACHINE

Exactness—with instruments of delicate accuracy Wagner Engineers determine to the finest degree, the power required to perform a given operation.

Whether it is an appliance for the home, the store, the office or factory, its power needs are measured—under varying loads, and extreme demands. And then a Wagner, Quality Motor is designed to exactly meet these scientific specifications. It is the best motor possible for that particular purpose.

Only in this way, can motor-driven devices be assured of a constant certainty of power, year after year, under severest conditions, with minimum upkeep.

This important fact that Wagner, Quality Motors are built-to-order—are made exactly for the particular work they are to do—gives you a motor-drive dependable of action, long of life, sure of service.

The device equipped with a Wagner, Quality Motor is always better to buy.

Factory Branches and
**Maintenance Stations:*

*New York,
*St. Louis,
*Pittsburgh,
*San Francisco,
*Los Angeles,
*Minneapolis,
*Indianapolis,
*Atlanta,
*Chicago,
*Boston,
*Detroit,
Milwaukee,
Washington, D. C.
*Kansas City,
St. Paul,
Syracuse,
Toronto.
*Philadelphia,
*Cleveland,
Buffalo,
Cincinnati,
*Seattle,
*Denver,
Montreal,

Selling Agencies:
New Orleans, Memphis, Salt Lake City, Dallas.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

Wagner, Quality

ELECTRIC POWER EQUIPMENT

MOTORS GENERATORS RECTIFIERS TRANSFORMERS AUTOMOBILE STARTERS

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

recognition of the condition of the criminal, not to diminish the punishment, but to change it to more rational lines. Criminals of this class need control, care, and changed conditions. They are clearly defectives and degenerates who have lost the power of rational thought and conduct.'

"The positions taken by our courts on the subject of intoxication are contradictory and illogical. If an individual in a state of intoxication makes a will, signs a contract, a deed, a promissory note, or a bank-check, the courts of law do not hold such papers and testaments as valid or legal, if a proof of intoxication can be brought to bear. Law in this case questions, and even denies, the responsibility and the capacity of an intoxicated individual to execute a legal instrument. In the practise of criminal law this is quite the reverse. If a drunken man commits a crime while intoxicated he is held to be responsible and qualified to commit a crime. Yet psychologically and physiologically, the mental impairment, the lack of reason and judgment, and the incapacity to act normally are just the same whether an offense be committed against the criminal or the civil law. Our conceptions concerning alcoholism and responsibility must change.

"Society in general, and law in particular, still look upon an individual as a possessor of an absolutely free will. Is not this doctrine an unsubstantiated metaphysical hypothesis? Can we look upon intemperance as *prima-facie* evidence of deliberate viciousness? This is hardly possible in the light of recent research.

"It has been demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that the dipsomaniac is always a neurotic. His nervous system is impaired by heredity, disease, or trauma. The defects of his brain and central nervous system produce at intervals an insatiable, uncontrollable craving for alcoholic stimulants."

THE ART OF HAVING WHITE LUNGS

THE lungs of an eskimo are perfectly white, as has been shown in autopsies. Those of city-dwellers range all the way from light mulatto to African blackness. At least, this is the way it is put by a contributor to *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago, March 12). Lungs, he says, act like filters and remove from the air a large percentage of its soot and dust. There can be no doubt that the increasing burden of such dirt in the lungs tends not only to impair their ability to purify the blood, but renders them more susceptible to the attacks of microbes. Men who work habitually in a dusty atmosphere, notably stone-cutters and miners, contract tuberculosis at an alarming rate. The writer thinks that it is the business of the civil engineer, who has already given our cities clean water, to give them clean air also. He says:

"Clean water—water free from bacteria—accounts for our comparative freedom from typhoid. Clean air will similarly eliminate most of the diseases of the respiratory organs.

"On every 'mote that dances in a sunbeam' there rides many a disease germ. The dust particles sent flying by motor-vehicles or gusts of wind are so many infinitesimal omnibuses carrying loads of passengers who wish to be put off in some warm nose, throat, or lung where they may multiply. And the same holds true of every particle of soot that escapes unburned from a chimney.

"To the man who knows this much of science, dirty streets and sooty air are more dangerous than all the murderers at large in all the world. But to the average person street dust and smoke are nothing more than unsightly and disagreeable objects. In the city of Chicago—to take only one of several examples—countless chimneys and hundreds of locomotives are daily spewing the air with soot throughout the winter months. Let a person wash and wipe his nostrils clean before breakfast, and if he will wipe them an hour or two later he will discolor his handkerchief with big, black blotches. These blotches are the soot that is sifted out by the fine hairs in the nostrils. But in his lungs are worse blotches from the soot that they have sifted out. People grow old and die fast enough in the purest of air. Such a smoke-laden atmosphere strikes years from the calendar of the average life. Yet the average person does not know it, and goes as complacently to an earlier death as do the cattle to the slaughter-pen.

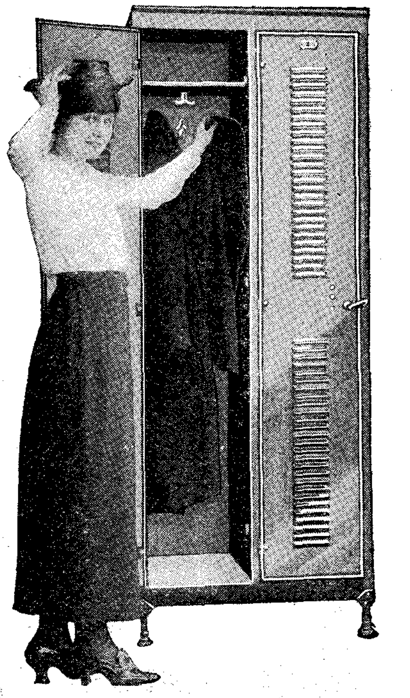
"The air of every city can be made pure by being kept pure, and it is the function of engineers to bring this about. Not only is it their function to keep city air pure, but it is peculiarly their duty to arouse the public to authorizing them to apply their knowledge.

"As for the dust on city streets the remedy is simple. Street sweeping and flushing under the managerial direction of civil engineers—not of politicians—completely and economically solve the problem. As for the soot in city air, the remedy is equally simple, but it is more expensive. Central heating and power stations must be built if the smoke problem is to be solved."

Charles P. Steinmetz, the electrical expert of the General Electric Company, is quoted by the writer as saying that it is an economic crime to burn coal for heating without extracting energy for power. Obviously this must continue so long as each building has its own furnace. In a large city there should be large power and heating stations. Powdered coal should be burned in these central stations, not only because it yields almost no soot, but because a greater amount of energy can thus be extracted from the fuel. The steam generated by this coal should be used to drive turbogenerators to produce electric power, and the exhaust steam used for heating purposes. He concludes:

"No railway steam-locomotives, other than those burning powdered coal, should be permitted to operate in a large city. It is not necessary to electrify all the railway-lines in order to secure freedom from locomotive smoke. If the public in such cities as Chicago and Pittsburg knew that locomotives burning powdered coal have already been operated economically and with almost complete freedom from soot, they would not endure another year of smoke-clouds from railway yards.

"To the civil engineer there is nothing novel in central heating plants. Many cities have them. . . . Engineering societies



Courtesy Pays

Your employes take pride in their personal belongings. They want to keep them safe and clean during working hours. To provide each worker with an individual steel locker is an act of courtesy that is appreciated—and that pays dividends in increased loyalty, fidelity and co-operation.

MEDART STEEL LOCKERS

In design, construction and finish, MEDART Steel Lockers possess many points of superiority. Made of smooth sheet steel with welded joints and richly enameled. Lock in three places with one turn of the key. Fire- and theft-proof. Made in standardized units and easily installed.

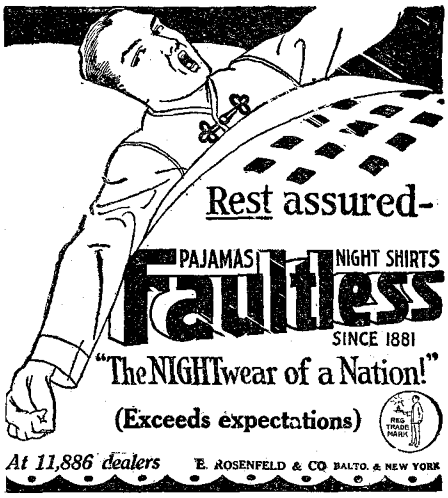
Send for Booklet

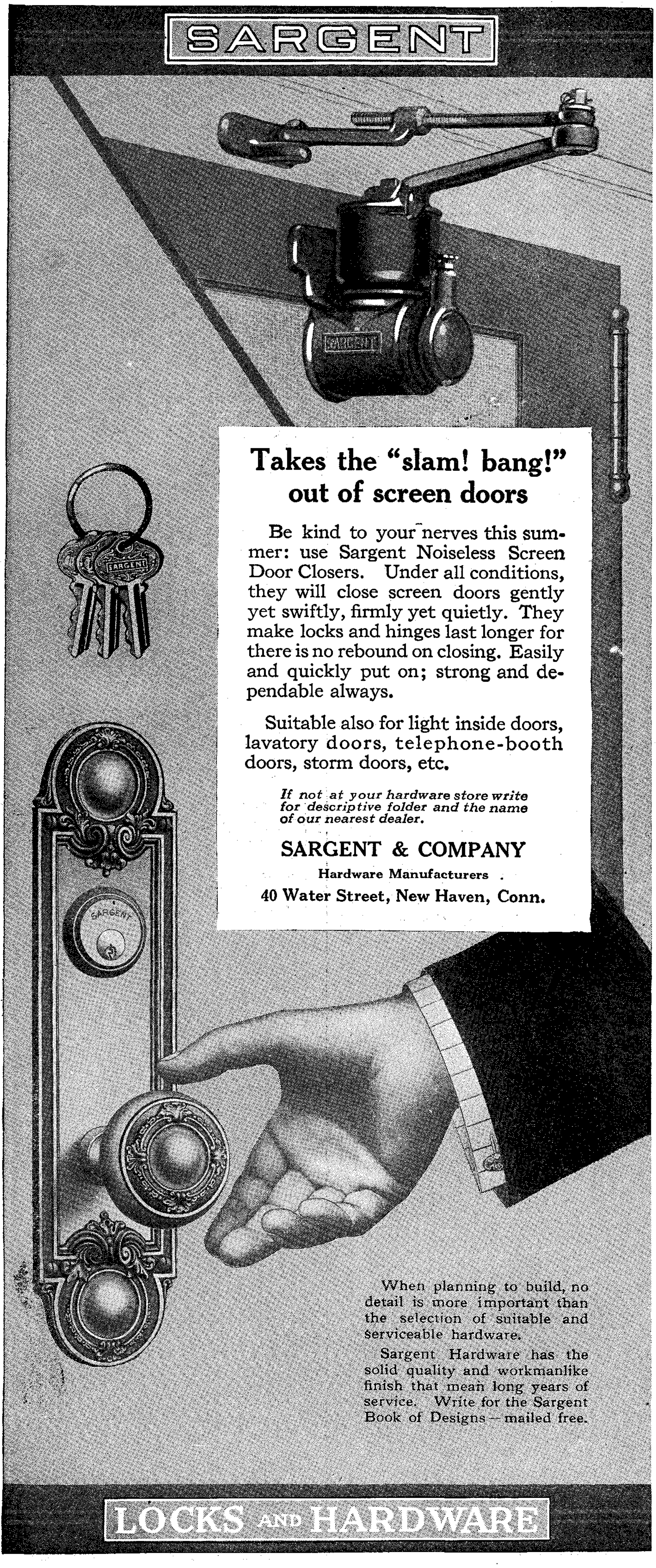
It illustrates and describes various styles of MEDART Steel Lockers for offices, factories, stores, clubs, schools, etc.

Fred Medart Mfg. Co.
3507 De Kalb St. St. Louis, Mo.

Also Manufacturers of Playground Equipment and Gymnasium Supplies.

FOR MEN WHO THINK AND ACT
"The Affirmative Intellect," by Chas. Ferguson.
Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers, New York.





SARGENT

Takes the "slam! bang!" out of screen doors

Be kind to your nerves this summer: use Sargent Noiseless Screen Door Closers. Under all conditions, they will close screen doors gently yet swiftly, firmly yet quietly. They make locks and hinges last longer for there is no rebound on closing. Easily and quickly put on; strong and dependable always.

Suitable also for light inside doors, lavatory doors, telephone-booth doors, storm doors, etc.

If not at your hardware store write for descriptive folder and the name of our nearest dealer.

SARGENT & COMPANY
Hardware Manufacturers
40 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.

When planning to build, no detail is more important than the selection of suitable and serviceable hardware.

Sargent Hardware has the solid quality and workmanlike finish that mean long years of service. Write for the Sargent Book of Designs—mailed free.

LOCKS AND HARDWARE

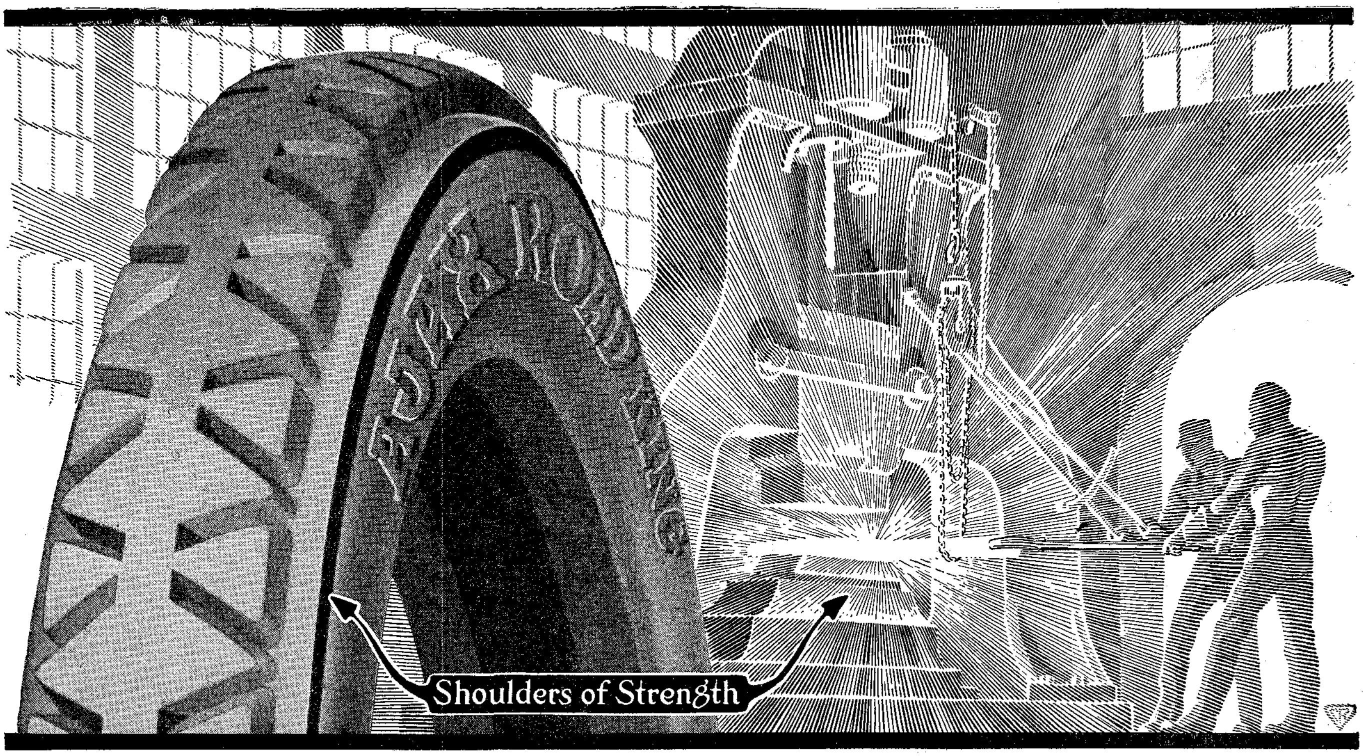
might well assume the duty of educating the public to an appreciation of the fact that 'the smoke nuisance' can be abated at a reasonable cost and with ultimate economy to all."

THE FASCINATING SPORT OF FOSSIL-HUNTING

A FORM of hunting that causes no pain to the hunted, and yet has its fascination and even excitement for the scientific sportsman, is that of the fossil-hunter, briefly described by Mr. Harold J. Shepstone, in the English *World's Work*. Says Mr. Shepstone:

"Enthusiastic fossil-hunters have unearthed lizards that measured eighty feet and more in length and that weighed tons; a monster rhinoceros; horses that make the present-day horse seem like a mere pigmy; mammoth tigers, huge turtles, and giant flesh-eating birds, veritable terrors of the air. Their discoveries have enabled the men of science to read the wonderful wild life of the days of long ago. Fossil-hunting is like gold-hunting; the explorer never knows when he will 'strike it rich.' He may remain in the field a whole season, toiling daily under a scorching sun, and at the end have nothing to show for his labor. On the other hand, he may make a discovery that will startle the scientific world and upset text-books and cherished theories. The way the fossil-hunters work is interesting. Their implements are chiefly the pick, the shovel, and the spade, but some of the places that contain fossil treasures are so large that plows and scrapers drawn by horses have to be used to remove the earth that overlies them. The fossils are embedded in certain layers of earth and rock. A part of the layer may lie close to the surface of the plain or form a projecting hillside, and the other end be thousands of feet below the top. Thus the coveted fossil may be near the surface or hundreds of feet beneath it. One of the most valuable of recent finds was the complete skeleton of the Tyrannosaurus, the largest flesh-eating animal that ever lived. It was discovered by Mr. Barnum Brown, of the American Museum of Natural History, in the Bad Lands of Montana. The one aim of the Tyrannosaurus when alive was to battle with every other animal that came in its way. It was the fighting animal of its age. When erect it stood eighteen feet high, had talons fit to hold an ox, and double-edged dagger-like teeth from two to three inches long set in a mouth a yard wide. The skeleton was discovered in the sandstone hills. The area over which the bones were scattered and the exceedingly steep pitch of the hill made it necessary to remove a vast amount of material. It took two seasons to dig out the bones, and dynamite had to be used to blast the rocks. The excavation necessary to remove that one skeleton made a pit thirty feet long, twenty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep.

Only recently in the Red Deer Cañon, Alberta, Canada, the fossil-hunter added to his bag the stony remains of a hitherto unknown variety of crested dinosaur, one of the gigantic land animals of the remote past.



More Strength where Strength is needed

BRUTE-STRENGTH is first among reasons for the longer life and greater mileage of Ajax Tires.

The scientific principle which builds added stamina into these tires is the same as that to which the engineer turns when seeking maximum strength. Ajax "Shoulders of Strength," bracing both sides of the tread of Ajax Tires, are identical in principle with those massive shoulders of steel that resist the steam hammer's terrific blows.

AJAX ROAD KING

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

"Shoulders of Strength" give Ajax Tires more strength where road strain is most severe. They are literally buttresses of rubber, that re-inforce the tread. They build in the ability to resist pounding road blows. They add months of service and miles of wear.

Note particularly the Ajax Road King, shown in the picture. See how its "Shoulders of Strength" buttress the tread and build it out so that road friction is evenly distributed over the entire tread width.

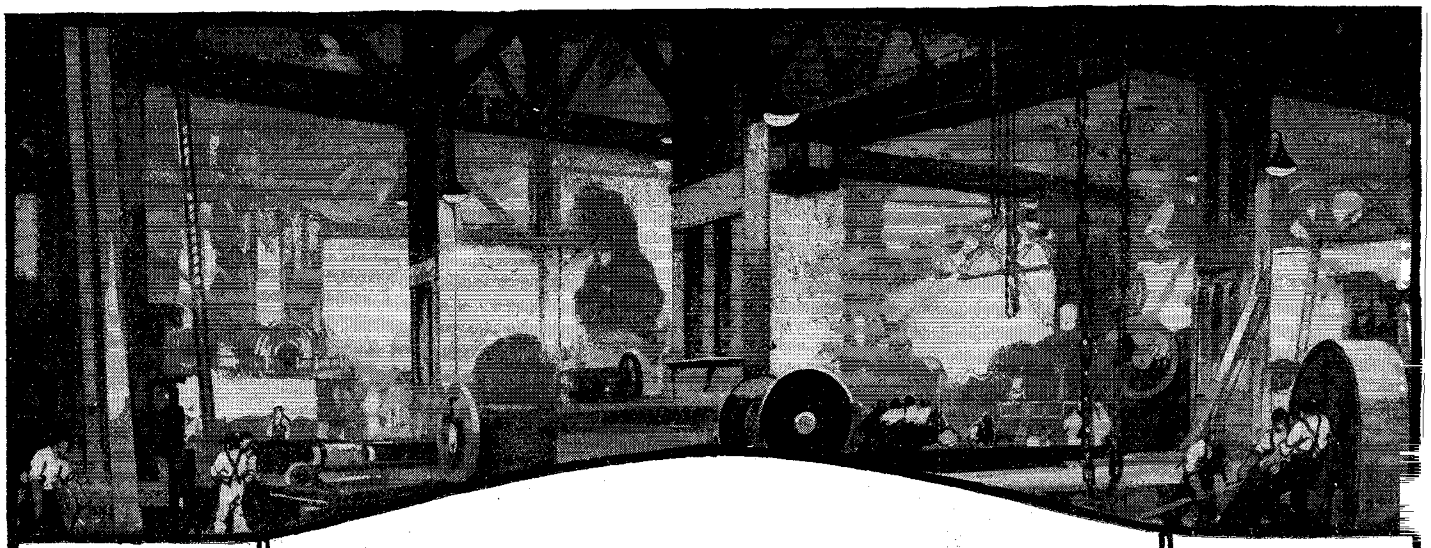
Records show that Ajax Tires are 97% Owner's Choice. These figures tell a significant tire story, for they prove that this big percentage of all Ajax Tires manufactured, is chosen each year by individual car owners to replace other tires with which their cars originally were equipped. This is an overwhelming user endorsement of Ajax Tires.

Your nearest Ajax Tire Supply Depot is headquarters for Ajax Tires, Ajax Tubes and for Ajax H. Q. Tire Accessories.

Ajax Tires Are Guaranteed in Writing 5000 Miles

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
Factories: Trenton, N. J. Branches in Leading Cities

AJAX TIRES



"On Land and Sea"

BENJAMIN PRODUCTS

Work for Human Welfare

Where men and commerce meet—on land and sea—*there* you will find Benjamin equipment guiding and guarding the workers.

In factories, mills, shops and yards on land, and "on the ships that go down to the sea" Benjamin Products are helping humanity.

To make better, healthier and happier workmen; to increase production; to reduce accidents and spoilage and to promote the interest of both the workman and the employer—*that* is the purpose and performance of Benjamin Products.

Let us explain the application of Benjamin Products to your plant.

Address Chicago Office

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.

CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

The Benjamin Electric, Ltd.
London, England

BENJAMIN PRODUCTS

Embrace

- Two-Way Plugs
- Wiring Devices
- Electrical Specialties
- Weatherproof Lighting Apparatus
- Gas and Vapor Proof Lighting Units
- Store and Office Lighting Fixtures
- Marine Lighting and Signal Apparatus
- Benjamin Industrial Lighting

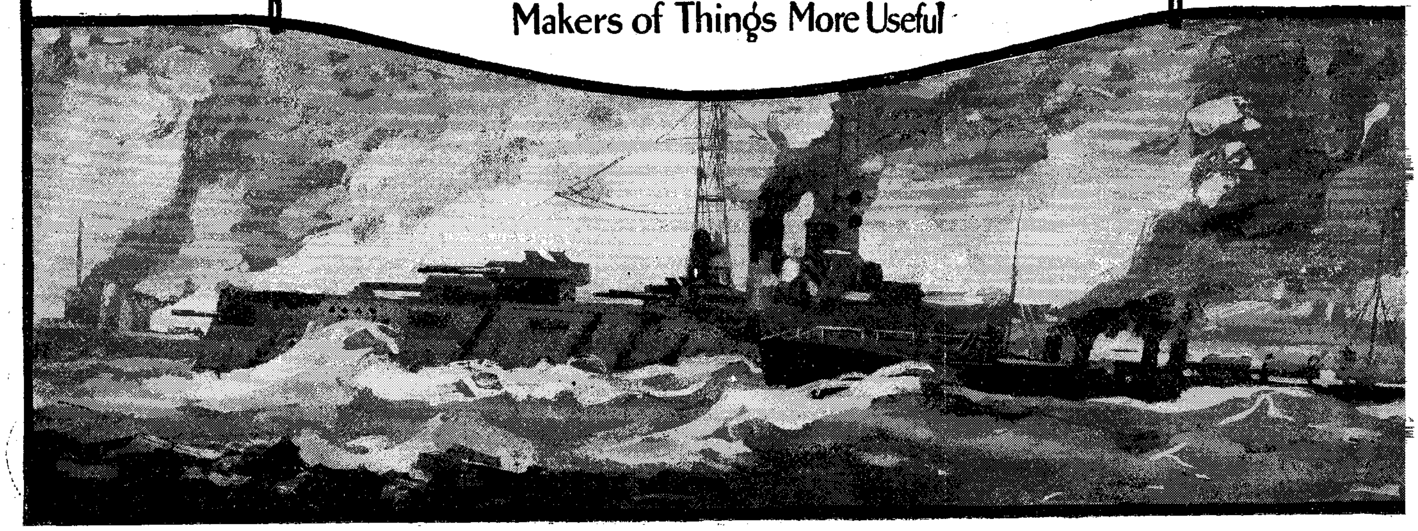
BENJAMIN PRODUCTS

Embrace

- Porcelain Enameled Reflectors and Specialties
- Industrial Signals
- Automobile Specialties
- Panel Boards and Cabinets
- Punch Press Efficiency and Safety Devices
- Castings in Aluminum, Brass and Alloys
- Drawings, Stampings and Spinnings in Sheet Metal
- Consulting and Engineering Service

BENJAMIN

Makers of Things More Useful



THE SPICE OF LIFE

Mr. Chaplin's Pie Habits.—Now that Charley Chaplin is married, just think what may happen when the bride essays her first custard pie!—*Long Island City Star.*

Safe Propaganda.—BINKERS—"What's the idea of a little firm like yours with a massive safe like that?"

CHINKERS—"It helps the morale of our creditors."—*Boston Globe.*

A Possible Excuse.—"You'd better marry me. Eligible men are scarce."

"I suppose I could offer that as an explanation," said the girl reflectively.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

In Life, In Death—More Pep.—It was a death-bed scene, but the director was not satisfied with the hero's acting.

"Come on!" he cried. "Put more life in your dying!"—*Film Fun.*

Pleasure and Profit.—"A successful man must study the faults of others."

"Well, I don't know that it will make a man successful, but it ought to be a delightful study."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Why the Tars Kept Awake.—A careless compositor can play havoc with a serious poem, as one did a short time ago across the water. As printed, the lines read:

They faced the terrors of the deep
And guarded our snores while we were asleep.

—*Kansas City Star.*

The Holy Terror.—LADY—"They say Father Hooley advanced to the attack with a prayer-book in one hand and a bomb in the other."

RETURNED SOLDIER—"They're always thryin' t' belittle a good man, mum."

LADY—"Why, isn't it true?"

SOLDIER—"No, lady; he had bombs in both hands."—*Life.*

Gilbert and Sullivan on the Loan.

I

When I first bought a Liberty bond,
I said as I went to the bank,
I'm one of five million
Who, being civilian
Must pay for the mortar and tank.
Our boys who have gone over there
Must have plenty of bombs and to spare,
And to hoard up my money would surely seem funny
While they fight by land, sea, and air.
I will lend to my ultimate sou,
Go without things of which I am fond,
The same thoughts occurred to me, too,
When I next bought a Liberty bond.

II

I said when I went to the bank,
It's clear to the veriest dunce
That the more we put in it
The sooner we'll win it,
The boys proved my wisdom at once.
They've ended the Kaiser's sun dash
Now it needs only little more cash,
And so with elation, demobilization,
We'll build for the ultimate smash.
So lend to your ultimate sou,
Do without things on which you would dote,
Let the same thought occur to you, too,
And invest in a Victory note.

—*New York Evening Sun.*

Lowe's

Children's fingerprints wipe off like magic from Mello-Glossed walls

IT gives to your walls a decorative, satiny sheened surface.

Finger prints, grease spots or even ink spots have no effect on it. The prints of your kiddies' soiled fingers will wipe off like magic.

Mellow-Gloss comes in a can. Goes on with a brush. Lays easily and smooths out to a beautiful satiny sheened surface. Once on, it's on to stay on for years to come.

Mellotone is our dull, velvety wall finish.

Mello-Gloss is the new one with the satiny sheen.

Send for color cards and particulars

THE LOWE BROS. CO.
Dayton, Ohio
Kindly send me Circular, giving further facts about your new Mello-Gloss Wall Finish

Name ....
Address ....
....
....

The Lowe Brothers Company
516 EAST THIRD STREET, DAYTON, OHIO
Boston New York Jersey City Chicago Atlanta Kansas City Minneapolis

Paints

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC MOTORS AND CONTROLLERS

Speeding the Nation's Building

Up towards the clouds rises the skyscraper's lattice to the riveter's staccato beat—out in the residence district the bare beams of the cottage take shape to the sound of hammer and saw.

After a long period of industrial expansion for war the nation has begun to build again for peace.

In promoting this resumption of activity, few, if any, factors have been of more importance than those which have helped to keep down building costs.

Here again Westinghouse has been able to perform a national service, by the application of electric power to the needs of the building industry.

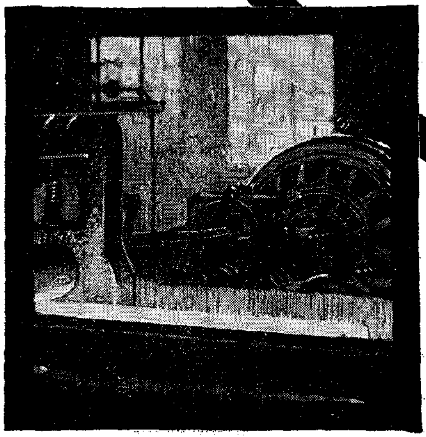
At the very source of the materials Westinghouse power begins to make its advantages felt. It lifts and carries in the steel mill. It turns the rolls that shape the ingot into beams of steel. It molds brick, cuts timbers, grinds cement, fashions boards. It plays an important part in the making of paints and varnishes. Even the glass in the windows feels its touch.

And everywhere it is doing the task with greater speed and efficiency, with less labor and lower overhead.

Thus does Westinghouse aid in bringing down costs and increasing volume, not only speeding actual construction work but vitalizing the entire building industry.

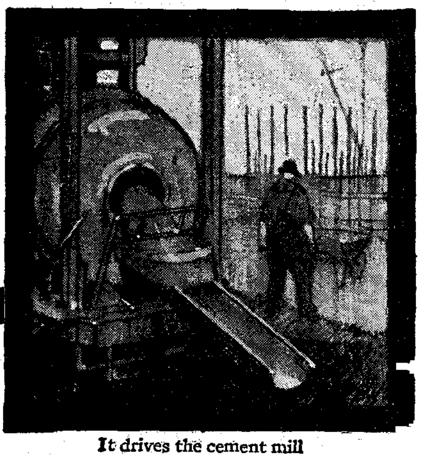
Scores of processes and operations have been shortened and made more economical by the application of Westinghouse Motors and other Westinghouse products, and Westinghouse engineers stand ready at all times to give manufacturers and builders the benefit of their long experience.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.



Westinghouse power rolls steel into beams and girders—

It cuts timber for cottage and mansion—

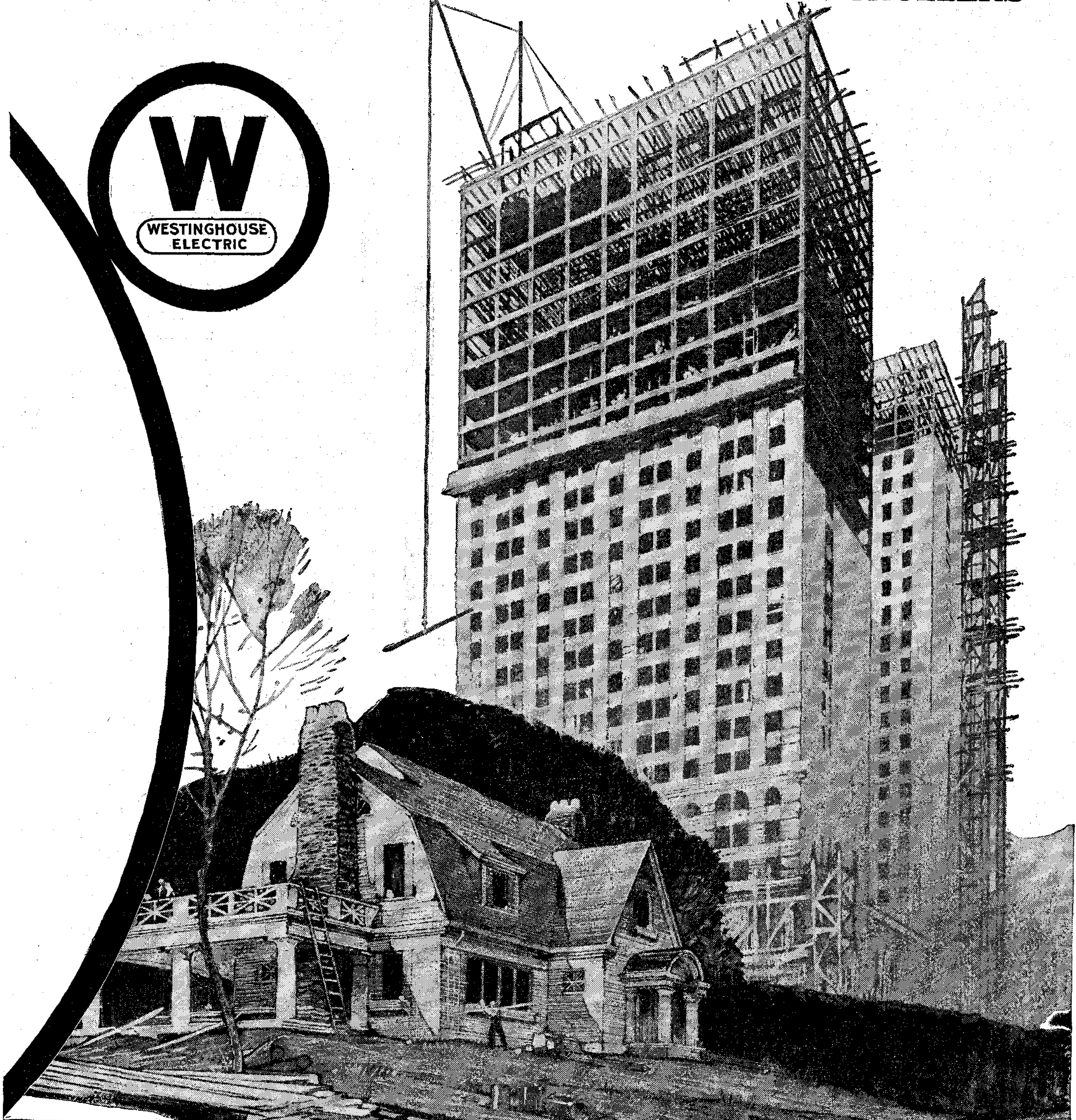


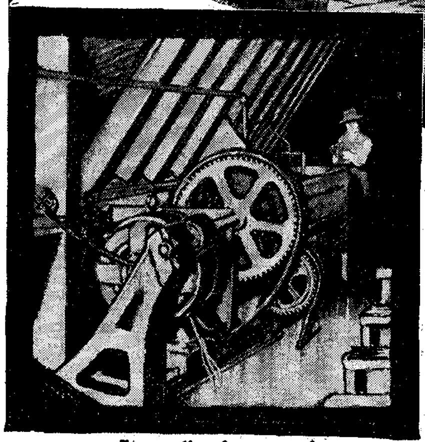
It drives the cement mill and the mixer—

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC MOTORS AND CONTROLLERS

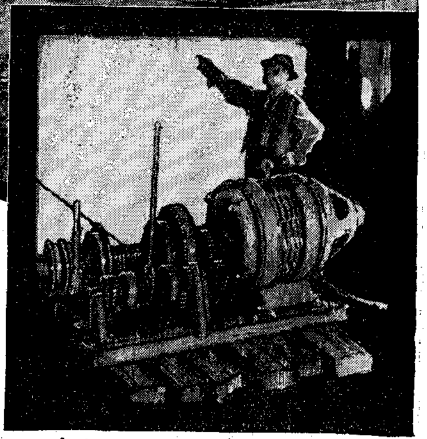
W
WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC





It supplies the power that shapes the brick—

It grades and excavates without noise and smoke—



And serves in the same clean, quiet way on the building job.

Don't dream about a good complexion—
HAVE ONE

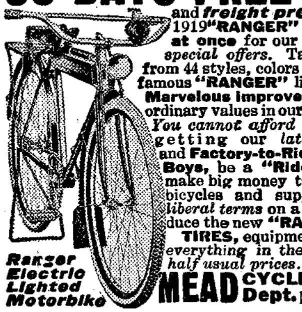
Every woman can safeguard her beauty and solve the problem of increasing her attractiveness, by using Resinol Soap, which helps nature to heal skin trouble and ensure a good complexion.

If your skin is red, unnaturally dry and parched, or excessively oily and blotched, try Resinol Soap and see if it does not help greatly to overcome these ailments.

It is unequaled for use in the nursery, as it is specially suited to baby's tender skin.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For free trial write Dept. A-49, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap



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and ***freight prepaid*** on a new 1919 **"RANGER"** bicycle. **Write at once** for our *big catalog* and *special offers.* Take your choice from 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous **"RANGER"** line.

Marvelous improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1919 price offers. *You cannot afford to buy* without getting our *latest propositions* and **Factory-to-Rider** prices.

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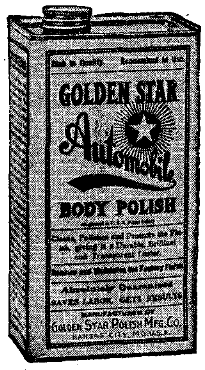
TIRES, equipment, sundries and *everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. Write Today.*

Ranger Electric Lighted Motorbike

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. M172 Chicago



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Ask Your Dealer For It

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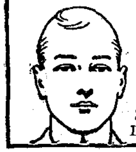

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Shampoo With Cuticura Soap
Druggists; Soap, Ointment, Talcum 25 each.

Be a NURSE *Earn $18 to $30* per week in this congenial, respected vocation. Any woman 18 or over can learn under our simple, perfected home study system. No interference with your present work. System founded 20 years ago by O. J. Perkins, M.D. Thousands of successful students and graduates. Low tuition. Small monthly payments. Nurse's outfit free. Hospital training if desired. Send today for 32 lesson pages and large illustrated catalog. **CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**
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Order* Dutch Bulbs *Now!

Advices from big growers in Holland indicate *great scarcity of bulbs this coming season* and enough cannot be grown to meet the demand. To insure getting your supply send us your order at once. **Until July 1st, not later,** our present low prices for the choicest varieties of bulbs grown by specialists in Holland will hold good.

By ordering from us now instead of waiting until Fall, you make a large saving, *get a superior quality of Bulbs not usually to be obtained at any price in this country,* and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, give, for a small outlay of time and *money, an abundance of flowers* in the house from December until Easter, and in the garden from earliest spring until the middle of May.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers immediately upon their arrival in the best possible condition.

They need not be paid for until after delivery, nor taken if not satisfactory.

Write today for

FREE BULB CATALOG

The most comprehensive published. Contains import price list giving prices on small and large quantities.

A FEW PRICES	Per 100
Fine Mixed Hyacinths . . .	$6.00
" " Tulips	2.25
" " Darwin Tulips .	2.75
Double Daffodils	4.00
Narcissus Emperor	4.75
Narcissus Empress	4.50
Narcissus Golden Spur . .	4.25

ELLIOTT NURSERY CO. 341 Fourth Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Returned with Interest.—New Drummer—"Hello, Cutey! Is the buyer in?"

Ribbon-Counter Mary—"No, freshy, but the cellar is down-stairs."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Knew the Signs.—"That young fellow looks furtive. Isn't he apt to try to pinch something?"

"Naw," said the experienced jeweler. "He wants to buy an engagement-ring."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Such Is Luck.—Clerk—"We can't pay you the twenty-five dollars on this money-order until you are identified."

Man—"That's tough! There's only one man in town who can identify me and I owe him twenty."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Psalm of Life

Chill.
Ill.
Pill.
Bill.

—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

She, Too?—William J. Burns, the noted detective, said in a Scranton lecture:

"To a well-trained detective every incident is pregnant with significance—yes, every incident is as full of meaning as—well, I am reminded of a story:

"A young man sat in a parlor alone. To him a beautiful girl entered. Thereupon the young man arose, took six cigars from his upper waistcoat-pocket, laid them carefully on the piano, and then advanced toward the girl passionately, his arms outstretched.

"But the girl drew back.

"'You have loved before,' she said."—*Los Angeles Times.*

He Was on the Right Track.—Dr. J. M. Buckley, the Methodist divine, was asked one day to conduct an "experience meeting" at a colored church in the South.

A colored woman arose and bore witness to the preciousness of her religion as light-bringer and comfort-giver.

"That's good, sister!" commented Dr. Buckley. "But now about the practical side. Does your religion make you strive to prepare your husband a good dinner? Does it make you look after him in every way?"

Just then Dr. Buckley felt a yank at his coat-tails by the colored preacher, who whispered ardently: "Press dem questions, doctor; press dem questions. Dat's my wife!"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

An Effective Break.—A dusky doughboy, burdened under tons of medals and miles and miles of ribbons, service and wound chevrons, stars *et al.*, encountered a 27th Division scrapper in Le Mans a few days prior to the division's departure for the States.

"Whar yo' all ben scrappin' in dis yar war, boss?" meekly inquired the colored soldier.

"Why, we've been fighting up in Belgium and Flanders with the British," replied the New-Yorker, proudly.

"Well, we ben down in dem woods—watcha call 'em woods 'way down south."

"The Argonne?" suggested young Knickerbocker.

"Yas, yas, dem's de woods—d' Argonne."

"You know our division was the first to break the Hindenburg line, colored boy," explained the 27th man.

"Was it you wot did dat trick? Y' know, boss, we felt dat ol' line sag 'way down in d' Argonne."—*The Gas Attack.*

CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

ril 16.—An agreement is reached by the Peace Council to send food to Russia under neutral control, says a Paris report.

he Peace Treaty will contain nearly 150,000 words and will be drafted in English, French, German, and Italian, according to Paris. Besides the League of Nations covenant, it will include the International Opium Convention of 1912.

elgian representatives at the Peace Council say that country would feel obliged to decline to try the former Kaiser in case it should be asked to do so, according to Paris. The Belgians hold that any action along that line should be taken by a commission representing all the associated Powers.

ermany's decision in regard to the Peace Treaty is not likely to be announced before May 6, say advices from Paris.

London dispatch says that the Council of Four has decided that Helgoland shall be dismantled and, as far as possible, destroyed.

he conditions to be laid down in the Treaty of Peace are denounced by the German press, says a Berlin report. "No German Government can sign such terms," the *Vorwärts* declares. And the *Lokal Anzeiger* says, "No more shameless mockery of President Wilson's fourteen points can be imagined."

ril 17.—Suspension of the demobilization of French troops pending the arrival of the German envoys has been decided upon in the Chamber of Deputies, says a Paris report.

he Peace Council has adopted the Nansen plan for feeding Russia, which provides briefly that hostilities must cease and that payment for supplies must be guaranteed and transport assured, according to a report from Paris.

ril 18.—That the enemy will fight again is the opinion of Marshal Foch, exprest in an interview granted a *Daily Mail* correspondent, according to a dispatch from London. In this connection Marshal Foch said that it will be necessary to double lock the Rhine door, because therein lies the only safety for France.

he situation of the peace negotiations is such that President Wilson will probably be able to sail homeward May 15 or May 20 at the latest, Paris says. The present indications are that the Peace Treaty will be signed before the President's departure.

hat the former Kaiser be exiled, probably without a trial, is now being advocated in Paris, precedent for such procedure being furnished, it is said, by the case of Napoleon I., who was confined on the Island of St. Helena without trial but as a general measure of policy for the tranquillity of Europe.

he Polish-German boundary question is disposed of by the Council of Four, a Paris dispatch says. The decision taken has not been announced, but it is understood that Danzig will be internationalized, while the Poles will have a corridor running from that city to the frontier to give them access to the sea.

ril 20.—The Paris papers contain confused statements regarding the project of an alliance between the United States, Great Britain, and France which is supposed to guarantee immediate military support in case of aggression from the East. The American officials withhold all comment on the various conflicting reports.

The Italian issues have reached an acute stage where a decision can not long be deferred, says a Paris report. Baron Sonnino takes a position insisting upon

ST NICHOLAS

The Magazine for Youth

HIGH
SCHOOL
PLAY
MAY 2

"IT has put ambition in my boy" said a big manufacturer, speaking of St. Nicholas. "That lad gets about six new ideas out of St. Nicholas every month and he is so busy studying them and trying them out that he doesn't have time to get into mischief. It is certainly giving him the mental stimulation that means a real education and a fine start toward success in life."

St. Nicholas gives youth the things that youth wants. It is a treasure house of ideas. It is an open sesame to a fascinating world. It is an inspirer of manliness and gentleness.

All youth loves stories and the best of all stories written for youth are published in St. Nicholas. Thrilling, adventuresome stories, most of them, but always clean and wholesome. But St. Nicholas is more than a story book; it is a real magazine with articles on world events, on travel, new discoveries in science, nature, sports, camping. There is a department of verses and tales for very little children but the greater part of the magazine is for boys and girls of high school age.

Best of all of St. Nicholas features are the St. Nicholas League competitions in drawing, photography and composition, which have encouraged thousands of boys and girls to do original work of their own. All worth while are published in the magazine and badges are given for reward. Some great writers and artists have made their beginning in the St. Nicholas League.

Can you afford to let your children be without St. Nicholas? Its cost is so little and yet what a great influence for good it may be in their lives. A year's subscription is but $3—less than a cent a day. Why not write us a check and mail it today to St. Nicholas Magazine, Dept. E-1, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Put your advertising in St. Nicholas

Manufacturers and advertising agents—Do you realize what an active influence in the home are boys and girls in their teens. Think of any home you know where St. Nicholas is read and multiply by 75,000. St. Nicholas homes are live homes where wants are many and the buying power is ample. Advertise in St. Nicholas and impress your story on the retentive minds of boys and girls who will soon be the leaders of their communities.

ST. NICHOLAS *for Boys and Girls*

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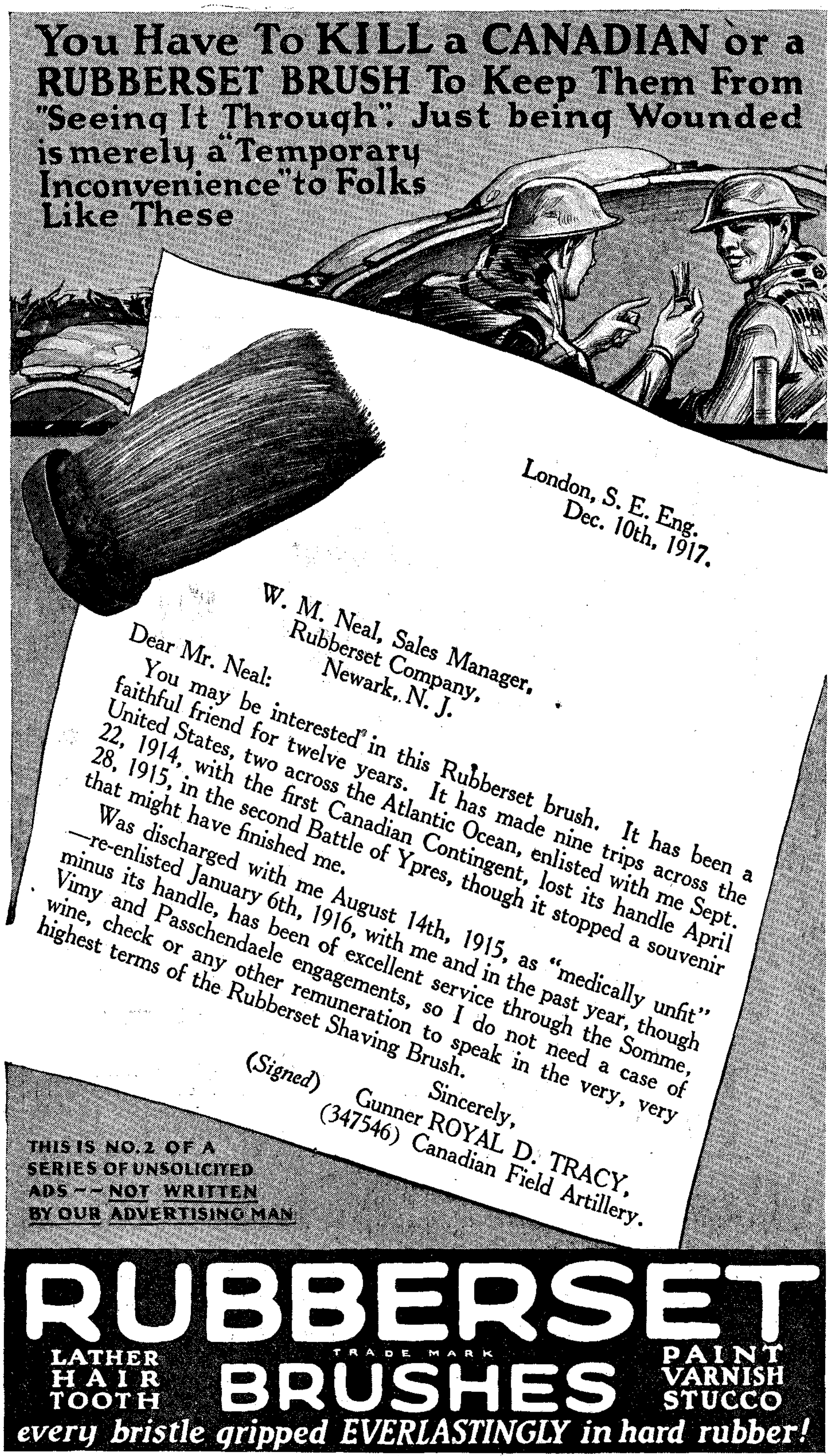

You Have To KILL a CANADIAN or a RUBBERSET BRUSH To Keep Them From "Seeing It Through". Just being Wounded is merely a "Temporary Inconvenience" to Folks Like These

London, S. E. Eng.
Dec. 10th, 1917.

W. M. Neal, Sales Manager,
Rubberset Company,
Newark, N. J.

Dear Mr. Neal:

You may be interested in this Rubberset brush. It has been a faithful friend for twelve years. It has made nine trips across the United States, two across the Atlantic Ocean, enlisted with me Sept. 22, 1914, with the first Canadian Contingent, lost its handle April 28, 1915, in the second Battle of Ypres, though it stopped a souvenir that might have finished me.

Was discharged with me August 14th, 1915, as "medically unfit" —re-enlisted January 6th, 1916, with me and in the past year, though minus its handle, has been of excellent service through the Somme, Vimy and Passchendaele engagements, so I do not need a case of wine, check or any other remuneration to speak in the very, very highest terms of the Rubberset Shaving Brush.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Gunner ROYAL D. TRACY,
(347546) Canadian Field Artillery.

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"CUESTA-REY"
TAMPA — SINCE 1884 — HAVANA

the fulfilment of the secret Treaty London, giving to Italy the entire D matian coast and islands and a claiming the city of Fiume.

April 21.—The whole German nation extremely deprest over the latest fo shadowings of peace terms emanat from Paris, says a Berlin dispat There is a strong probability that t Government will shrink from the sponsibility of signing, preferring rat to refer the matter to the National sembly or even to a popular vote.

April 22.—The British are said to ha agreed that if the Germans shall viol the terms of peace and send troo across the Rhine, Great Britain w come to the support of France, says Paris dispatch. It is further stat that President Wilson has promis to appeal to the American Senate give a similar pledge for America.

Indications are that the Italian dele tion at the Peace Conference is wea ening in their demands and will pro ably be satisfied if permitted to ha Fiume and the Dalmatian coast wit out the hinterland, Paris says. Pre dent Wilson is inflexible in his positi that Fiume shall not be annexed Italy, thus blocking up Jugo-Slavia.

The Council of Four decide to disc tinue hearings on the Chinese a Japanese claims to rights in Shantu Paris reports. It was agreed mer to terminate in the Peace Treaty G many's rights in China, leaving t settlement of the respective rights China and Japan to the German co cessions to a later date.

The Germans will be required to sign t peace conditions not later than May 1 a report from Paris says. The All will not consent that the conditions submitted to a plebiscite, stipulat that they be made subject only ratification by the German Governme

CENTRAL POWERS

April 16.—Complete anarchy reigns Munich, says a London dispatch. work has ceased, trains are not runnin and robbers are looting houses a threatening banks.

A meeting of financiers, representi Holland, Denmark, Norway, Swede and Switzerland and the financi section of the Allied and associa governments, will be held soon arrange with Germany for the renew and extension of German credits, sa a Paris report. This action is taken enable Germany to purchase food a raw material.

April 17.—Twenty-three American freigh cars loaded with bacon, flour, evapo ated milk, and rice, arrive at Coblen to be distributed among the German according to advices from that cit The food has been obtained by t Germans from the United States Arm supplies in France.

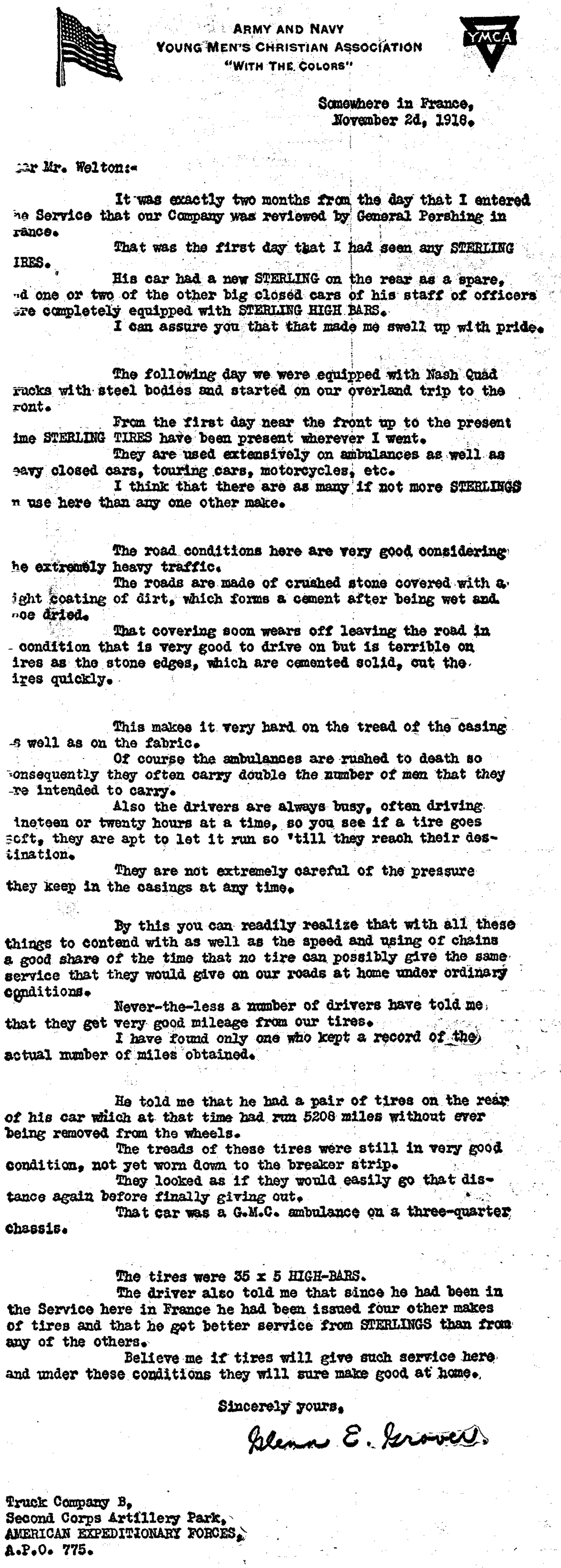
Railroad communication between Berl and Munich has ceased, says a Berl report. There is nothing to indica which party is in control in Munic The Communist Government there reported to have opened negotiatio with Italy to pledge woodlands own by the city for a loan of a million mar with which to buy food.

April 18.—Bolshevik sympathizers attem to storm the Austrian Parliament buil ing, but are dispersed with a fe wounded, says a report from Vienn The city generally is quiet.

German and Baltic-German troops hav forcibly seized Libau and overthrow the Lettish Provisional Governmen says a report from Copenhagen.

The Bavarian anarchist Sondheimer reported to have obtained complet control of a new Communistic Govern ment in Munich, Berlin reports.

April 19.—Serious fighting between Bavar an Communists and Government troop



ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
"WITH THE COLORS"

Somewhere in France,
November 2d, 1918.

ar Mr. Welton:-

It was exactly two months from the day that I entered he Service that our Company was reviewed by General Pershing in rance.

That was the first day that I had seen any STERLING IRES.

His car had a new STERLING on the rear as a spare, d one or two of the other big closed cars of his staff of officers re completely equipped with STERLING HIGH BARS.

I can assure you that that made me swell up with pride.

The following day we were equipped with Nash Quad rucks with steel bodies and started on our overland trip to the ront.

From the first day near the front up to the present ime STERLING TIRES have been present wherever I went.

They are used extensively on ambulances as well as eavy closed cars, touring cars, motorcycles, etc.

I think that there are as many if not more STERLINGS n use here than any one other make.

The road conditions here are very good considering he extremely heavy traffic.

The roads are made of crushed stone covered with a ight coating of dirt, which forms a cement after being wet and ce dried.

That covering soon wears off leaving the road in condition that is very good to drive on but is terrible on ires as the stone edges, which are cemented solid, cut the ires quickly.

This makes it very hard on the tread of the casing s well as on the fabric.

Of course the ambulances are rushed to death so onsequently they often carry double the number of men that they re intended to carry.

Also the drivers are always busy, often driving ineteen or twenty hours at a time, so you see if a tire goes soft, they are apt to let it run so 'till they reach their destination.

They are not extremely careful of the pressure they keep in the casings at any time.

By this you can readily realize that with all these things to contend with as well as the speed and using of chains a good share of the time that no tire can possibly give the same service that they would give on our roads at home under ordinary conditions.

Never-the-less a number of drivers have told me that they get very good mileage from our tires.

I have found only one who kept a record of the actual number of miles obtained.

He told me that he had a pair of tires on the rear of his car which at that time had run 5208 miles without ever being removed from the wheels.

The treads of these tires were still in very good condition, not yet worn down to the breaker strip.

They looked as if they would easily go that distance again before finally giving out.

That car was a G.M.C. ambulance on a three-quarter chassis.

The tires were 35 x 5 HIGH-BARS.

The driver also told me that since he had been in the Service here in France he had been issued four other makes of tires and that he got better service from STERLINGS than from any of the others.

Believe me if tires will give such service here and under these conditions they will sure make good at home.

Sincerely yours,

Glenn E. Groves

Truck Company B,
Second Corps Artillery Park,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
A.P.O. 775.

Super-Size Super-Service Sterlings

STAND a STERLING Tire beside those now on your car and see what we mean by "Super-Size."

STERLINGS are quality tires. The long four-hour cure on airbags welds the layers of cords, or fabric, together in an inseparable mass. There is no separation between layers, or between tread and carcass.

For practical purposes our guarantee is that the user shall be satisfied. We say 5,000 miles (6,000 on 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4) just to have a basis for adjustment. But we expect, and our customers rightly expect, the tires to average very much greater mileage.

If there were any way of barring accidents and under-inflation, we would as cheerfully guarantee 10,000 miles, because we know how STERLINGS are made and what they will do when they are properly treated. STERLING Super-Size Cord Tires give exceptional service on trucks using 35 x 5—36 x 6—38 x 7—40 x 8.

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Our proposition to responsible dealers has been made unusually attractive. Please write the nearest branch.

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Louisville, Ky.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Newark, N. J.
New Haven, Conn.
New York, N. Y.
Paterson, N. J.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Providence, R. I.
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Rochester, N. Y.
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232 K A P AUCKLAND

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takes place, resulting in considera losses for both sides, says a Be report. The government leaders gathering an army of 30,000 tro around Munich with which they engage the Communists in a decis battle soon.

Disturbances in Vienna result in the de of five policemen, the wounding forty, and injuries to twenty dem strators and bystanders, says a Cop hagen report. The fight took place d ing an attempt of the Bolsheviki to sto the Austrian Parliament buildings.

April 20.—Control of Vienna has b taken over by the Soldiers' Council, report from that city says. Quiet p vails, but communizing of the proper of those unable to resist has begun.

April 21.—The Communists in Vien fail in their attempt to seize cont of the Government, says a report fro that city. Most of the Hungari agitators in Vienna have been arrest and the arrest of Austrian agitat has been begun.

A settlement of the general strike in Berl is reached between representatives the strikers and employers and t Minister of Labor, says a Berlin d patch. The settlement provides effect for recognition of the strike demand that they be given a voice determining engagements, dismissal and promotion of employees in all wor except in executive and directora positions.

A war of defense on behalf of what h been acquired by the Commun dictatorship in Budapest is decid upon at a meeting of the Central Cou cil of Soldiers, Workmen, and Peasant says a report from that city. Half t workmen in all the factories will armed to defend the authority of t proletariat Government against t Roumanian and Jugo-Slav troops.

April 22.—The *Soviet* Government h been overthrown at Budapest, accor ing to advices from Paris. Riotin and pillaging are going on in the city.

It is said that the Germans are makin secret preparation for a plebiscite o the peace terms, Berlin reports. It further stated that the matter can b determined by an election in forty eight hours. The Cabinet is reporte to be unwilling to assume the respons bility of either refusing or acceptin the terms, and therefore the plebiscit is almost certain.

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA

April 17.—Continued successes for Russia *Soviet* forces along almost the whole o the western Russian front is claime in a Russian official wireless dispatc to London.

The Bolsheviki are carrying out a sys tematic annihilation of all the *bourgeoi* elements in Riga, says a Stockhol report. The victims are taken to a island in the Dvina, River, being sen there without food or money. They ar now said to number 70,000, includin women and children.

April 18.—Detachments of Ukrainian have been carrying out excesses against the Jews in Galicia, says a Paris report. Nearly 3,000 Jews are said to have been killed or wounded.

That Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States propose to recognize the Omsk Government as the *de facto* government of non-Bolshevik Russia as soon as the Peace Treaty is signed, is stated in a Washington report.

April 19.—Bolshevik troops have suffered severe setbacks on three fronts in Russia, according to London. The *Soviet* Government admits a retirement along virtually the whole front of eastern Russia.

April 20.—The first Bolshevik army operating in the Ukraine has surrendered to the Ukrainians, according to a London report. They are said to have given up 20,000 rifles, 25 guns, and 200 machine guns.

bastopol has been evacuated by the Crimean Government and is now in the hands of the revolutionary committee, says a London report.

nce landing on the Archangel front, last September, the Americans have suffered 528 casualties, according to a report from Archangel. Of these 196 were fatalities, 9 officers and 187 men having been killed or having succumbed to disease.

ril 21.—German troops have attacked the American Red Cross Mission at Kovono, Lithuania, says a Paris cablegram. No results of the attack are given.

elegrams from Omsk, Siberia, report that the government troops inflicted severe losses on the Bolshevik forces in that vicinity, capturing many machine guns and a number of prisoners, among them being several Bolshevik leaders.

igantic concessions, including the right to build 3,000 miles of railroad, have been granted by the Petrograd *Soviet* Government to Norwegian and American capitalists, says a Paris report. The concessionnaires are also granted 8,000,000 acres of timber-land in a section which is said to embrace the richest timber-lands in the world.

ril 22.—The important city of Vilna has been recaptured from the Bolsheviki, says a London report. Polish troops have also captured important railway centers.

ussian troops operating with the Allied Murmansk force by an advance of twenty miles have reached a point within easy striking distance of Lake Onaga, which is connected by a chain of lakes and canals with Petrograd, an Archangel report states.

eports from Omsk say that in an offensive started against the Bolshevik troops these have been defeated on all fronts, and are said to be retreating in confusion, leaving all their supplies to the invading forces.

opular outcry against the law for the nationalization of women has resulted in its suspension in at least one of the Russian provinces, says a London report.

FOREIGN

pril 17.—Gen. Aurelio Blanquet, War Minister in President Huerta's cabinet, who recently was reported to have landed in Vera Cruz, intending to start a revolution against the Carranza Government, has been killed, say reports from Mexico City.

Clashes between Socialists and anti-Socialist groups result in the death of four persons and in the wounding of several others in Milan, according to advices from that city. Workmen in northern Italy have begun a twenty-four-hour strike.

pril 18.—A plot has been disclosed at Viborg, Finland, to start a fresh revolution at the end of April or the beginning of May, simultaneously with a Bolshevik attack on Finland, says a telegram from Helsingfors to Washington. The plot, it is said, was also to extend to Sweden and Norway, where a revolution had been planned to break out at the same time.

Complete cessation of all business following the twenty-four-hour general strike is reported from Milan. Even cafés, bars, and restaurants are closed. No newspapers are published.

Two divisions of Japanese troops have been ordered to Korea to suppress revolutionary uprisings, says a cablegram to San Francisco.

The Roumanian Government orders an advance on the Hungarians in Transylvania, following complaints from the

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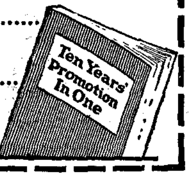
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inhabitants of that section of ill-treatment at the hands of the Hungarians, and requests for protection, a Bucharest report says.

Official confirmation of the death of General Blanquet was received by the State Department from Mexican authorities, according to a Washington dispatch.

April 19.—Great Britain is facing various problems on account of disorders in the Near and Far East, according to London advices. In Egypt the political discontent has taken the form of serious riots. In Turkey armed bands are threatening the Christians with massacre. In Syria the people are disturbed over the report that France is not to act as mandatory for them. In India the Moslems and Hindus have united in rebellion against the British crown. The real danger is that the disturbances may grow into a religious war.

April 20.—The strike in Limerick, Ireland, has developed into a movement that may easily spread over all of Ireland, says a Limerick report. The national executive committee of the Irish Labor Parliament and Trades Union Congress is now giving support to the strike movement.

April 21.—The strike in Limerick, Ireland, assumes a new phase when the Finance Commission of the Limerick Trades and Labor Council announces that it will issue its own money to be used in the purchase of food for the 14,000 strikers, a Limerick report states. The money is called strike-treasury notes, and is secured by the stock of food it is proposed to purchase.

Special dispatches from Korea say that members of a Christian mission near Seoul clashed with gendarmes during a riot, the officers firing upon the mob, killing twenty and wounding many others.

April 22.—The abolition of the black list, licensing and rationing systems for neutrals, is announced from Paris by the Supreme Economic Council. This decision will grant the freedom of intercourse urgently required by trade and industry in the United States and throughout the world.

A revolution has broken out in Turkey, and a *Soviet* Government has been declared, says a Paris report.

Proof has been found that the disturbances in India can be traced to the work of Russian Reds, according to a Washington dispatch. Some time ago six Russians speaking the Indian dialects arrived in India and began holding Bolshevik meetings, it is said.

DOMESTIC

April 16.—Charges of disloyalty have been made against certain American missionaries in the Near East, says a Washington dispatch. Missionaries in Bulgaria were so pro-German, it is said, that they actually aided the enemies of the United States.

More humanity rather than a change in laws is what the Army needs to improve the system of military justice, Maj.-Gen. Leonard Wood informs the investigating committee of the American Bar Association, says a Washington report. Seventy-five per cent. of the soldiers court-martialed during the war should not have been brought to trial, he declares.

The special session of Congress is not likely to be called before May 19, says Washington. It is understood the President is unwilling to break his custom of addressing Congress in person, and hence it will not be convened until he returns.

Robert Sanderson McCormick, former United States Ambassador to France, dies at his home in Hinsdale, near Chicago.

Secretary of Labor Wilson forwards a request to the Governors of all the States to send representatives to a

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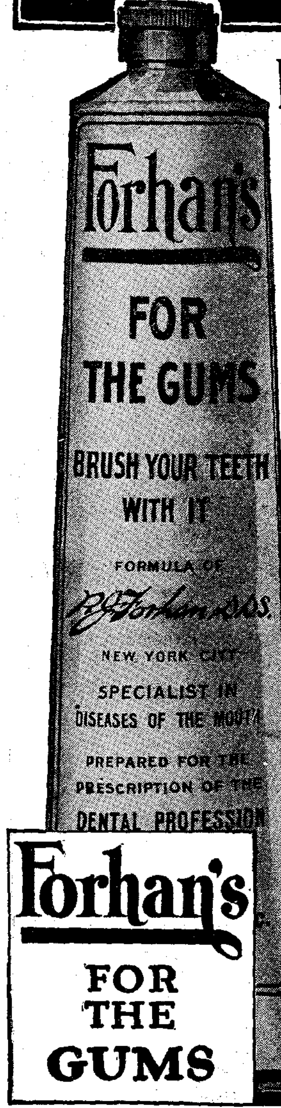
U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending.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conference on employment to be held from April 23 to 25 in Washington, says a report from that city. The conference will consider a national legislative program for the creation of a permanent national employment service.

April 17.—The first German ship to enter New York Harbor since the United States went into the war comes into port. She was the Hamburg-American liner *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*, and has been turned over to the United States to bring back American troops.

American soldiers in France will be moved soon to Antwerp as a part of the program to clear France of all American troops as speedily as possible, says a Paris report.

Bolsheviki are doing propaganda work in the shadow of the capital at Washington, says a report from that city. Circulation of *The Anarchist Soviet Bulletin* has resulted in three departments of the Government beginning an investigation. The journal is said to make a direct appeal to soldiers and sailors to seize the cables.

April 18.—Brewing companies of New York City have begun the distribution of a 2.75 per cent. beer, labeling the product non-intoxicating. They are said to be acting on the advice of Elihu Root, and it is thought that the matter will bring to a test the question of the handling of this form of liquor.

The 500,000 organized telephone and telegraph operators of the country are taking a vote on a nation-wide strike. The vote will be completed by May 5. If the strike is called it will be the largest known in this country.

[Maj. T. C. Macauley arrives in Fort Worth after an air trip of 5,500 miles in forty-four flying hours, a record.

Activities have again been resumed by the American Union against Militarism, says a Washington report. During the war this organization's work was suspended.

Julius H. Barnes, formerly president of the Grain Corporation connected with the Food Administration, has been appointed United States Wheat Director, a new post just created by President Wilson.

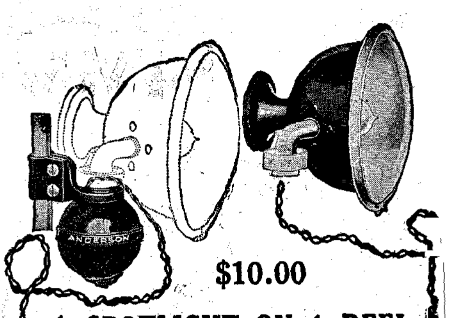
A steady increase in the price of foods is shown in data gathered by the Department of Labor, says a Washington report. The retail price of twenty-two articles of food in March increased a total of 2 per cent. over the prevailing prices in February.

April 19.—Capt. E. F. White, an army aviator, sets a new record in flying, by making a non-stop flight from Chicago to New York, a distance of 727 miles, in six hours and fifty minutes.

April 20.—The first general strike in America to be conducted by women for women comes to an end upon the announcement that an agreement has been reached by which the 4,000 striking operators of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company would return to work, according to a Boston report.

The proposed separate alliance of France, Great Britain, and the United States is characterized by Senator Borah, of Idaho, as "one of the most serious indictments of the League of Nations which has yet developed," according to a Washington report.

April 22.—Sheriff W. H. Jones, of Sioux City, Iowa, raids the convention hall where the national convention of the I. W. W. is held, clears it, and orders the delegates to leave the city, according to a Sioux City report. This action came as a result of a mass-meeting to protest against the I. W. W. convention after W. M. Short, the Mayor of Sioux City, had made an address of welcome at the meeting.



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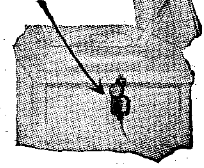

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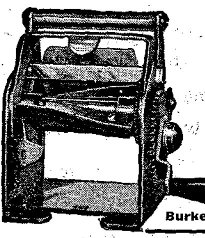

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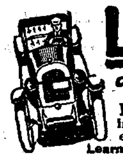

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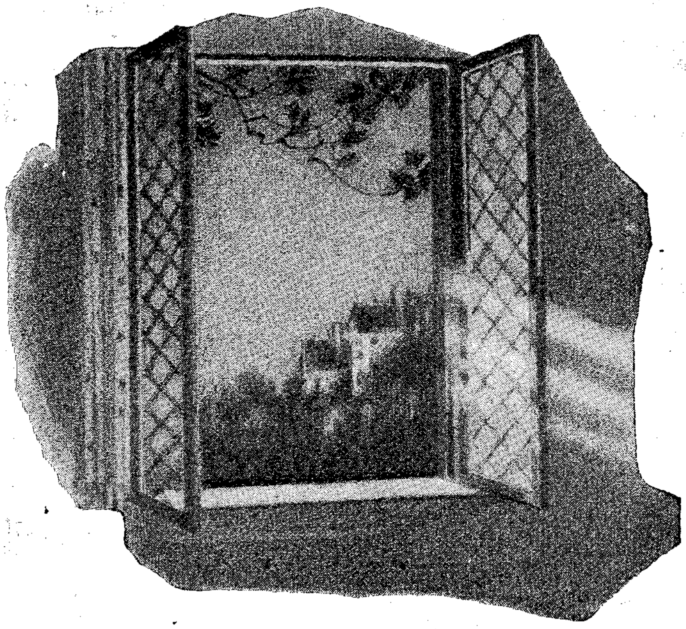

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* * *

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Possibly you are one of the thousands who seldom get a clear night's rest. Look to your bed!

Most wooden beds creak a little.

The average metal bed has a loose joint—rattles slightly—feels unsteady.

Or maybe it is the spring that does not fit. One corner or another knocks slightly when you turn over—or it humps or sags.

* * *

THE right bed invites perfect relaxation. It stands firmly. Its corners lock tight. Push it or pull it by one corner and it moves as one piece—not a rattle, a shake, a lurch, a suspicion of unsteadiness.

The right spring gives gently to the contours, but supports the body—a taut elastic foundation for the mattress. It does not sag or hump. It fits squarely on the bed.

* * *

YOU may not know where to find a bed or a spring of this character.

You have only to go to a leading merchant in your section and look at Simmons Metal Beds and Slumber King Springs.

They will not cost you any more than the average bed.

You will get a bed, a spring that *invites sleep*—and moreover finer style, a better choice of styles.

You will have unequalled choice of *Twin Beds*—a separate bed for each sleeper, welcomed everywhere by people of nice feeling.

Perhaps there is a thought here for you the next time you buy a bed or a spring.

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How To Be Personality, Energy,

Unless your mind and body are capable of withstanding abuse without distress you have no real, mental, vital, living or health power. You have but average power of life. You have but negative health. Real health power, real personal power, real power of life and real success come only through the vital power to live and the masterful power to succeed. The Conscious Evolution character of power of life, higher vitality and dynamic energy will enable you to easily master and enjoy conditions that now distress you. A unique and wonderful discovery that has revolutionized human possibilities and furnishes the body, personality and mind with a degree of driving and smashing energy that surpasses imagination.

Swoboda 26 Years Ago

From a sickly youth Swoboda made of himself a magnificent physical specimen of the human race. This was just the beginning—his greater evolution was yet to come.

THERE is a new and marvelous science of reconstructing and re-creating the human organism and energizing the mind—a system of mental and physical evolution that has already revolutionized richly the lives of men and women all over the country. It has brought them a new kind of health, pleasure, strength, energy, confidence, might, power of personality and success. It has given them such marvelous energy of mind and body and they enjoy a life so full, so intense, so dominating, so thoroughly worth while that the old life to which they were accustomed seems totally inferior in every respect.

Dynamic Men and Women

This new system gives a new idea of how truly masterful, conquering, creative, healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with life, dash, energy and the fire of triumph. It is thoroughly natural and simple but it accomplishes seemingly impossible results without study, loss of time, use of drugs, medicines, or dieting, without weight-pulling or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging, electricity, cold baths or forced deep breathing; in fact, this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like nor give up anything you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you feel the surging of the higher energy after the first thirty seconds *—half a minute.*

Gain a Conquering Personality

Many men and women have amazing memories, high education, excellent health and even unusual strength of body. Many are good-looking, are good talkers, and possess every advantage that training and blind evolution can give them. Many have read practically every book ever written on how to be a success and attain a dominant will power and yet these men and women are failures in life because they do not possess a vital, triumphant, dynamic power of personality. Their energies and knowledge are not creatively correlated and activated. They do not possess the conquering personal power such as **Conscious Evolution** develops and which is so essential to a really fine and true and beautiful success.

Conscious Evolution can quickly show you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the higher joys and complete benefits of living in full, that you are facing the world with only half the personality that you are easily capable of having, that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be. In fact, Conscious Evolution can demonstrate to you in thirty seconds—½ a minute—that you are living an inferior life.

A Supreme Life

The fact is that regardless of whether you are rich or poor, Conscious Evolution can prove to you readily, by demonstration, that you are leading an inferior life. You owe it to yourself to give Conscious Evolution the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily come into possession of a new dynamic life, and unusual vigor, a dominant type of high energy and power of personality—a new realization of the meaning of life and success.

Daily Results

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."

"Conscious Evolution can demonstrate its great power for every good in half a minute. It did this for me."

"Fourteen years ago at the age of 68 I was an old man; today at the age of 82 I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at 40. Your system gave me a new lease on life."

"Conscious Evolution sent a message of energy, health and power through me in twenty seconds, which has been increased from day to day."

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words, it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it; I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

"When your first letter of instructions reached me, I was tired and blue. I read it and saw the 'light.' My blues disappeared. I used my energies for about ten seconds, and my tiredness left me. Conscious Evolution is increasing my every power of mind and body as I wish and as you promise.

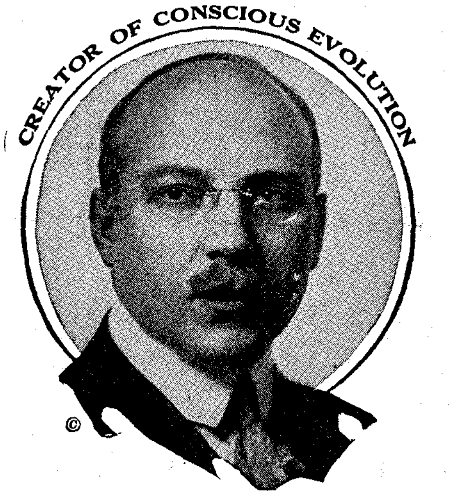
"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

A Giant In Mind and Health



Swoboda To-Day

A Remarkable Personality

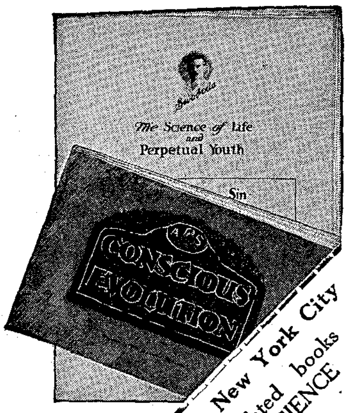
Swoboda, himself, is perhaps the most perfect example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years, he grows younger in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health; he is becoming stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant and more alive by capitalizing his creative powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself, you too can accomplish—every individual can accomplish, for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles, and every individual has it within himself to make use of these laws and principles. Swoboda's mind and body are so alert and so active that in his presence one feels completely overpowered. His personality dominates everything with which it comes in contact; yet Swoboda is real!—there is absolutely nothing mysterious about him. He knows not what fatigue is—he is a tireless worker. He delights in making sick people well and weak people strong. He loves his work because he feels he is of benefit to humanity—making a better, more vital, more potent race of men and women.

Everywhere throughout the land men and women, in any walk of life, through Conscious Evolution are secretly and privately advancing themselves in life, happiness, joy and power—through consciously employing the principles of evolution. Whether you are a Doctor, Lawyer, Banker, Business Man, Financier, Mechanic, Soldier, Sailor, Laborer, Philosopher, or Scientist, Conscious Evolution is for you. It is for those who wish to make their existence on earth a source of higher, supreme satisfaction.

These Amazing Books Are For You

Swoboda has published for distribution two remarkable books which explain his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for these books—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 262,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, but because they contain valuable ideas for you. Conscious Evolution is being personally used by many of the most prominent physicians and such men as Charles E. Hughes, Woodrow Wilson, the Armours, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Cudahys, the Swifts, and McAdoos, for advancing themselves in energy, health, vitality and power of personality.

Write for these books because they mean so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and personal power. They are filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of power in body and mind that you so consciously or unconsciously desire. They explain the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.



CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE show how to increase your power of mind and body; not by tedious, prolonged study, but by a process of energization which raises the very level of your life and mental power.

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE supply the key to dominant personal power, dominant business power, dominant success power, dominant mental power and dominant will power. They show how to change your aimless and fruitless life and attitudes into ambition, inspiration, enthusiasm and the higher success.

These books show how to increase your power of will and personality, as well as your power of body for every action, for every purpose and process.

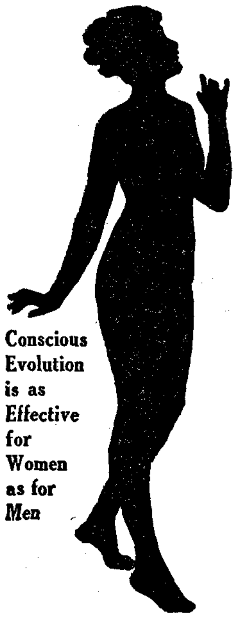
Conscious Evolution is a new science, and no one can afford not to know at least the simple facts about it. These facts show how Conscious Evolution overcomes weak will, poor health, feebleness of mind and body.

They show how to overcome the inferior, pleasureless, feeble and unsatisfactory life, by giving the means to the successful, superior and abundant life.

These books are absolutely free and there is no obligation now or after. These books are yours to keep, that you may attain a higher understanding of yourself and of evolution and the means to a higher existence.

Even if you gain but one idea or the realization of the one principle of life through CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, these books will be of eternal advantage to you.

Just write your name and address on this coupon, tear it off and mail it to Swoboda, or draw a ring around your name on your letterhead, or merely send a postal, giving your name and address. Do it today! This is your opportunity. Now is your turn! This is your day! This is your hour! Write NOW.



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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

ECONOMIC EXPANSION AFTER THE FRIGHTFUL COST OF THE WAR

EDGAR CRAMMOND, an oft-quoted and widely known British expert in economic and financial affairs, declared a few weeks ago in London that all important wars since 1793 had been followed by periods of increased production and economic expansion, and he believed the recent war would prove no exception to the world's previous experience. In fact, the war had pushed forward economic development "by at least two generations." Wars had been the principal influence which had determined the course of commodities and prices. In the Napoleonic wars the index-number rose 72 points in twenty years, but in the war of 1914–18, there was a rise of 108 points in four and a half years—"a movement for which there was no precedent in point of rapidity or magnitude."

Mr. Crammond, in his address, as outlined in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, estimated the direct cost of the war to the Allies at £28,368,000,000, and to the Central Powers at £13,675,000,000. Including indirect losses, he estimated the total cost at £52,000,000,000, or in our money $260,000,000,000. There had been nothing approaching this destruction of capital wealth in the history of the world. The stupendous conflict "had produced the greatest economic revolution of which there was any record." Mr. Crammond found the immediate manifestation of this upheaval to be the rise in the cost of living and the universal increase of wages. There were other economic consequences, but they were being unfolded more gradually. The wages bill of the United Kingdom for 1918 was about £900,000,000 more than in 1913—an increase of over 100 per cent., but owing to the rise in the cost of living, which was estimated at 70 to 80 per cent., real wages had not increased to anything like the same extent. From past experience, he said, people might reasonably look for a fall in the prices of commodities and wages as the result of peace, "but there were now in operation several factors which would tend to make the fall only a very gradual one." These were: "(1) The vast increase in the amount of paper money; (2) the huge addition to the amounts of the public debts of the belligerents; and (3) the determination of labor to maintain wages at a higher level than before the war and to improve the standard of living." He regarded these factors, taken in conjunction with the rise in wages and the price of commodities, as having "a tremendous significance, and, in his judgment, implied that we were in the presence of one of the greatest and most far-reaching economic movements in the history of the world." Further points in the address were these:

"Through all the economic records of the past it was possible to trace an advance in the standard of living for the masses concurrently with an increase in the amount of money in circulation and a decline in the purchasing power of money. The Great War enormously increased our own power of production, and, from a close examination of the subject, I am convinced that this is now at least 50 per cent. over the production of 1913. In the light of these conclusions, I am quite unable to see any real grounds for the depression and anxiety manifested in certain quarters to our economic future.

"Taking first the internal position o February 1, 1919, the net amount of th national debt was £6,099,000,000, o which the interest and sinking fund charg might be estimated at £350,000,000 p annum. In August, 1914, the debt wa £650,000,000 and the interest and sinkin fund charges were £24,500,000, so that th war added £5,450,000,000 to the capit debt and £325,000,000 to the annu charge. After the war the British peac budget might stand at £825,000,000. I 1913–14 the national income was abo £2,400,000,000 and the cost of the Imperial Government was £198,000,000. the national wealth and national incom had remained at that level, the economi position would indeed be serious, becaus the increased national debt would be 3 per cent. of the national wealth and th peace expenditure would be 33 per cen of the national income, but such was not th case. British assets must now be measured in the same monetary values a liabilities, in 1919 money values and no in 1914 money values.

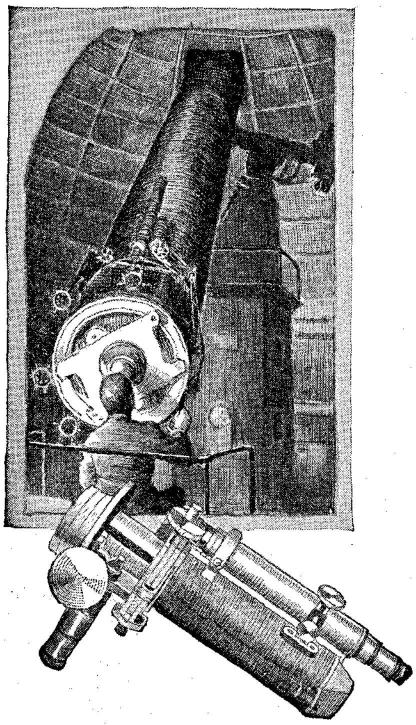
"In 1914 we had estimated the nationa wealth at £16,400,000,000 and the nationa income at £2,440,000,000. At the presen time, however, the national wealth of th United Kingdom might safely be compute at £24,000,000,000 and the national income at £3,600,000,000. In other word if we accept and stabilize the new valuation of money, our postwar nationa debt would be only equivalent to a sum representing 20 per cent. of the nationa wealth and the postwar budget would no amount to more than 22 per cent. of th national income. Commodity prices would of course, fall, but it is of vital importanc that the fall should be gradual and tha it should be balanced by an increased production, so that the national income migh be maintained at a level of at least 50 pe cent. higher than it was before the war.

"As to the external financial position I see no grounds for pessimism. At th beginning of the war British investment abroad were valued at £4,000,000,000, o which we had realized about £1,000,000,000 we had borrowed abroad about £1,400,000,000, but we ourselves had made new loans of about £1,800,000,000, and even if allowance were made for a certain proportion not being repaid, we remain a creditor nation on balance to the extent o about £2,640,000,000. British credit really rests upon our power of production, and I have sufficient faith in the common sense of the British people to believe that the necessity of adopting a policy of increased production will be generally recognized but we are confronted with a danger greater than the restriction of output, and that is the restrictions of credit. One of the most urgent needs of the moment is a courageous financial policy, and there never was a time in the history of this country when bold economic leadership was more urgently needed.

"Before the war out of a national income of £2,400,000,000 per annum we saved about £400,000,000. Of these savings about £200,000,000 was invested in this country in new houses, extensions of works, etc., and about £200,000,000 invested abroad—say, half in the British Empire and half in foreign countries. But with a 50 per cent. increase in production and the revaluation of money our postwar position should be roughly as follows:

National income, say	£3,600,000,000
Cost of living, say, 50 per cent. increase on 1914 figures	2,700,000,000
Available for depreciation, renewals, and repairs and new investments abroad and at home. .	900,000,000

"It would be a great advantage to our manufacturers in planning their postwar



Chemistry
and the Impossible

NOT LONG AGO no one ever dreamed of knowing the composition of the stars. That was one of the "impossible" problems. It was the same as a problem in the "fourth dimension" today. Then chemists developed the spectroscope. And now we know what the stars are made of.

So Chemistry did the impossible for the astronomer. Some years later a great botanist referred to the impossibility of producing a synthetic fibre, and the answer of Chemistry was the artificial silk, which gives new lustre to the richest fabrics of the loom. Since the time of Democritus, the atom was "indivisible," but Chemistry now divides it with a complex system of electrons. Air used to be a "permanent" gas, it was "impossible" to liquefy it. Today liquid air is a commonplace of chemical industry.

And so Chemistry goes ahead solving the so-thought "impossible." And the problems it solves which are the most useful to mankind are industrial.

Industry looks to Chemistry for its progress. And your business is part of Industry. Therefore, it's a logical conclusion to say that your business depends on Chemistry for its progress. So we ask you to write and tell us what you think is retarding your success. It may be the quality of your product, the process by which it is made, the materials which enter into its manufacture, the substances wasted in producing it —any one of a thousand things which cut into your profits. If we can't aid you, we will frankly tell you so. It will cost you nothing to find out.

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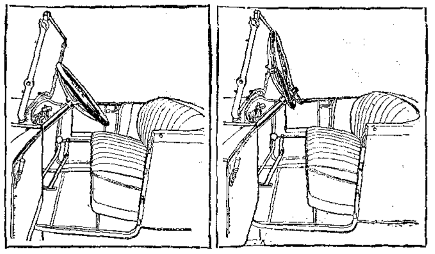

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scheme of production to know that there would be a huge market for their output, and the next ten years should be regarded as a transition period, during which time we should endeavor to invest abroad at least £500,000,000 each year. This might be provisionally allocated as follows: £100,000,000 in India, £100,000,000 in Africa (including Egypt), £30,000,000 in Australia, £50,000,000 in Canada, £20,000,000 in the rest of the Empire, and £200,000,000 in foreign countries.

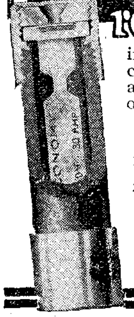
"Any such scheme must obviously be elastic, and the amounts invested in the different parts of the Empire and foreign countries must be varied in accordance with the flow of emigration and other conditions, but the provisional adoption of such a program would give great confidence to our manufacturers. It would quickly react upon the foreign exchanges and turn them more and more into our favor because at the end of ten years our income from investments abroad could be increased by £250,000,000 per annum, making a total income from this source of, say, £400,000,000 per annum, and the knowledge that we had undertaken such a program would be immediately reflected in the international money market and capital would be attracted here for investment. The ideal condition would be for London to act as the distributer of the American capital accumulated during the war and now available for investment outside the United States.

"It is my conviction that, as a result of the war, the economic development of the world has been impelled forward by at least two generations, and we are on the eve of a period of intense activity in trade such as the world has never known. I am further convinced that the process of readjusting the economic machinery to the new social conditions would not be followed by any ill consequences if we recognized the position and took a broad and enlightened view. I am also strongly of opinion, having regard to the illimitable resources of the British Empire and the tenacity and power of organization of the British people, that we need have no fear as to the economic future of our race if they adopt a bold and courageous policy and learn and apply the economic lessons which the war has taught them."

Suggestive Number.—The little man made his way back to the box-office. "This seat number sounds like a German submarine; it's U-19," he said.

"You don't want to exchange it merely on that account, do you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, but I thought you might be able to supply me with a periscope to see over that big woman sitting just in front."—*Boston Transcript.*



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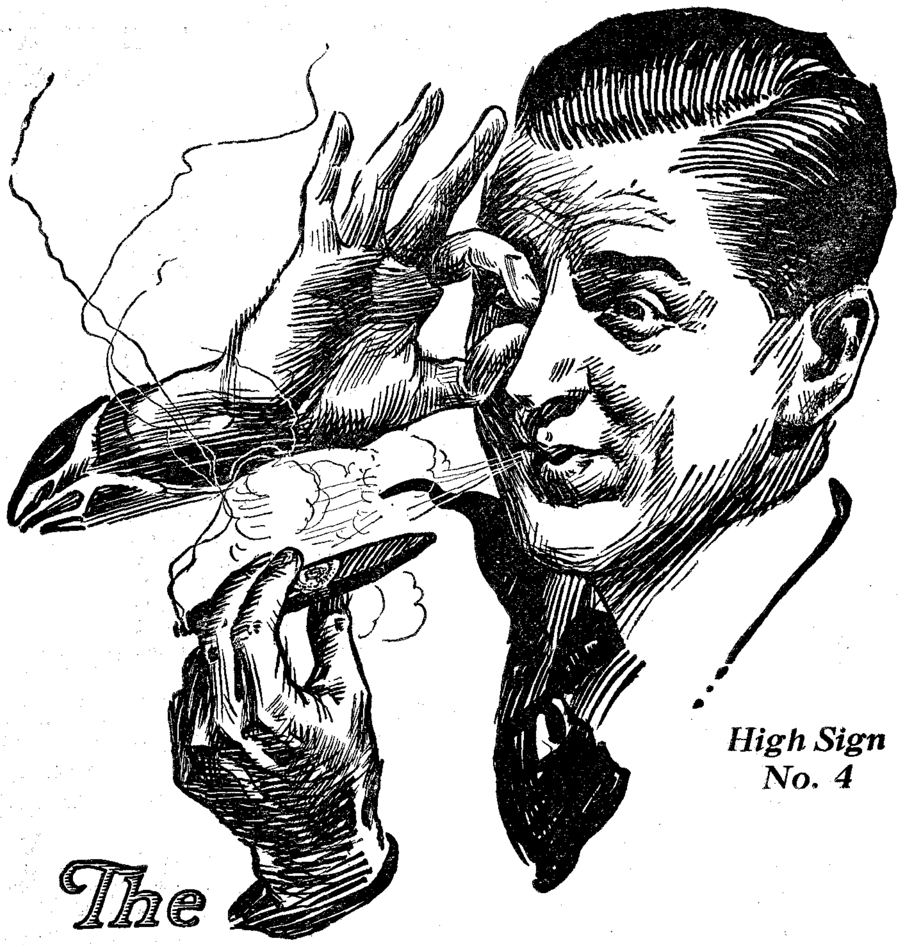

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No. 4

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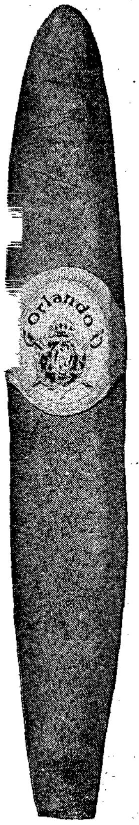

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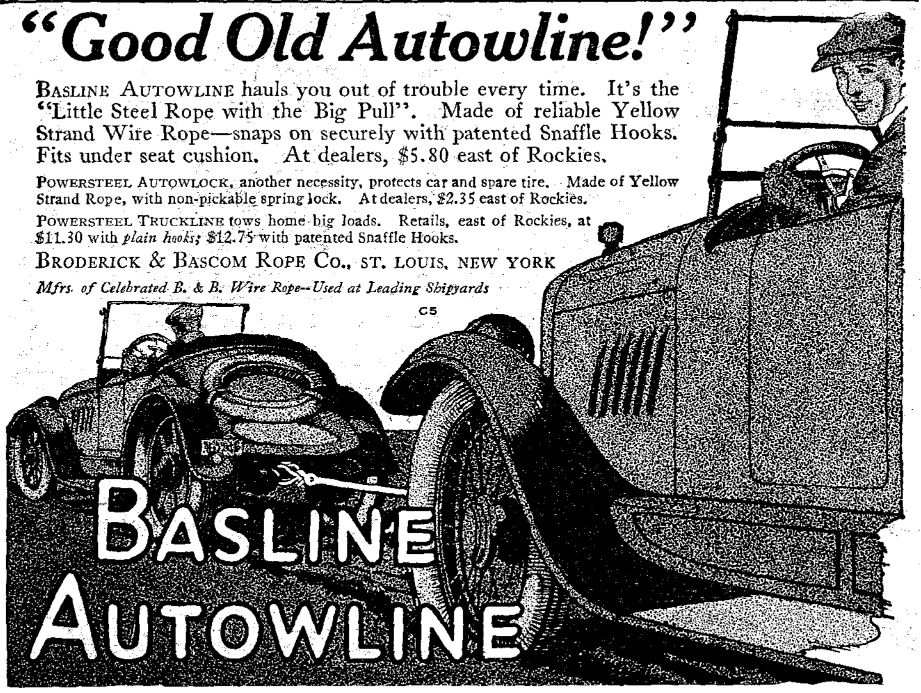

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no not will be taken of anonymous communications.

With reference to the pronunciation of t name *Farrar*, Mr. John Hyde, of Washingto D. C., says: "In the interest of correct speaki I regret that in response to an inquiry as to t pronunciation of *Farrar* published on page 1 of THE LITERARY DIGEST for March 29, t LEXICOGRAPHER did not content himself wi replying *Far'ar*, but added 'sometimes *Far-ra* In 'A Desk-Book of 25,000 Words Frequent Mispronounced,' Dr. Vizetelly not merely giv *Far'ar* as the correct pronunciation, but ad 'Not *Fa-rar'*.' I have known many families that name, but not in a single case have I know them to stress the second syllable. Such a stre seems to be an innovation introduced by t admirers of Mme. Geraldine Farrar. It ca hardly be due to the lady herself, as I ha authentic information that for at least thi years her own family have been pronouncing t name in the old-fashioned way. The new pr nunciation is simply a piece of affectation f which there is absolutely no warrant. St worse, if possible, is the pronunciation given b certain phonographic recording-machines whe it appears as *Fah-rah.*"

"A. J. McA.," Los Angeles, Cal.—"What is th correct pronunciation of the word *hypergoelasts?*

Hypergoelasts is pronounced *hai''per-go'lasts* *ai* as in *aisle;* *e* as in *over;* *g* hard, as in *got;* *o* a in *go;* and *a* as in *fast.*

"M. R. L.," Medina, Ohio.—"What is th correct plural of the commercial symbol or ab breviation of the term *Bill of Lading?* I hav seen the sign *B/L* used very often. Which the correct plural, *B/L's* or *Bs/L?*"

The correct abbreviation for *bills of lading* i *Bs/L.*, for the pluralized word is *bills*, not *lading*

"E. O.," Chicago, Ill.—"(1) In describin the handle-bars of a bicycle, should we say tha they have a *rise* or *raise* of two inches? (2 What is the correct pronunciation of the wor *impious?*"

(1) As the reference is to a possible elevatio the word *rise* should be used. (2) The wor *impious* is correctly pronounced *im'pi-us—i* a in *hit;* *i* as in *habit;* *u* as in *but.* *Im-pi'us* i incorrect.

"A. F. D.," Joliet, Ill.—"(1) What do the letters *G. O. P.* mean as used in politics? (2) Why is the *elephant* used as the symbol of the Republican party? (3) Why is the *mule* used as the symbol of the Democratic party?"

(1) *G. O. P.* means "Grand Old Party" (Republican party, United States). (2) and (3) Regarding the *elephant* as the symbol of the Republican party and the *mule* as the symbol of the Democratic party, the late Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, was the originator of the symbolic animals referred to. The elephant symbolized the docility of the Republicans and the mule the truculence of the Democrats of that time when in harness.

"F. H. S.," Charleston, Miss.—"What is the proper term of address to use when writing to an unmarried lady? I contend that it is improper to address her as 'Madam.' Am I correct, or do you consider this sanctioned by good usage?"

The proper forms to use when addressing a letter to an unmarried lady are: "Madam," "Dear Madam," "My dear Madam," "Dear Miss Blank," "My dear Miss Blank," depending upon the degree of intimacy existing between the writer and the person addressed.

"L. R.," Washington, D. C.—"Please give the correct pronunciation of the word *decade.*"

Decade is pronounced *dek'ed—e* as in *get;* *e* as in *prey.*

"F. B.," Manistee, Mich.—"Which is correct, *fore part* or *forepart?*"

The dictionary considers *fore part* as consisting of an adjective and a noun, and therefore records it as two words—*fore part.* It condemns *forepart* as an erroneous form.

"J. G. S.," Winner, S. D.—"Please give the correct pronunciation of *chauffeuse.*"

Chauffeuse is pronounced *sho''fuz'—sh* as in *ship;* *o* as in *go;* *u* as in *burn.*